THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

An Old Friend

The Century Company in making an announcement of *Thorpe's Way,* speaks of Morley Roberts as an English writer better known in England than in this country. We think, however, that we have heard the name before. Was he not the gentleman who at the time of the Venezuelan controversy wrote, "No Englishman with Imperial instincts can look with anything but contempt on the Monroe Doctrine. The English, and not the inhabitants of the United States, are the greatest power in the two Americas; and no dog of a Republic can open its mouth to bark without our good leave"?

Thackeray's Daughter

While so much is being written about Thackeray it seems that something should be said about the talented daughter who has contributed so much to later editions of the novelist's works. In the first volume of the BOOKMAN there appeared an account of a visit to Mrs. Ritchie made by Constance Cary Harrison some time in 1894 or 1895. At that time the visitor found her "a woman taller than the average of her sex, dignified in bearing, holding herself erect, of fresh complexion, clear eyed and wholesome, although she claims her share of the disabilities of delicate health; in manner genial, outspoken, and impulsive; soft of voice and choice of language; to children, her own and others, kind, playful, tender, with the forbearing indulgence Thackeray showed in a thousand ways toward the young. Dressed in a high gown of black velvet, with a bit of lace worn capwise upon her brown hair touched with grey, she seemed to me an ideal English gentlewoman, shrined in the sunshine of a happy English home." It is a pretty picture, but the brown hair touched with grey must be white now, for beyond the allotted three-score and ten is the elder of the daughters to whom Thackeray alluded in the closing lines of "the White Squall:"

> And when, its force expended,
> The harmless storm was ended,

LADY RITCHIE (ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY)
TAKEN IN 1894

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LEONARD MERRICK

And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

Leonard Merrick

An English author who seems destined, after many years, to win an American audience, is Mr. Leonard Merrick, whose *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. His work is not entirely unfamiliar to Americans who have travelled about Continental Europe, for four or five of his novels at least have been published in the familiar Tauchnitz Edition. In England he had long been well known to a fairly wide circle of discriminating readers. If high praise from dignified sources could have won recognition Mr. Merrick would have been a striking literary figure years ago. Dr. (now Sir William) Robertson Nicoll once asked: "When will the public find out that Leonard Merrick is the best narrator living? The day must come." J. M. Barrie is quoted as saying that a new novel by Leonard Merrick is to him one of the events of the year. Mr. William Dean Howells, in a paper in the *North American Review,* wrote, "When you have named Jane Austen, whom shall you name next for 'form' in English fiction? To have 'form' in novels is so difficult that I can think of no recent fictionist of his nation who can quite match with Mr. Merrick in its excellence." Commenting upon this opinion of Mr. Howells Andrew Lang said: "I used to think that the eminent American critic and I had but one admiration in common, Jane Austen, but to our pleasant surprise we found that we agreed in admiring Leonard Merrick."

Gertrude Page

Another English novelist who is being introduced for the first time to this country is Gertrude Page, the author of *Winding Paths,* which has recently been published by the Appletons. Six or eight of her novels have already appeared in England, some of which, so we are informed, have reached very large circulation and have achieved considerable success. One

GERTRUDE PAGE

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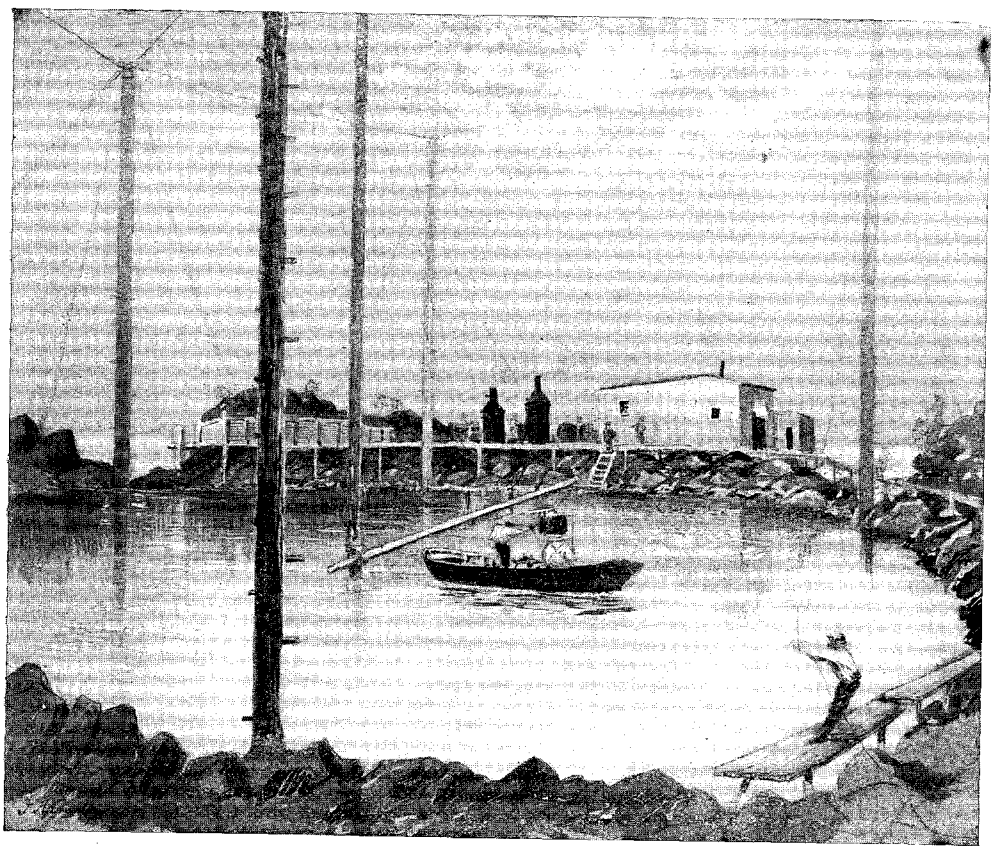
English reviewer has termed her "the wizard of Rhodesia," and it was by a Rhodesian novel, *Love in the Wilderness,* that she first won public attention. Another Rhodesian novel, *The Edge o' Beyond,* is now in its eighteenth edition. Miss Page's home is now in that portion of South Africa where the scenes of her novels are laid; but she still spends some months of each year in her native England. Her books are said to have considerable vogue in the English colonies, especially in Australia.



PLANS OF RACE ROCK LIGHT. FROM A REPORT MADE BY MR. SMITH TO THE GOVERNMENT

In the article "Pen and Pencil," to be found elsewhere in this issue, there are allusions to the various professions in which Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has been a success. In his capacity of marine engineer and architect Mr. Smith has constructed the Race Rock Light, the sea wall around Governor's Island, the sea wall at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and the foundation for the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. Perhaps the most important of these works is the Race Rock Light House off New London, shown in the accompanying design taken from an official report made by Mr. Smith to the Government at the time. This was erected between 1871 and 1877 and was the scene of Mr. Smith's novel *Caleb West.* The Keyport of the book is New London and the "Captain Joe" of the story was drawn from Captain T. A. Scott of New York City.

Race Rock Light

Despite the very sound series of novels upon which the literary reputation of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins rests we are inclined to think that he will be remembered longest as the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda.* He

How Hope Worked

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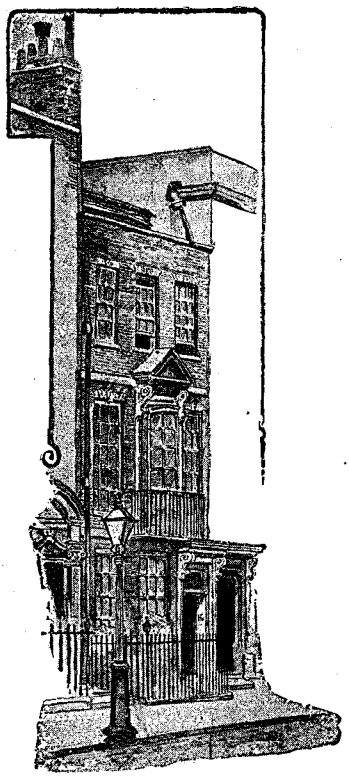
has become a more finished workman, but something of the romance, the buoyancy, above all, the youth which animated the story of the loves of Rudolph Rassendyl and Princess Flavia seem irrevocably gone. He lives on an elaborate scale in a great house somewhere in Portland Place, but somehow we like to think of him best in association with the little narrow structure at 16 Buckingham Street, Strand, close to Charing Cross Station, which contained the den where he put on his working clothes (the one



ANTHONY HOPE'S OLD DEN

with the hole in the sleeve) and sat down with the punctuality of a bank clerk to the work of the day. "I reached there," he once said, "at a quarter to ten in the morning and worked on till four in the afternoon or even later." In this way *The Prisoner of Zenda* was produced. Soon after the book had taken the London reading public by storm, the author was seated next to a very pretty young woman at dinner. Afterward she was asked if she had spoken to him about *The Prisoner of Zenda*. "Oh no," she replied. "I did not think that that would be the kind of a book in which Mr. Hawkins would be in the least interested."

Once upon a time many years ago Anthony Hope began a serial causerie in an English magazine entitled "The Fly on the Wheel." In it he played with the problem of an author's method in writing stories. In a lady's mouth, he says, the question runs, "O, Mr. Fly, how *do* you think of those lovely stories?" In the mouth of a man, "I say, Fly, old chap, how the deuce do you turn out all that stuff of yours?" The fly confessed that the question was too much for his candour, and as he had no desire to make a secret of his method he proposed to exhibit it in the form of a diary—the record of a day. "Let us suppose," he said, "that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working den at 9.45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10.00—Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10.03—Light pipe, and sit down in large arm-chair by fire.

10.15—Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

10.45—I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything after all.

11.15—I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!

11.45—Hullo! Will that do?

12.00—Hang it, that's no use!

12.30—I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40—Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then! (*Scribble.*)

1.00—Lunch! Good, I believe it's going!

1.30—Now I'll just knock it off. (*Scribble.*)

2.15—Well, I don't quite see my way to—Oh, yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3.00—One, two, three—three hundred words a page. Well, I've put that in in good time, anyhow! Where's that pipe?

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3.15—I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3.40—Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50—I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4.00—She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

4.15—Oh, confound it!

4.45—Now, let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good! I'm in the straight now!

5.00—Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.

5.03—It's not so bad, though, after all.

5.11—I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5.15—H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5.20—No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5.25—Pretty smart ending!

5.30—Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!

5.35—Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again to-day.

There it is—How a Story is Written. By One Who has Done It. . . . That remark about the "dozen men in England" represents a momentary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion.

Some Wills in Fiction

Virgil M. Harris, lecturer on wills at the St. Louis University, has written a book on the subject of *Ancient, Curious, and Famous Wills*. In it he devotes a chapter to "Wills in Poetry and Fiction." He calls attention to the fact that Dickens was a great will-maker. "We know," he writes, "that if Dick Swiveller had been a steadier youth he would have inherited more than one hundred and fifty pounds a year from his Aunt Rebecca. The loyal-hearted lover, Mr. Barkis, made Peggotty his residuary legatee. The litigation in Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce arose out of a disputed will. The various wills left by old Harmon in *Our Mutual Friend* bring about no end of complications, there being at least three wills in existence at one time, and each one believed by the person discovering it to be the final will." Perhaps Dickens's best piece of will-making is given in the case of Mr. Spenlow, who, being a practitioner in Doctors Commons, spoke about his own will with "a serenity, a tranquillity, a calm sunset air," which quite affected David Copperfield; and then shattered all poor David's hopes by dying intestate.

Mr. Harris points out that writers of fiction have taken much interest in, and considerable liberty with, wills. For example, there is the will of old Nortier, the father of Villefort in Dumas's *Count of Monte Cristo*. Nortier was paralysed and his only means of communication was by the eye; to shut the eye, meant "yes;" to wink the eye, meant "no." His granddaughter had no trouble in convincing the notaries that her grandparent knew exactly what he was doing; so, in spite of opposition and in the presence of seven witnesses, the will was executed; and as no signature was required under

Photograph by Strauss
VIRGIL M. HARRIS

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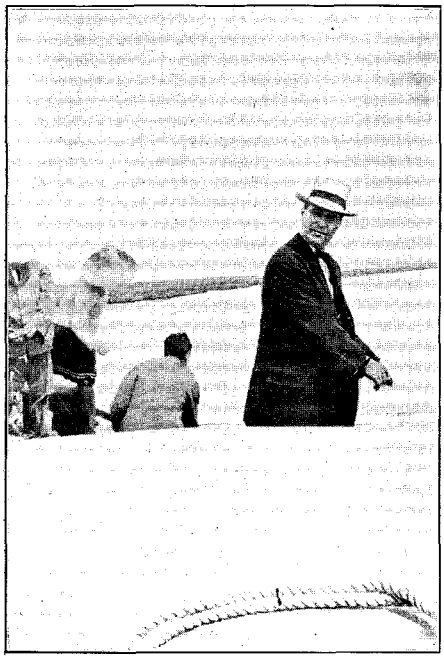

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MONTAGUE GLASS

the French law, the act was legally accomplished. Then there was the famous will in Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Mr. Utterson, who was "lean, long, dusty, dreary and, somehow lovable," refused to write this will wherein Dr. Jekyll left his possessions to his friend and benefactor, Edward Hyde. Mr. Hyde was also to be the possessor of this property if Dr. Jekyll should disappear for a period exceeding three calendar months, the same to be free from burden or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to members of Dr. Jekyll's household. In Disraeli's *Coningsby,* the reading of Lord Monmouth's will is a feature. The document is long, and numerous codicils have been added from time to time, involving many modifications. The last codicil of all, however, was the most startling, for under it all former dispositions were upset.

Anthony Trollope's *Orley Farm* tells of a forgery of a codicil by the second wife of the testator: a son by a first wife is cut off and the farm is left to a son by the second wife. This codicil is in the handwriting of the widow, witnessed by an attorney whose daughter received a handsome legacy, the other witnesses being a clerk and a maid servant. The widow swears that the codicil was drawn at the attorney's dictation, in the husband's hearing, and that she was present when it was signed by all the parties. The witnesses gave evidence as to the due execution of the codicil. The instrument was admitted to probate. It developed, however, that there was another paper, a dissolution of partnership, signed on the same day by the same witnesses. The result was, that the charming widow was found guilty of perjury. In George Eliot's *Middlemarch* there is the will of Mr. Casaubon, who had married a girl, Dorothea Brooke, who was much younger than himself. By his will, he gave her all his property. However, on reflection, and for reasons best known to himself, he added a codicil and placed the legacy given to his wife upon the condition that she did not marry one Ladislaw.

In Lighter Vein

It is not in a spirit of criticism of the librettist of *Mona,* the opera which received the $10,000 prize offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, as a seri-

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. BRIAN HOOKER

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ous poet, that we express our preference for Mr. Brian Hooker as a weaver of lighter verse. But in the opinion of many he is the one man in sight who might do for this country what the late Sir William S. Gilbert did for England in *Bab Ballads* and *Savoyard Ditties*. In case Mr. Hooker should go far, there is

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, whose new novel, *Jane Oglander*, was recently published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is a sister of Mr. Hilaire Belloc. She was educated at the Convent of the Holy Child, at Mayfield, England, but spent much of her youth in France, with which country she had strong links of sympathy. Mrs. Lowndes was brought up in a literary and artistic atmosphere from childhood, both in France and in England. In spite of a sort of revival of the very long novels lately, Mrs. Lowndes believes that the short novel of about thirty thousand words is destined to have a great vogue.

in existence a little book, hand printed and extra illuminated, which will eventually have a very high value. It is of a quite personal nature, designed to entertain a small circle of intimate friends, chronicling the vagaries of such characters as "That Boy Next Door"—in a word it is in that vein which Eugene Field loved so, and to which he gave expression in the "Ballad of Walhalla Park." Three years ago a friend of Mr. Hooker sent him a clipping from a newspaper concerning persons known to them both. The immediate response was a series of satiric verses which in a very short time had gone the rounds of certain New York clubs, and which more than one person took the pains to memorise. These verses were dashed off in the mood of the moment, and sparkled with the "burbles," and "chortles" and "cavorts" so dear to Lewis Carroll. But the satire was sharp and biting, and the characterisation vivid. Mr. Hooker regarded the

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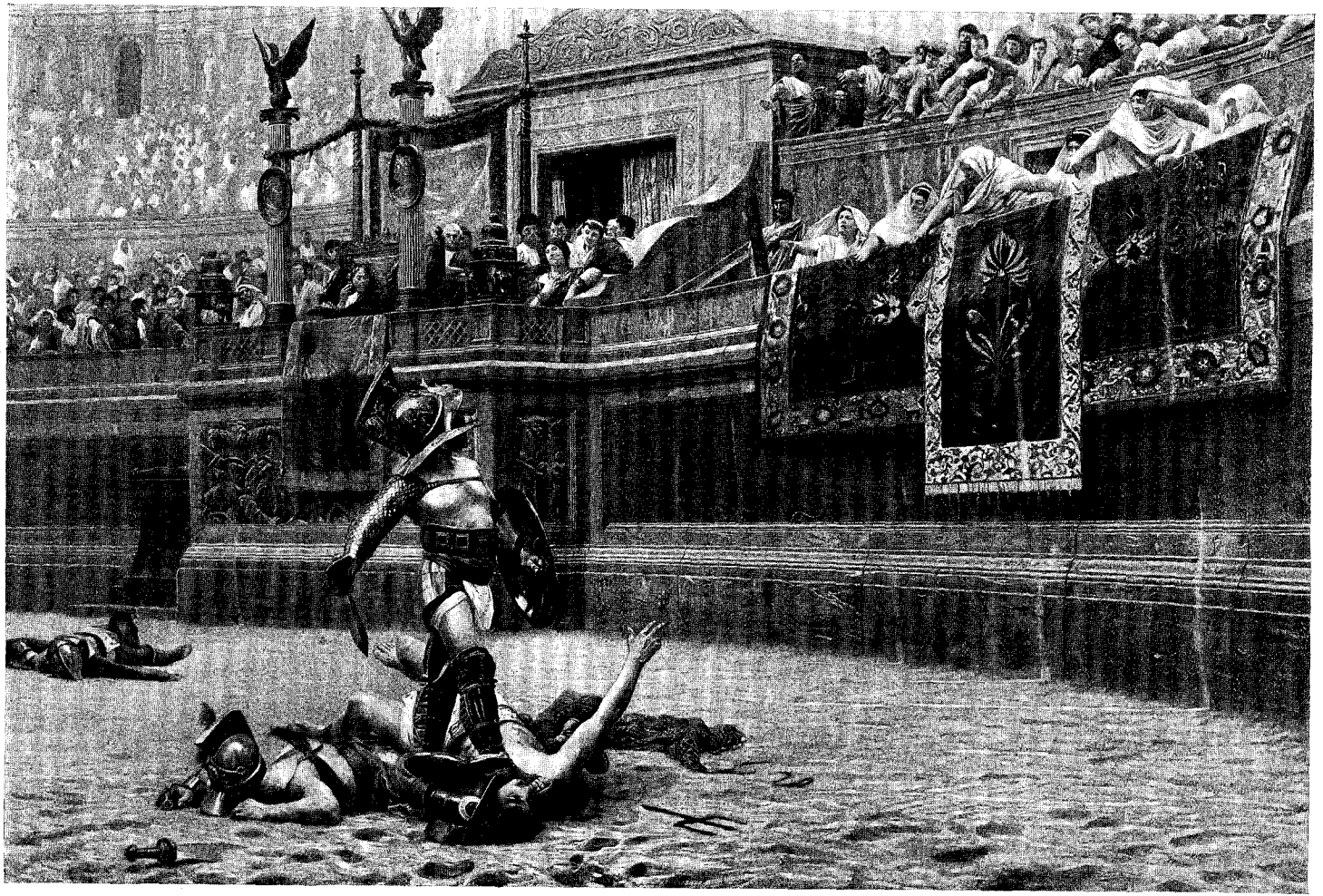

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verses of sheer nonsense, for that was the spirit in which they were written. It needed the insistence of friends to convince him that he had done something that was really good.

Almost all our readers have seen in some form of reproduction, if not in the original, the great picture by Jean-Léon Gérôme, which he entitled "Pollice Verso!" and which has been incorrectly styled "Thumbs Down." It represents one of the later Roman Emperors lolling with a sort of hideous self-complacency in what corresponded then to the imperial box in the mighty Colosseum. Around the enormous ellipse, rising tier after tier, one beholds in that half dim light in which great bodies of men are viewed, the Roman populace, and in their own enclosure, the Vestal Virgins. In the arena just below the seat of the Emperor are two gladiators. One has, after savage contest, overcome the other and holds him down amid the dust and saffron-water, while the victor himself takes the suffrages of the people. The opinion seems to be unanimously for the death of the fallen man. Every one is leaning forward with eager face and cruel looks, and the thumbs are all turned down or sideways, which was the signal of death, and which meant that the victorious gladiator should thrust his spear through the throat of his victim.

Pollice Verso!

Only a short time ago several gentlemen in one of the newspapers, writing to the editor, expressed their doubts as to whether Gérôme was correct in making the signal of the inverted thumb have this particular meaning. Others wrote to expound the old theory that the thumb turned down meant death, while the thumb turned up meant release and safety for the defeated fighter. Every one regretted that there is no sculptural evidence which will settle the question beyond dispute. Now in order that a great painter like Gérôme should not be misunderstood by thousands of those who have admired this masterpiece, we feel like saying a few words on the subject which we think will settle the question once and for all. In the first place we might say by way of prelude, that it seems to us a pitiful thing for students of classics to neglect their native common sense. For instance, the Colosseum very easily seated in its upper tiers some eighty thousand men and women. Stop a moment and ask yourself how the two gladiators in Gérôme's picture would look to these eighty thousand yelling, shrieking, dust-covered demons; and how would a gladiator, with the blood streaming down his face, half blinding him, see these eighty thousand creatures whose votes were to decide his action? Why to them he would seem the smallest sort of a puppet in that huge building. The spectators, on the other hand, would seem a misty mass of tiny creatures growing smaller and smaller as they reached the upper grades. Is it conceivable that if "Thumbs down" meant death, and "Thumbs up" meant mercy, and that if the spectators were divided in their opinion, the gladiator could possibly distinguish whether the majority wished him to kill or spare? Furthermore, "Pollice Verso!" does not mean "thumbs up" or "thumbs down," but simply "thumb turned." Consequently, one might infer, even if he had no other information, that to turn the thumb in any direction was a fatal sign. Originally, of course, it was turned toward the breast, symbolical of a dagger stroke; but the symbolism was forgotten in the course of time, and to turn the thumb in any direction—up, down or sideways—became a signal for death and could not possibly be mistaken by the victorious gladiator. All that he needed to see was a universal or majority display of thumbs. He could not mistake that; and, therefore, Gérôme, following Juvenal, uses what must have been the common phrase in Rome, "thumb turned," which would cover every possible direction of the thumb.

It is a mistake to suppose that no sculptural testimony exists. At Cacillargues, in Spain, there has been quite lately discovered a relief representing a gladiatorial combat. It is, of course, much mutilated, but there remain the figures of four spectators who are holding their

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thumbs in all directions, showing, therefore, that it was merely necessary to turn the thumb to indicate a call for death. How then, if the turning of the thumb denoted death, did the people demand mercy for a victim? This is made clear by Martial, who tells us that the populace in that case betook themselves to the "Chatauqua salute" (xii. 29, 7)—that is, they pulled out their white *mappæ* and waved them wildly. Here was a very natural distinction between modes of expressing a decision. One left the arena dull coloured and writhing, as it were, with eighty thousand thumbs. The other caused it to burst into a sudden flash of white as though it were filled with a million apple blossoms. This was appropriate, too, because white was the colour which symbolised peace and good-will.

It is strange that of all the magnificent paintings which Gérôme has given to the world only two are very famous, although many a one caused an immense excitement at the time of its production. His first important picture was "A Greek Cockfight" (1847) when he was only twenty-three years old. It was unsuccessful as a competitor for the Prix de Rome, but when exhibited in the Salon it made a sensation which launched Gérôme upon a career of triumph. Next to "Pollice Verso!" which did not appear until 1873, his most famous painting is that which shows a group of gladiators in the arena saluting the Emperor before engaging in battle. Well known, too, is his "Cleopatra and Cæsar," and the "Death of Cæsar." He has, indeed, been a most prolific painter, and yet comparatively few of his works are seen in the original. This is not because he is careless in execution, but because he is so scrupulously devoted to detail as to make every painting of his a masterpiece, which is at once purchased either by some museum or some very wealthy private collector. His sculptures are almost as famous as his canvases; and many of them have done much to foster the Napoleonic legend. Gérôme has been identified by many with the senile sculptor, Caoudal, depicted so vividly by Alphonse Daudet in *Sapho*. It may be just as well to refute this legend, because when *Sapho* was written Gérôme was still in his fifties and was, therefore, unlikely to justify such a picture.

The Historian Kipling

Whatever may be the ultimate place assigned to the work itself, there is something exceedingly stirring in the very idea of a history of England written by Rudyard Kipling. If the book chanced to be sheer drivel its publication would still be a striking event in the annals of contemporary letters. The announcement of the work in itself conjures up countless pictures. The story of England to be told by the Man from Nowhere! What memories of verse and prose rush through the head! What vast promise of achievement these memories suggest! We recall the fiery genius that chronicled "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" and thrill with the thought that the same genius may give us the narrative of the battle of Waterloo. "If a man is to die," Kipling once wrote, "what matters it whether it be in a border skirmish or at Waterloo." And now the pen that pictured the terrible charge of the Afghans, and the deaths of Jakin and Lew, to paint for us Ney's charge at Quatre-Bras, the French cavalry dashing on the British squares, Wellington, in his extremity, praying for "Blücher or night," the approach of the Prussians on Napoleon's flank and the final, intrepid stand of the Old Guard! The story of Saxon England and its struggles against the Norsemen to be told by the man who invented "The Finest Story in the World!" The record of England's colonial achievement to be set down by the author of "At the End of the Passage" and "The Man Who Would be King!" Finally the various events of our own little misunderstandings with the Mother Country to be discussed from the point of view of the young gentleman who once wrote with hearty conviction

> Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
> Or panic-blinded stabs and slays;
> Blatant he bids the world bow down,
> Or cringing begs a word of praise.
>
> Or, sombre-drunk, at mine or mart,
> He dubs his dreary brethren kings.
> His hands are black with blood; his heart
> Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

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However, we think that Mr. Kipling has learned much since he sent back to his paper in India the information that the Chinese navy, properly manned, could blow the American navy into the blue, and allusions to Princeton, Saratoga, Yorktown, and New Orleans will very probably be in the restrained, judicial mood of the Mr. Kipling of to-day, an individual astonishingly mature for his six and forty years. As a matter of fact it is this restraint that we are afraid of in looking forward to the *History*. We should gladly welcome the most violent abuse of America and American institutions, if it meant that the work as a whole was to be written in the spirit of the days of *From Sea to Sea*. If, however, it turns out that Mr. Kipling has written in his later style (strong dilution of Henry James), and tried to make himself over into a historian of the conventional type, the edifice of our hopes will come tumbling to the ground. Acts of Parliament, Corn and Reform Bills, questions of tariff have their historical importance, but from Rudyard Kipling we naturally want the romance, the colour, Alfred berated by the cowherd's wife for allowing the cakes to burn; the wicked King John murdering his nephew Arthur at Rouen; Clarence drowned in the butt of Malmsy; Mary, Queen of Scots, and Rizzio; the picture of Cromwell and his Ironsides; Marlborough at Blenheim, "riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm;" Clive in India, and the Light Brigade at Balaklava—in a word the story of England's achievement and martial greatness sung by the poet of Empire.

When Thackeray contemplated finishing the history that Macaulay left incompleted at his death, there were those who expressed grave doubts of the wisdom of the project. These contended that he was not a historian, and that he lacked the judicial temperament of the historian. Yet Thackeray's profound knowledge of his subject was not to be questioned. The age of Queen Anne was his hobby, and there was very little that he had not read about England as it was under the Georges. How much Kipling knows is a matter to be decided when his book appears. A few years ago his knowledge may have been of the superficial kind which may be earned by the most elementary reading. Yet that extraordinary alert and acquisitive mind may have since groped into every remote recess, and accomplished what few minds can accomplish in a lifetime of assiduous labour. Then, too, Mr. Kipling has had a collaborator in his task, perhaps to play the part of a Maquet to his Dumas, to find out the price of potatoes in London at the time of the great plague, or to supply the information that there was a small colony of Flemish weavers in York when that city was taken by the Roundheads. But viewing the publication of the book as an event, we prefer to keep any collaborator as much as possible in the background. For Kipling is still a name to conjure with, and we like to think that the old fire and spirit are not irrevocably gone.

Since the preceding paragraphs were written we have learned that it is to be merely a school history and we have received from the publishers a brief announcement note containing a sample poem entitled "After the Revolution." "This wonderful poem," says the announcement, "is one of more than a score in which Mr. Kipling again proves in this volume his commanding position among modern poets." This wonderful poem! Shades of the man who wrote "The True Romance," "Tomlinson," "The Recessional," and "Mandalay!" We are not exaggerating in the slightest when we say that if an under-graduate had submitted "After the Revolution" as an indication of what he could do in a literary way, and had asked our advice, we should have urged upon him, kindly but firmly, the advisability of choosing some kind of a mercantile career. Unless, of course, he had a strong leaning toward the law or medicine. Fifteen years ago it was thought inexpedient to make Kipling England's Poet Laureate. He was too brilliant for the place, and too erratic. Had he not referred to the Queen as "the little old widow of Windsor"? Lord Salisbury probably thought it wouldn't do. Her Majesty never

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would approve. To-day, in the event of the death of Alfred Austin, there could be no such objection. If we accept "After the Revolution" as an indication, we say unhesitatingly that Mr. Kipling has achieved respectability. And with it, mediocrity.

More About Jowett

We are of those who always read eagerly every anecdote about Jowett, the famous Balliol teacher, and every quotation from his casual conversation, and as what he said and did seemed to stick in the memories of all who came in contact with him, these reminiscences are surprisingly abundant. Apparently every one who met Jowett either was already a diarist or determined forthwith to be one. The latest sketch of Jowett is in A. G. C. Liddell's pleasant and light-minded volume of reminiscences, called *Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal,* whose author says Jowett's great influence at Oxford was always a puzzle to him. He found in him no brilliant gifts of mind or body to account for this influence. He was not, he said, a great lecturer, or a kindler of high moral ideals or a sound philosopher. He denies him even the grace of humour in his conversation. He said his words were all carefully thought out beforehand, and had the "effect rather of texts finely carved upon a wall than of a teacher speaking from the fulness of his heart." Yet he not only charmed his hearers but filled them with awe. Mr. Liddell attributes this altogether to Jowett's fearlessness and to the conviction in the minds of all who knew him that nothing could swerve him a hand's breadth from what he thought it his duty to say or do. Combined with this was a reasoned insight and sympathy which made him a valuable critic of a man's intellectual life.

The most bumptious undergraduate took a truer and saner view of himself after half an hour with Jowett; the work of the cleverest was improved by being pruned of affectation or unreality, while the industrious but less brilliant student did not go empty away.

Elsewhere he describes him as a "would-be man of the world" altogether unlike the ordinary Englishman, resembling rather an abbé of the old French type, "brilliant with a sort of silvery radiance," and he adds that "with all his virtue" he was "hardly a man and one could hardly imagine him ever having gone wrong or ever filling any other pose but that of a Don." This illustrates, by the way, the difficulty of making out from these British memoir-writers what manner of man Jowett was. In trying to hit off his salient characteristics they contradict themselves and one another. Yet the most blundering of these attempts are somehow interesting, so strong is the hold that Jowett still has on us. We wonder how many commonplace Englishmen, utterly incapable of analysing anybody, have nevertheless tried to analyse Jowett. It is proof of the remarkable vitality of his influence, that fifty years afterward the notes about him of any muddle-headed undergraduate who kept a diary should still have interest.

Mr. Liddell gives an account of a "reading party" with Jowett in 1869. Work began after an eight o'clock breakfast and lasted till four. The students were allowed a few minutes of fresh air at one, but Jowett, except for a half hour's walk after breakfast, never paused in his work till dinner-time. After dinner he insisted that every one should take part in a violent and most untimely exercise.

Partly to save time, and partly from a mistaken idea of the laws of digestion, Jowett's exercise took the form of rushing up the nearest hill immediately dinner was over. One or more of us had always to accompany him on this sortie, and my digestive arrangements being feeble, I suffered a good deal from this penance.

What Jowett himself had to endure in the society of these young cubs appears from the following narrative:

A few days after our arrival, Menzies, our landlord, a great, strong, red-faced Highlander, died suddenly. In accordance with the custom of the country, the widow expressed a wish that we should pay our last respects to the remains, and Jowett intimated that we were to attend him in this melancholy duty.

Accordingly we all put on our Sunday clothes and accompanied our master and the

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widow to the deceased man's chamber. There the sight of Jowett standing with the widow by the body, and a horrible hysteria made irresistible by the vivid recognition of the enormity of our conduct, proved, after prolonged struggles, to be too much for us, and Graham and I had to make our exit in roars of laughter.

Jowett was very angry, as he had a right to be, not then only, but many times after, as this unfortunate attack left us weak and liable to infection in the future.

Generally these attacks of the "giggles" came on at dinner and were caused chiefly by Jowett's pronunciation of Gaelic names. There was especially a hill in the neighbourhood whose name Jowett invariably pronounced to the inevitable accompaniment of hysterical laughter.

Twice did he solemnly tell us a story of Tennyson, to the effect that once when some one narrated how while walking in company with two friends he had fallen into the water through the breaking of a plank, and that neither of his friends had even smiled, the poet boomed out in his deep voice, "Then there are still two gentlemen in Europe. I shouldn't have thought it." Alas! this apologue only excited fresh outbursts of mirth, which we tried to make out arose from Tennyson's wit.

An "Ordinary" Memoir-Writer

The names of a great many celebrities dot the pages of *Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal,* and even when they are not celebrities one may be sure that the persons one meets there are of some social importance. The "ordinary mortal" is thoroughly typical of the British writer of reminiscences. He knows very well that he is not an ordinary mortal, but a member of a small and envied class, and that he has had extraordinary worldly advantages. Otherwise he would never have dreamed of jotting down such trivial incidents. As in many other recent British memoirs it is pervaded by an acute consciousness of caste, and an unquestioning faith in all accepted social values. If he meets the young princes playing on the beach, he cannot go to bed that night without entering the note in his diary. The characteristics and the whiskers of the Duke of Something are not more interesting, so far as we can see from his description, than the characteristics and whiskers of a good many green grocers, but down they have to go in his diary. That slavery of the British memoir-writer to the socially uppermost is really very curious, and more curious still is the fact that the prestige of British personages, who to us are merely names, and who from all these intimate accounts are wholly uninteresting, should carry over to this side of the water.

April 10. Gosford. The first stone was laid of the new house. A portion of the central wall of the existing building had been pulled down, and large props of rough timber held up the parts dependent on it. In the shadowy central passage a small group was assembled, consisting of the chief craftsmen and one or two sons, myself and the old black retriever.

Or again

Dec. 7. Went to see old Baron Martin; found him very deaf. We talked on Irish affairs. He said, "Mr. Liddell, it does not take a Sir William Follett to persuade a man not to pay his rent."

An Englishman "of quality" may make these entries in his diary in perfect confidence that they will be issued in book form thirty years hence and read with eagerness by many a New England maiden lady. Mr. Liddell declares modestly in his preface that many persons will think his record too trivial to deserve publishing. This need not have given him any concern. Criticism on that score is seldom offered. More trivial volumes than his pour annually from the press and are devoured hungrily. Most of them are written in a far less engaging manner than his own. The demand seems to be perennial, and we could mention a dozen bulky volumes printed ten years ago, and consisting merely of distinguished names packed in the sawdust of reminiscent triviality, yet widely read and quoted to this day.

Mr. Flandrau on "Writers"

Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau, the author of *The Diary of a Freshman* and *Viva Mexico,* has recently issued a pleasing and very open-minded little volume under the title of *Prejudices.* His chapter on

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"Writers" contains some pertinent remarks on several vexed questions of "literary shop." As a reader for a magazine he has learned, he says, to be exceedingly sceptical of the common complaints of young authors that their manuscripts are returned unread merely because their names are unknown. He avows, as many others have done before him, that editors and publishers read or have their advisers read everything submitted to them.

> Not to do so would be fatal; it would incur the risk of missing something, of failing to make the occasional big killing.

But belief in this imaginary conspiracy on the part of editors and publishers will continue despite anything that Mr. Flandrau or any one else may say. It is no weaker now than it was ten years ago notwithstanding the intervening deluge of disproof. For our part we think it mad to argue about it any longer. It is like trying to extract a man's vanity or reason him out of his self-love. So long as human nature remains the same, the rejection of a manuscript must be explained in that manner by the victim. He feels better when he believes it; therefore he believes. There is, of course, one danger, as Mr. Flandrau points out. If the newcomer have a touch of something like genius, he may see his work rejected by one publisher after another like Kipling's *Plain Tales.* But as to the notion that any one able to present a respectable subject in a style sufficiently devoid of originality should be shut out by publishers and editors Mr. Flandrau declares flatly that he does not believe it. He concludes with these encouraging remarks:

> And at present the field appears to offer unusual opportunities, for not long ago Laura Jean Libbey decided (at least so I read in a New York paper) "to lay down her tired pen and give other women writers a chance." Miss Libbey is furthermore said to have declared to the reporter who interviewed her on her retirement from the active world of letters, that in looking back she had but one regret; she sometimes feared that the name of one of her books was too long. When asked which one it could have been, she replied that it was the novel entitled *You Would Not Have Blamed Her for Going Wrong if You Had Known What the Conditions Were at Home.*

The laying down by Laura Jean Libbey of her "tired pen" somehow recalls to our mind that other dramatic moment in American literary history when J. Gordon Coogler, of Columbia, South Carolina, wearying at last of song, wrote his splendid farewell lyric, beginning with the well-known line

> Be silent, hand; be silent ever!

Mr. Flandrau cites some oddities and superstitions of contemporary writers to prove that the lesser scribes of to-day have whims and innocent manias of their own, quite as unaccountable as those of the greater ones. After mentioning the historic instances: Fénélon's inability to write in comfort except when dressed in court costume, Balzac's dependence on a monastic gown and quarts of strong coffee, Schiller's need of smelling rotten apples before composing, Thackeray's repugnance to pen and ink, and Dickens's little collection of desk ornaments without which he felt ill at ease, Mr. Flandrau refers to a successful woman novelist of to-day who cannot write unless her hands are dirty. In winter she dusts a room or builds a fire, and in summer she weeds a garden, and when her hands are dirty enough she begins to write. He also cites an opposite instance:

> A man I know, however, always scrubs his hands with hot water and soap before beginning to write, and then squirts a drop or two of cologne on them. This sounds as if he wrote highly romantic fiction or lackadaisical poetry. As a matter of fact, his subjects are history and political economy, and he is regarded as an authority upon those serious matters. But these are queer, intensely personal little traits that emerge diffidently, almost reluctantly, only when one knows a writer very well indeed. They are not the sort of stuff that finds its way into the newspapers.

Mr. Flandrau's "Prejudices"

This paper on "Writers," as well as the other essays and sketches in Mr. Flandrau's *Prejudices,* appeared originally in *The Bellman.* They are better worth reprinting than most of such collections. Their

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chief characteristic is the setting forth of rather shrewd observations in an exceedingly simple style—a style that assumes at times an unnatural innocence. It is pleasant in these days to turn from the ringing words of the uplifter to a man who is somewhat dubious even about himself. It is a book that does not nail the lie or lay its finger on the corrupt spot in our civilisation or prod anybody on. No magazine with a circulation of four hundred thousand could afford to print a single paper in it. There is one thing in it which must be regarded as an "important contribution to the literature of the subject." Mr. Flandrau writes of undertakers as an expert. In his essay entitled "In the Undertaker's Shop," he has penetrated into the subject more deeply, we believe, than almost any other writer in his lifetime. No reader of the volume ought to overlook that admirable undertaker and we urge him to turn to this essay at the very start. So rarely are really good undertakers to be found in fiction, that we must quote this bit of description:

Just here Mr. Murksom appeared, and I saw at a glance that beneath *his* spurious melancholy one might never penetrate. He had been at it for too many years. The professional manner, thick and unctuous, enveloped him. He couldn't have abandoned it. It clung to him, I was sure, at the lightest moments of his life. Of course, it was impossible to imagine his life as having any light moments, but assuming that such a thing could be, I felt that gayety with him would vaguely approximate only the gayety of a flag at half-mast. He would have approached the back platform of a street car in precisely the same soundless, sympathetic, discreetly afflicted way in which he approached a sobbing widow.

Doubtful Light on Jack the Ripper

Sir Robert Anderson, whose reminiscences have recently appeared under the title *The Lighter Side of My Official Life,* was the London police official in charge at Scotland Yard at the time of the Whitechapel murders, and he gives some new but rather tantalising information about that famous crime. Two of the murders had taken place immediately after he assumed his office. The others occurred during his temporary absence on sick leave. He hurried home to find himself confronted with the demand of the Secretary of State that he hold himself responsible for the finding of the murderer. Meanwhile the police had made a house-to-house search investigating every man in the district whose circumstances would permit him to go and come and remove blood stains in secret. They reached the conclusion that the murderer belonged to a low class of Polish Jews, for that class of people in the East End would never give up a criminal among them to Gentile justice. This diagnosis, says Sir Robert Anderson, proved to be correct in every point, and he adds these significant words, all to the effect that he could tell if he would, and still leaving us on the edge of the mystery, though he had solved it twenty years ago:

For I may say at once that "undiscovered murders" are rare in London, and the "Jack-the-Ripper" crimes are not within that category. And if the police here had powers such as the French police possess the murderer would have been brought to justice. Scotland Yard can boast that not even the subordinate officers will tell tales out of school, and it would ill become me to violate the unwritten rule of the service. So I will only add here that the "Jack-the-Ripper" letter which is preserved in the Police Museum in Scotland Yard is the creation of an enterprising London journalist.

Having regard to the interest attaching to this case, I am almost tempted to disclose the identity of the murderer and of the pressman who wrote the letter above referred to. But no public benefit would result from such a course, and the traditions of my old department would suffer. I will merely add that the only person who had ever had a good view of the murderer unhesitatingly identified the suspect the instant he was confronted with him; but he refused to give evidence against him. In saying that he was a Polish Jew I am merely stating a definitely ascertained fact.

W. S. Gilbert

There is a story, which is probably authentic, told at the expense of two New York theatrical managers who are noted for their native shrewdness, and for their entire lack of literary information and perception.

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According to the tale, late one spring these managers, who happen to be brothers, commissioned a librettist and a composer, each with an established reputation, to prepare a comic opera to be produced the following autumn. The composer and librettist accepted the commission, but having a sound knowledge of the managers, carefully refrained from throwing aside all other interests. The wisdom of this course was soon apparent, for throughout the summer the plans and policies of the managers in the matter of the projected opera underwent startling changes from day to day. "We find we can't put it on when we thought we could." "You will have to wait till So and So comes back from Europe." Finally at the last moment, the managers sent word that they were in a position to produce, if the opera was ready. "Come out to the place in New Jersey where we have been working and hear it," was the somewhat unexpected retort. So the managers went and listened while the composer played and the librettist read. Then they shook their heads in sad disapproval. "Really," they said, "this is one of your failures. The libretto is bad and the music is worse. You will have to leave out this, change that, and try to put in a lot that's worth while. However, we will produce your opera after Christmas." "Very well, then. We will get to work at once. You see we haven't done a line or a bar yet." "Why," exclaimed the managers. "What was that we just heard?" "Oh," replied the authors in sweet explanation, "that was W. S. Gilbert's *Pinafore.*"

Now if the story be true, the managers were ridiculous, but ridiculous on account of ignorance rather than in their judgment of what constitutes the comic opera that will draw American audiences. Every now and then there is a revival of some Gilbert and Sullivan opera, which is usually successful because it is excellently cast and because we like to pretend an admiration for an evening or two for what delighted theatre-goers of a generation ago. But Gilbert wrote for his day and public just as Offenbach and Lecoq wrote for theirs. Take, for example, *Pinafore* and *Patience*. *Pinafore* was a satire on the British Admiralty as it was in the seventies, and as such it won its popular success. *Patience,* in the character of Bunthorne, castigated a school which we have practically forgotten, but the eccentricities and extravagances of which George Du Maurier had made familiar to all England by his weekly pictures in *Punch*. We wish to imply no disparagement of Sir William Gilbert's invention or wit, but the fact remains that the best of his operas are now mere memories of the past, and that as a living force to-day he must be judged by *Bab Ballads* and *Savoyard Ditties*. It is not at all necessary to understand the ephemeral London humour of any certain year to enjoy the swing of:

> For I'm the cook, and the captain bold and
> the mate of the Nancy brig,
> And the midshipmite, and the bo'sun tight,
> and the crew of the captain's gig.

Those lines are in the rollicking, unforgettable vein of "Il y avait un petit navire," adapted by Thackeray into "And the third he was Little Billie" or Kipling's:

> For he's sort of a bloomin' Cosmopolouse
> Soldier and sailor too.

There was a time, however, when the vogue of *Pinafore* was simply amazing. It was not copyrighted and after its success in London it was pirated in the United States. This piracy was the initial cause of Gilbert's hatred of America and Americans. However, if America did not send him its dollars, it was quite ready to spread his fame. Church choirs added *Pinafore* to their repertoires, and it is recorded that one hundred thousand barrel-organs were constructed to play nothing else. Here is an ironical note from a newspaper of the time: "At present there are forty-two companies playing *Pinafore,* companies formed after six P. M. yesterday are not included." Its catch phrase, "What never? Well, hardly ever," was deadly. It is told, for instance, that one editor barred his staff from using it. "It has occurred twenty times in as many articles yesterday. Never let me see it used again." "What never?" was the unanimous question.

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"Well, hardly ever," replied the wretched man.

The readiness of W. S. Gilbert's wit is well illustrated by this story told of him. He and F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch,* were guests at the same dinner-table, where a wise host placed the rival humourists at opposite ends of the room in the hope of distributing equally the witty table talk. Continual shouts of laughter rose from Gilbert's corner, until Burnand, after ineffectual attempts to arouse a similar jocularity in his immediate circle and unable to conceal his chagrin, leaned forward and said in his most sarcastic manner: "I suppose Mr. Gilbert is telling some of those funny stories which he occasionally sends to *Punch* but which don't appear." To which Gilbert drily replied: "I don't know who sends the funny stories to *Punch,* but it's very true they don't appear."

THE LATE W. S. GILBERT

Retraction

In our May issue we disclaimed any knowledge of a Sherlock Holmes story entitled "The Bruce Partington Plans" and ventured the opinion that this story never appeared at all. We also said that "The Adventure of the Card Board Box," one of the earliest Sherlock Holmes stories, had never been presented to the American reading public. Since the May issue appeared we have been receiving letters, many of them, quite friendly as a rule, but with just a little exultant note. It seems that we were very much mistaken. "The Bruce Partington Plans" was published in *Collier's Weekly* in December, 1908, and "The Adventure of the Card Board Box" appeared in *Harper's Weekly* some time in the early nineties.

Speaking of Conan Doyle, the other day we came across an illuminating paragraph in one of his earlier books

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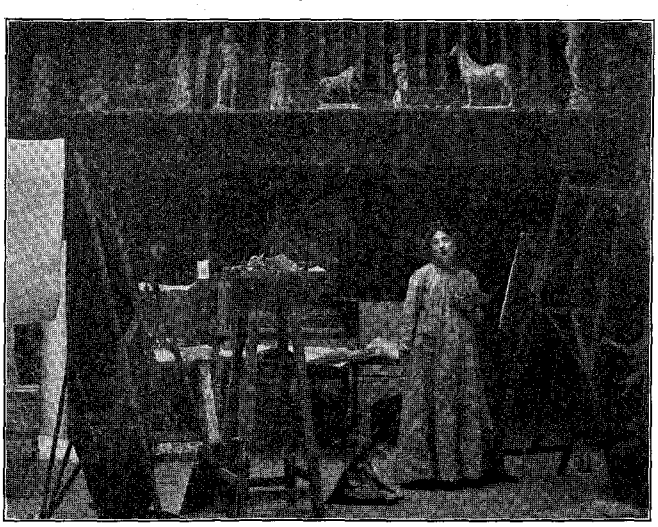
UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MARY C. E. WEMYS, AUTHOR OF "PEOPLE OF POPHAM"

which we think that most of our readers have forgotten. The paragraph is more significant because, although Doyle himself is a qualified physician, many of his stories abound in medical blunders. An admirer of his works recently ventured the cynical opinion that Conan Doyle as a surgeon in South Africa very likely proved more fatal than a regiment of Boers. The paragraph that we have in mind is entitled "A Medical Document" and is included in *Round the Red Lamp.* Three medical men are talking after an association dinner. Finally one says:

Well, of what the folk die of, and what diseases are made most use of in novels. Some are worn to pieces, and others, which are equally common in real life, are never mentioned. Typhoid is fairly frequent, but scarlet fever is unknown. Heart disease is common, but then heart disease, as we know it, is usually the sequel of some foregoing disease of which we never hear anything in the romance. Then there is the mysterious malady called brain fever, which always attacks the heroine after a crisis, but which is unknown under that name to the text books. People when they are over-excited in novels fall down in a fit. In a fairly large experience I have never known any one to do so in real life. The small complaints simply don't exist. Nobody ever gets shingles or quinsy, or mumps in a novel. All the diseases, too, belong to the upper part of the body. The novelist never strikes below the belt.

John Grier Hibben

One of the two or three names that are being freely mentioned as successors to Governor Wilson in the Presidency of Princeton University is that of John Grier Hibben. Professor Hibben, whose latest book, *A Defence of Prejudice and Other Essays,* has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is esteemed, and we think very justly, as one of the foremost philosophical thinkers in this country. He was born in Peoria, Illinois, in 1861 and graduated from Princeton in 1882 as Valedictorian and Class President. In 1885 he took his Master's degree and in 1893 he became a Doctor of Philosophy. Lafayette made him an LL.D. in 1897. His published



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MISS E. SYLVIA PANKHURST, AUTHOR OF "THE SUFFRAGETTE: A HISTORY OF THE WOMEN'S MILITANT SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT"

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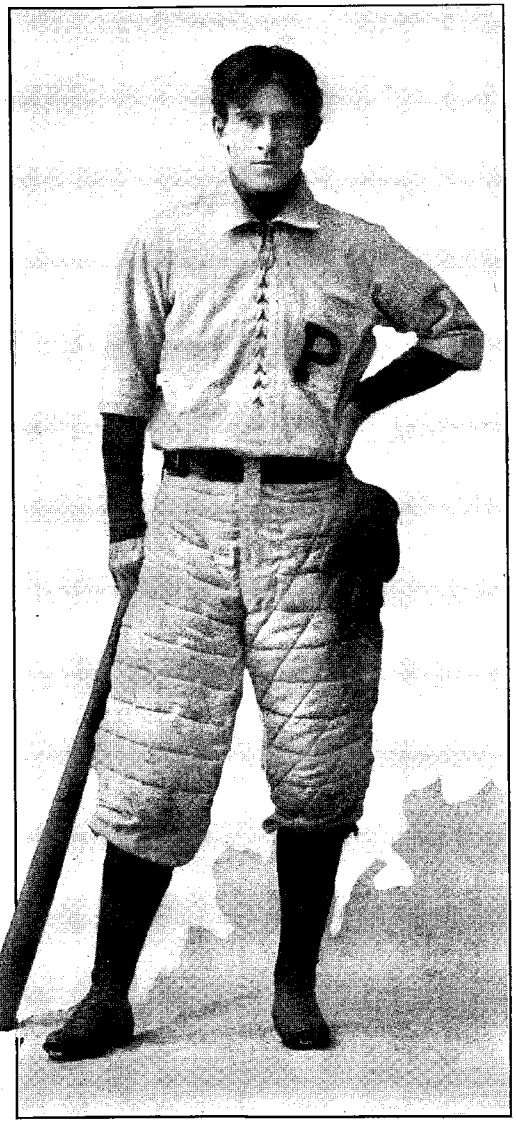
works include *Inductive Logic, The Problems of Philosophy, Hegel's Logic,* and *Deductive Logic.* He is also the editor of the *Epochs of Philosophy,* a twelve-volume series by authors in the United States and Great Britain, and himself wrote one of the earlier volumes.

Benjamin Swift

As a rule when a novelist makes an impression on the reading public it is either an enduring one or else he will drop out of notice never to be heard of again. There are, however, occasional exceptions to this rule. Sometimes a man will appear, then be forgotten for a period of years, and then, striking out in a new vein, win an entirely new audience. For example, our attention has been recently called to the work of William Romaine Paterson, whose recently published book, *The Old Dance Master,* has been very well received in England. A note from the American publishers of the novel carries the information that Mr. Paterson formerly wrote under the pen name of "Benjamin Swift." In the BOOKMAN for November, 1899, there was a paragraph which began:

> When Mr. J. M. Barrie on his visit to this country stepped on shore just two years ago it was observed that he carried a dark green covered book by which he evidently set great store. The book was *Nancy Noon,* which he had brought with him from England; and in its author, Benjamin Swift, Mr. Barrie believed he had come upon a new writer who had it in his power to belong to English literature. It was not the first time that the author of *The Little Minister* had shown his sagacity and insight as a discoverer of genius; he was among the first in England to note the potentiality of Kipling, of Maarten Maartens and others who have strode into contemporary fame with himself.

After *Nancy Noon* Benjamin Swift wrote *The Tormentor, The Destroyer,* and then *Siren City.* The last named book was very favourably received by the English critics. The *London Academy* spoke of it "As the work of a strong man." *Literature* deemed Benjamin Swift "a writer of originality and inborn force." The *London Outlook* hailed *Siren City* as a story that was written with real restraint and real ability. "The characters are convincingly drawn; there is even mastery in the leading figures,



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. ZANE GREY, AUTHOR OF "THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"

and best of all, Mr. Swift has convincingly created a new *milieu.*" The same review also says: "As the one Scottish writer who sees beyond Scotland, Mr. Swift is entitled to respect; as the creator

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of certain characters almost epic in stature—epic but for their deformities—Mr. Swift is entitled to high rank among the living poets." The Benjamin Swift of *Nancy Noon* and *Siren City* was still in his twenties; the William Romaine Paterson of to-day is a man who has "come to forty year."

D'Annunzio the Magnificent

The news came the other day that the Italian novelist, Gabrielle d'Annunzio, was in financial difficulties and that a sale of his property did not bring enough to meet his debts. The story was not surprising, for d'Annunzio in his extravagances has been one of the most spectacular literary figures of the age. From the beginning of his career he has delighted in playing the great Exquisite, out-Byroning Byron, and out-Brummelling Brummel. For example, a number of years ago he made a journey to Cairo. Some of the Italian papers printed a detailed list of his wardrobe. The following is the account of a Neapolitan journal:

Shirts	72	
Drawers (with various laces and other embellishments)	48	
Socks of all kinds	12	dozen
Ditto of quiet tinted silk	2	dozen
Hats, evening suits, smoking coats, shooting jackets innumerable.		
Gloves for walking	48	pairs
Ditto for evening	24	pairs
Mufflers of beautiful silk	3	
Walking sticks	12	
Umbrellas of violet hue	8	
Parasols, green	10	
Handkerchiefs	20	dozen
Cravats, resplendent and varied	150	
Waistcoats	10	
Shoes for walking	14	pairs
Shoes for crocodile hunting	2	pairs
Slippers, "soft, silent and tremulous"	2	pairs

The author carried also a very fine carbine, three revolvers, a dagger with a beautifully wrought handle, such as Salvator Rosa loved; a Venetian box of perfumes, a lap dog, "dainty and elegant," with a pointed nose.

It is interesting to note that Signor D'Annunzio took all his fourteen trunks with him in a first-class carriage! And people speak of authors as *poveri in canna!*

A New Light on Balzac

A recent number of the *Mercure de France* contains an article by Maurice Serval throwing some new light on Balzac's novel *La Rabouilleuse,* the story which was presented in this country a year or two ago in dramatic form by Mr. Otis Skinner under the title of *The Honour of the Family.* M. Serval has gone to Issouden, the scene of the tale, and there found out that many of the characters of the novel were drawn from real persons. For example, thirty years ago there was still living in Issouden a poor old woman called La Rabouilleuse, who had once been the servant-mistress of a physician of the town. She did not die, however, as Balzac made his character die; old and ill and dreadfully poor, she threw herself down a well, and so put an end to the long disease of living. The old miser Hochon, the provincial diplomatist with the tight lips, was evidently, M. Serval tells us, modelled after the son of a Senator and whilom Prefect, one Cochon de Laparent. This son, it seems, was always called Cochon by the populace because of his meanness, and Balzac's pun on the name "les cinq Hochons," was also suggested by the fact; for the family was made up of Hochon, his wife and three children.

Balzac used to go to Issouden to stay with Madame Carraud, who had been a school friend of his sister Laure. Once Georges Sand went there to visit Balzac, and invited him to dine with her at the Hôtel de la Cloche, an inn which figures in *La Rabouilleuse,* but which has long ceased to exist. Madame Sand was on her way to Nohant, and had brought her doctor, who did not know Balzac, with her. In the course of the meal the conversation fell on madmen, and the doctor asserted that at first sight he could recognise any tendency to insanity. Meanwhile Balzac went on eating curiously, his face in his plate, his long hair waving about his ears, following every movement of his arms. "None of us is likely to be affected with that disease," remarked Georges Sand at length. "H'm," replied the doctor, nodding his head toward

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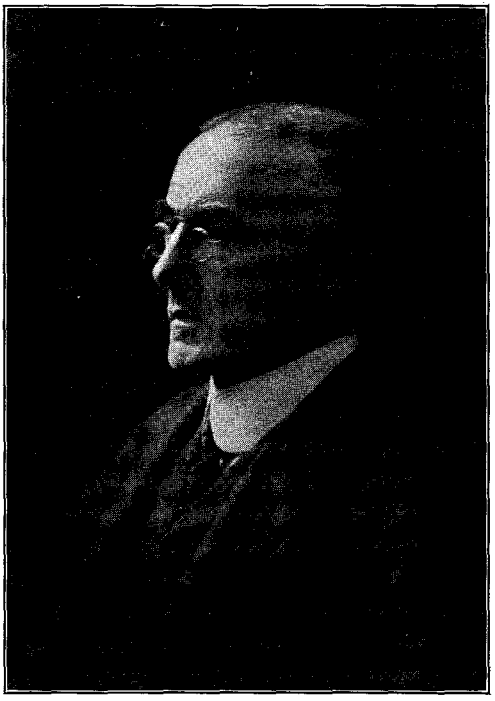
FANNIE HEASLIP LEA, AUTHOR OF "QUICKSANDS"

Balzac. "I don't know so much about that. In my opinion that gentleman has every characteristic of incipient lunacy." Georges Sand burst out laughing, and introduced the doctor to Balzac, who laughed too, uproariously, while condemning the doctor to pay for the dinner.

A Neglected Book

Every now and then we meet some one who says: "I wish I could recall the title of a book that I read ten or fifteen years ago. It was a paper-bound translation from the French, and was the story of an old actor." The book invariably proves to be *Brichanteau*, written by Jules Claretie, the director of the Comédie Française. It was published in this country in a haphazard sort of way, made a profound impression on those who read it, and then, somehow, seemed to disappear. Its fate was that of the man who, in the prime of health and life, steps into a doorway to light a cigar and is never seen again. We have never stumbled upon a copy of *Brichanteau* in after years, nor has any one whom we know, though there must be many such copies in existence. The book pictures charmingly certain phases of the French stage. At the time it appeared the craze for bicycle racing was at its height in France, and in the first chapter of the narrative Brichanteau is acting as a starter at one of the tracks near Paris. Even to this humble occupation he brings the soul of a true artist, and every gesture, every movement, is scrupulously studied and carried out. Then, one by one, the old man tells of the various events of his life, and in telling them, he reveals himself as one of the real gentlemen of fiction, endowed with the finest of all traits, the politeness of the heart, a little brother to Don Quixote, and Colonel "Tom" Newcome. Through his eyes you see the inner side of things behind the footlights, all the pathos and struggle, the ennuis, the high aspirations, the bitter disappointments. Of this life Brichanteau himself is the incarnation, and from him you learn to pity and yet respect. He had had talent, not of the first order perhaps, his life has been one of industry and sobriety, and now he is



H. PERRY ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "ESSENCE OF HONEYMOON"

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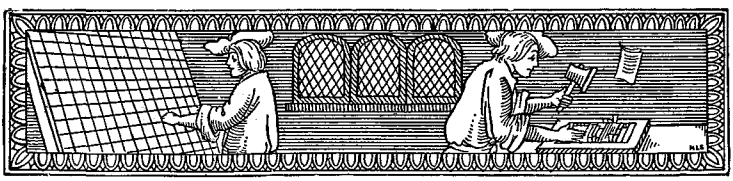
reduced to dropping a flag on a bicycle course. Yet there is no protest against fate, only a gentle, kindly dignity, and a determination to bear himself always as an artist. The spirit of adventure, too, is in these pages. Perhaps the best episode of all is his plot to kidnap the King of Prussia. It is at the time of the siege of Paris, and one night Brichanteau finds himself outside the city walls and close to the Prussian lines. On many a rural stage he has played the part of d'Artagnan. He will lure the King from the midst of his camp, as d'Artagnan lured General Monk, and hold him as a ransom for the integrity of French soil. It is daringly conceived, it is gallantly attempted. But the face of history is against Brichanteau, as it was against d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis in their efforts to save the head of Charles the First, and Lorraine and Alsace are annexed by Germany, and Brichanteau goes sadly back to his life as a strolling player. *Brichanteau* is one of the curiously neglected books; but it is hardly a forgotten one.

The Unnecessary Oath

We think it is about time to say something in advice and warning against the growing use of profanity by ambitious writers of fiction. From editors and publishers everywhere we are hearing the same story. We like to think that in actual life the use of strong language is on the wane, that the man addicted to it is regarded not only as a violator of good taste, but as a bore. Yet in the vast amount of fiction that is proffered to magazines and publishing houses he seems to be at his apogee. Apparently there are a great many persons of literary aspirations who think that to write a Rex Beach style of story all that is necessary is to be sufficiently lavish with highly coloured oaths. A delicate, mature gentlewoman, with whose personality it would be quite impossible to associate the idea of profanity in any form, will bring in a manuscript and in every paragraph will be found a *grand juron*. Heroes in this sort of fiction invariably preface their protestations of affection with an oath. "My God, I love you."

Now against this sort of thing we have every right to protest on the grounds of good manners and decency. We shall, however, confine ourselves to the purely literary aspect of the case. The profuse use of profanity is not merely inartistic; it stamps unmistakably the beginner and the ineffectual workman. Profanity in fiction is at times not only excusable but necessary. In the hands of the master, who will employ it with wise economy, it is a kind of reserve force, a battalion of the Old Guard, to be held strongly in leash, and to be released only at the vital moment. For example, in a memorable chapter of *Vanity Fair*, Lord Steyne is bullying the women of his household who have objected to the presence of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley at Gaunt House. "This house," he cries, "this Temple of Virtue belongs to me, and if I choose to invite all Bedlam here, or all Newgate, by God, they shall be welcome!" Here the oath is inevitable. It gives the final touch, and brings to the reader the desired thrill. But had Thackeray wasted it by distributing it freely and unnecessarily in preceding paragraphs it would have failed utterly of its point. Again, in George Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*, we can recall just one oath, but that we shall never forget. It is held back until the great moment of the story and then let loose with lurid and terrible effect.



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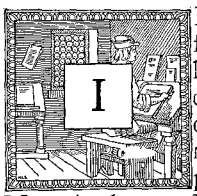
AMBROSE BIERCE

An Appraisal

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



N the preface to the fourth volume of his collected works, the volume containing under the title of *Shapes of Clay* the major portion of purely personal satiric verse, Mr. Ambrose Bierce emphatically expresses his belief in the right of any author "to have his fugitive work in newspapers and periodicals put into a more permanent form during his lifetime if he can." No one is likely to dispute Mr. Bierce's contention; but it is often a grave question as to what extent it is wise for the individual to exercise his inalienable rights. And in the case of authors the question comes down to this: How far is it to their own best interests to dilute their finer and more enduring work with that which is mediocre and ephemeral? For it is unfortunately true

AMBROSE BIERCE

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AMBROSE BIERCE'S COTTAGE AT ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA, IN 1891. THE FIGURE IS THAT OF HIS DAUGHTER

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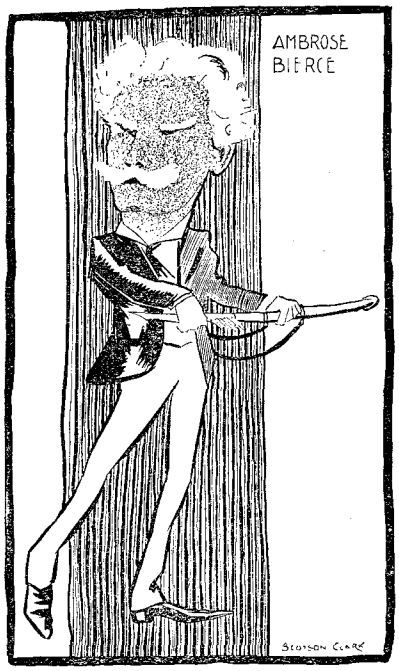
that no author is measured by his high lights alone, but by the resultant impression of blended light and shade; and there is many a writer among the recognised classics who to-day would take a higher rank had a kindly and discriminating fate assigned three-quarters of his life work to a merciful oblivion.

To the student of American letters, however, the comprehensive edition of Ambrose Bierce's writings now being issued in ten portly and well-made volumes cannot fail to be welcome. It places at once within convenient reach a great mass of material which, good, bad or indifferent, as the case may be, all helps to throw suggestive side lights upon the author, his methods, and his outlook upon life. It forces the reader who perchance has hitherto known Mr. Bierce solely as a master of the short story, to realise that this part of his work has been, throughout a long and busy life, a sort of side issue and that the great measure of his activities has been expended upon social and political satire. And similarly, those who have known him best as the fluent producer of stinging satiric verse suddenly recognise how versatile and many sided are his literary gifts. The ten volumes are divided as follows: three volumes of prose fiction; two volumes of satiric verse; two volumes of literary and miscellaneous essays; and three volumes consisting mainly of satiric prose, including a greatly amplified edition of that curiously caustic piece of irony, *The Cynic's Word Book,* now for the first time published under the title of Mr. Bierce's own choosing, *The Devil's Dictionary.* It seems, therefore, most convenient to consider Mr. Bierce, the Man of Letters, under three separate aspects: the Critic, the Satirist and the Master of the Short Story.

I

THE CRITIC

Regarding literary criticism, Mr. Bierce says quite frankly "the saddest thing about the trade of writing is that the writer can never know, nor hope to know, if he is a good workman. In literary criticism, there are no criteria, no accepted standards of excellence by which to test the work." Now there is just enough truth in this attitude of mind to make it a rather dangerous one. If there were literally no accepted standards in any of the arts, no principles to which a certain influential majority of critical minds had given their adhesion, then literature and all the arts would be in a state of perennial anarchy. But of course any writer who believes in his heart that there are no criteria will necessarily remain in lifelong ignorance regarding his own worth; for it is only through learning how to criticise others



FROM "BLACK AND WHITE" (LONDON)

sanely and justly that one acquires even the rudiments of self-criticism. And incidentally, it may be observed that no better proof of Mr. Bierce's fundamental lack of this valuable asset could be asked than the retention in these ten volumes of a considerable amount of journalistic rubbish side by side with flashes of undoubted genius. Mr. Bierce's entire essay on the subject of criticism is a sort of literary agnosticism, a gloomy denial of faith. He has no confidence in the judgment of the general public nor in that of the professional critic. He admits that "in a few centuries, more or

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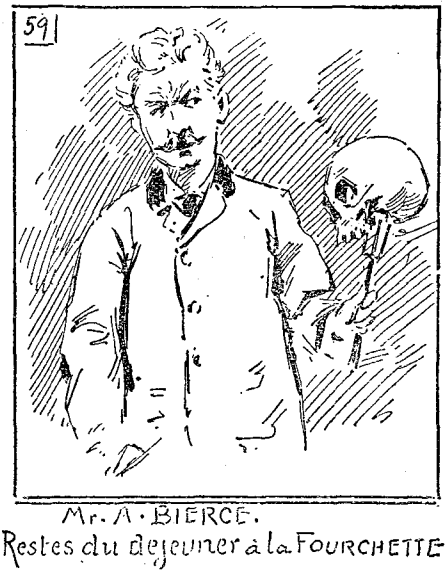
less, there may arrive a critic that we call 'Posterity;'" but Posterity, he complains, is a trifle slow. Accordingly, since the worth of any contemporary writer is reduced to mere guess work, he, Ambrose Bierce, has scant use for his contemporaries. He has very definite ideas regarding the training of young writers and tells us at some length the course through which he would like to put an imaginary pupil, but he adds:

If I caught him reading a newly published book, save by way of penance, it would go hard with him. Of our modern education he should



A CARICATURE OF A PAINTING BY THE LATE J. H. E. PARTINGTON

have enough to read the ancients: Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca and that lot—custodians of most of what is worth knowing.

In spite of the pains to which Mr. Bierce goes to deny that he is a *laudator temporis acti,* the term fits him admirably—and nowhere is this attitude of mind more conspicuous than in his treatment of the modern novel. It is important, however, to get clearly in mind the arbitrary sense in which he uses the word novel as distinguished from what he chooses to call romance. His occasional half definitions are somewhat confusing; but apparently by the novel he means realistic fiction as distinguished from romantic fiction—a distinction complicated by the further idiosyncrasy that by realism he understands almost exclusively the commonplaces of actuality and by romanticism any happening which is out of the ordinary. The novel, then, in his sense of the word is "a snow plant; it has no root in the permanent soil of literature, and does not long hold its place; it is of the lowest form of imagination." And again: "The novel bears the same relation to literature that the panorama bears to painting; with whatever skill and feeling the panorama is painted, it must lack that basic quality in all art, unity, totality of effect." He seems utterly unaware that the great gain in modern fiction, the one indisputable factor that separates it from the fiction of half a century ago, is precisely the basic quality of unity. The modern novel whose technique most nearly approaches perfection is the one which when read rapidly with "a virgin attention at a single sitting"—to borrow Mr. Bierce's own phrase—gives an impression of as single-hearted a purpose as one finds in the most faultless of Maupassant's three-thousand-word masterpieces. It is quite possible for any well-trained reader to go through even the longest of novels at a single sitting. The present writer would feel himself grievously at fault if he interrupted his first reading of any novel that had been given him for the purpose of review; and he well remembers that in only two recent cases did he become conscious of the prolonged strain: namely, Mr. Kipling's *Kim,* which required an uninterrupted attention of eight and one-half hours, and *The Golden Bowl,* of Mr. James, which required somewhat more than eleven. Mr. Bierce's attitude, however, is partly explained by his *obiter dictum* that "no man who has anything else to do can critically read more than two or three books in a month"—and of course, if you make your way through books at the snail's pace of one in ten days, the most perfect unity of purpose is inevitably going to drop out of sight.

All of this helps us to understand how it happens that Mr. Bierce, otherwise a man of intelligence, can say in all seriousness that "in England and America the art of novel writing is as dead as

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Queen Anne." Listen also to the following literary blasphemy:

So far as I am able to judge, no good novels are now "made in Germany," nor in France, nor in any European country except Russia. The Russians are writing novels which so far as one may venture to judge . . . are in their way admirable; full of fire and light, like an opal . . .; in their hands the novel grew great —as it did in those of Richardson and Fielding, and as it would have done in those of Thackeray and Pater if greatness in that form of fiction had been longer possible in England.

Or again:

Not only is the novel . . . a faulty form of art, but because of its faultiness it has no permanent place in literature. In England it flourished less than a century and a half, beginning with Richardson and ending with Thackeray, since whose death no novels, probably, have been written that are worth attention.

Think for a moment what this means. Here is a man who has ventured to speak seriously about the modern novel, and who confessedly is unaware of the importance of Trollope and Meredith and Hardy, of Henry James and Rudyard Kipling and Maurice Hewlett—and who deliberately ignores the existence of Flaubert and Maupassant and Zola, Galdos and Valdès, Verga and d'Annunzio! It is not astonishing after that to find Mr. Bierce seriously questioning the value of epic poetry: "What more than they gave," he asks, "might we not have had from Virgil (*sic*), Dante, Tasso, Camoens and Milton if they had not found the epic poem ready to their misguided hands?"

The fact is that Mr. Bierce as a critic is of the iconoclastic variety. He breaks down but does not build up. He has no patience with the historical form of criticism that traces the intellectual genealogy of authorship showing, for instance, Maupassant's debt to Poe or Bourget's debt to Stendhal. He is equally intolerant of that analytical method—the fairest of them all—that judges every written work by its author's purpose as nearly as this may be read between the lines. Nothing is more certain, he says, than if a writer of genius should bring to his task the purposes which the critics trace in the completed work "the book would remain forever unwritten, to the unspeakable advantage of letters and morals." Yes, he tears down the recognised methods of criticism but suggests nothing better in their place. And when he himself undertakes to criticise, it is hardly ever for the purpose of paying tribute to excellence—with the noteworthy exception, *mirabile dictu*, of his extraordinary praise of George Stirling's poetic orgy of words, "The Wine of Wizardry." Tolstoy, for instance, he defines as a literary giant: "He has a giant's strength and has unfortunately learned to use it like a giant—which means not necessarily with conscious

AMBROSE BIERCE (IN 1869)

cruelty, but with stupidity." The journal of Marie Bashkirtseff—the last book on earth that one would expect Mr. Bierce to discuss—he sums up as "morbid, hysterical and unpleasant beyond anything of its kind in literature." Among modern critics he pronounces Mr. Howells "the most mischievous, because the ablest, of all this sycophantic crew."

The truth is that the value of Mr. Bierce as a critic lies solely in his fearlessness and downright sincerity, his unswerving conviction that he is right. He has to a rather greater extent than many a better critic the quality of consistency; and no matter how widely we are forced to disagree with his conclusions there is not one of them that does not throw an interesting side light upon Mr. Bierce, the man.

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II

THE SATIRIST

The short stories and the serious critical papers of Mr. Bierce have appeared in a spasmodic and desultory way, but from first to last he has been at heart a satirist of the school of Lucilius and Juvenal, eager to scourge the follies and the foibles of mankind at large. The fact that Mr. Bierce is absolutely in earnest, that he is destitute of fear and confessedly incorruptible accounts for the oft repeated statement that he was for years the best loved and the most hated man on the Pacific Coast. Now the ability to use a stinging lash of words is all very well in itself; it is a gift that is none too common. But to be effective it must not be used too freely. The two ample volumes of Mr. Bierce's poetical invectives form a striking object lesson of the wisdom in Hamlet's contention that unless you treat men better than they deserve none will escape a whipping. And when fresh from a perusal of the contents of *Shapes of Clay* and *Black Beetles in Amber,* one has become so accustomed to seeing men flayed alive that a whole skin possesses something of a novelty. Now there is no question that there is a good deal wrong with the world, just as there always has been, if one takes the trouble to look for it. But when any one man takes upon himself the task of reprimanding the universe it is not unreasonable that we should ask ourselves in the first instance: What manner of man is this? What are his standards and beliefs? And if he had his way what new lamps would he give us in place of the old? In the case of Mr. Bierce it is a little difficult to make answer with full assurance. Somewhere in his preface he has said that he has not attempted to classify his writings under the separate heads of serious, ironical, humorous and the like, assuming that his readers have sufficient intelligence to recognise the difference for themselves. But this is not always easy to do, because in satire these different qualities and moods overlap each other so that there is always the danger of taking too literally what is really an ironical exaggeration. Here, however, is a rather significant passage taken from a serious essay entitled "To Train a Writer;" it sets forth the convictions and the general attitude toward life which Mr. Bierce believes are essential to any young author before he can hope for success—and it is only fair to infer that they represent his own personal views:

> He should, for example, forget that he is an American and remember that he is a Man. He should be neither Christian nor Jew, nor Buddhist, nor Mahometan, nor Snake Worshipper. To local standards of right and wrong he should be civilly indifferent. In the virtues, so called, he should discern only the rough notes of a general expediency; in fixed moral principles only time-saving predecisions of cases not yet before the court of conscience. Happiness should disclose itself to his enlarging intelligence as the end and purpose of life; art and love as the only means to happiness. He should free himself of all doctrines, theories, etiquettes, politics, simplifying his life and mind, attaining clarity with breadth and unity with height. To him a continent should not seem wide, nor a century long. And it would be needful that he know and have an ever-present consciousness that this is a world of fools and rogues, blind with superstition, tormented with envy, consumed with vanity, selfish, false, cruel, cursed with illusions—frothing mad!

Now this strikes the average fair-minded person as a rather wholesale indictment of what on the whole has proved to be a pretty good world to live in. In fact, it is difficult to conceive of any one honestly and literally holding such an extreme view and yet of his own volition remaining in such an unpleasant place any longer than the time required to obtain the amount of gunpowder or strychnine needed to make an effective exit. But of course Mr. Bierce does not find life half so unpleasant as he makes out: in fact, he gives the impression of hugely enjoying himself by voluntarily looking out upon a world grotesquely distorted by the lenses of his imagination. He has of course a perfect right to have as much or as little faith as he chooses in any human religion or philosophy, moral doctrine or political code—only it is well when studying Mr. Bierce as a satirist and reformer to understand

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clearly his limitations in this respect and to discount his views accordingly. It is well, for instance, to keep in mind, when reading some of his scathing lines directed at small offenders who at most have left the world not much worse off for having lived in it, that Mr. Bierce has put himself on record as proclaiming Robert Ingersoll "a man who taught all the virtues as a duty and a delight—who stood, as no other man among his countrymen has stood, for liberty, for honour, for good will toward men, for truth as it was given him to see it."

To the present writer there is much that is keenly irritating in Mr. Bierce's satiric verse for the reasons above implied. It is, of course, highly uncritical to find fault with a writer for no better reason than because you find yourself out of harmony with his religious and moral faith, or his lack of it—for an author's personal beliefs should have no bearing upon the artistic value of what he produces. But putting aside personal prejudice, it may be said in all fairness that Mr. Bierce made a mistake in giving a permanent form to so large a body of his fugitive verses. It is not quite true that satiric poetry is read with the same interest after the people at whom it was directed are forgotten. Aristophanes and Horace and Juvenal cannot be greatly enjoyed to-day without a good deal of patient delving for the explanation of local and temporal allusions; and in modern times Pope's *Dunciad,* for instance, is probably to-day the least important and the least read of all his writings. It is impossible to take much interest in vitriolic attacks made twenty years ago upon various obscure Californians whose names mean nothing at all to the world at large. But on the other hand, any one can understand and enjoy the sweeping irony as well as the sheer verbal cleverness of a parody like the following:

A RATIONAL ANTHEM

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of felony,
  Of thee I sing—
Land where my fathers fried
Young witches and applied
Whips to the Quaker's hide
  And made him spring.

My knavish country, thee,
Land where the thief is free,
  Thy laws I love;
I love thy thieving bills
That tap the people's tills;
I love thy mob whose will's
  All laws above.

Let Federal employees
And rings rob all they please,
  The whole year long.
Let office-holders make
Their piles and judges rake
Our coin. For Jesus' sake,
  Let's *all* go wrong!

SWINNERTON'S CONCEPTION OF BIERCE

One is tempted to devote considerably more space than is warranted to that extremely clever collection of satiric definitions, *The Devil's Dictionary.* It represents a deliberate pose consistently maintained, it is pervaded with a spirit of what a large proportion of readers in a Christian country would pronounce irreverent, it tells us nothing new and can hardly be conceived of as an inspiration for higher or nobler living. But it is undeniably entertaining reading. Almost any one must smile over such specimens as the following, taken almost at random:

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Monday, *n.* In Christian countries, the day after the base-ball game.

Bacchus, *n.* A convenient deity invented by the ancients as an excuse for getting drunk.

Positive, *adj.* Mistaken at the top of one's voice.

III

THE STORY TELLER

But it is as a writer of short stories that Mr. Bierce's future fame rests upon a firm foundation. It is not too much to say that within his own chosen field—the grim, uncompromising horror story, whether actual or supernatural—he stands among American writers second only to Edgar Allan Poe. And this is all the more remarkable when we consider his expressed scorn of new books and modern methods and his implied indifference to the development of modern technique. He does understand and consciously seeks for that unity of effect which is the foundation stone of every good short story; yet in sheer technical skill there is scarcely one among the recognised masters of the short story today, Mr. Kipling, for instance, and the late O. Henry, Jack London and a score of his contemporaries, from whom he might not learn something to his profit. What Mr. Bierce's habits of workmanship may be the writer does not happen to know; it is possible that he has always striven as hard to build an underlying structure, a preliminary scaffolding, for each story as ever Edgar Allan Poe did. But if so he has been singularly successful in practising the art which so artfully all things conceals. He gives the impression of one telling a story with a certain easy spontaneity and attaining his results through sheer instinct. He seldom attempts anything like a unity of time and place; and many of his short tales have the same fault which he criticises in the modern novel, namely, that of having a panoramic quality, of being shown to us in a succession of more or less widely separated scenes and incidents.

Nevertheless, in most cases his stories are their own best justification. We may not agree with the method that he has chosen to use, but we cannot escape from the strange, haunting power of them, the grim, boding sense of their having happened—even the most weird, most supernatural, most grotesquely impossible of them—in precisely the way that he has told them.

The stories, such of them at least as really count and represent Mr. Bierce at his best, divide themselves into two groups: first, the Civil War stories, based upon his own four years' experience as a soldier during the rebellion, and unsurpassed in American fiction for the unsparing clearness of their visualisation of war. And secondly, the frankly supernatural stories contained in the volume entitled *Can Such Things Be?*—stories in which the setting is immaterial because if such things could be they would be independent of time and space. The war stories range through the entire gamut of heroism, suffering and carnage. They are stamped in all their physical details with a pitiless realism unequalled by Stendhal in the famous Waterloo episode in the *Chartreuse de Parme* and at least unsurpassed by Tolstoy or by Zola. Indeed, there is nothing fulsome or extravagant in the statement that has more than once been made that Mr. Bierce is a sort of American Maupassant. And what is most remarkable about these stories is that they never fail of a certain crescendo effect. Keyed as they are to a high pitch of human tragedy, there is always one last turn of the screw, one crowning horror held in reserve until the crucial moment. Take, for example, "A Horseman in the Sky." A sentinel whose duty it is to watch from a point of vantage overlooking a deep gorge and a vast plain beyond, to see that no scout of the Southern army shall discover a trail down the precipitous sides of the opposite slope, suddenly perceives a solitary horseman making his way along the verge of the precipice within easy range of fire. The sentinel watches and hesitates; takes aim and delays his fire. The scene shifts with the disconcerting suddenness of a modern moving picture and we see the sentinel back in his Southern home at the outbreak of the war; and we overhear the controlled bitterness of his parting with his Southern father after declaring his intention to fight for the

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce. Edited and arranged by the author. New York: The Neale Publishing Company.

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Union. A modern story teller would consider this shifting of scene bad art; nevertheless, Mr. Bierce, in theatrical parlance, "gets it over." Back again he shifts us with a rush to the lonely horseman, shows him for a moment motionless upon the brink and the next instant launched into space, a wonderful, miraculous, awe-inspiring figure, proudly erect upon a stricken and dying horse, whose legs spasmodically continue their mad gallop throughout the downward flight to the inevitable annihilation below. This in itself, told with Ambrose Bierce's compelling art, is sufficiently harrowing, but he has something more in reserve. Listen to this:

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. You see it is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

The man's face was white, but he showed no other signs of emotion. Having answered, he turned away his eyes and said no more. The sergeant did not understand.

"See here, Druce," he said, after a moment's silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"My father."

And again, there is that extraordinary *tour de force* entitled "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." It is the story of a spy caught and about to be hanged by the simple expedient of allowing the board on which he stands to tilt up and drop him between the cross beams of the bridge. The story is of considerable length. It details with singular and compelling vividness what follows from the instant that the spy feels himself dropped, feels the rope tighten around his neck and its fibres strain and snap under his weight. His plunge into the stream below, his dash for life under cover of the water, his flight, torn and bleeding through thorns and brambles, his miraculous dodging of outposts and his passing unscathed through volleys of rapid fire, all read like a hideous nightmare—and so in fact they are, because the entire story of his rush for safety lasting long hours and days in reality is accomplished in a mere fraction of time, the instant of final dissolution—because, as it happened, the rope did not break and at the moment that he thought he had attained safety his body ceased to struggle and dangled limply beneath the Owl Creek Bridge. Variations upon this theme of the rapidity of human thought in the moment of death are numerous. There is, for instance, a memorable story by Morgan Robertson called, if memory is not at fault, "From the Main Top," in which a lifetime is crowded into the fraction of time required for the action of gravity. But no one has ever used it more effectually than Mr. Bierce.

But it is in his supernatural stories that Mr. Bierce shows even more forcefully his wizardry of word and phrase, his almost magnetic power to make the absurd, the grotesque, the impossible, carry an overwhelming conviction. He will tell you, for instance, a story of a man watching at night alone by the dead body of an old woman; a cat makes its way into the room and springs upon the corpse; and to the man's overwrought imagination it seems as though that dead woman seized the cat by the neck and flung it violently from her. "Of course you imagined it," says the friend to whom he afterward tells the tale. "I thought so, too," rejoins the man, "but the next morning her stiffened fingers still held a handful of black fur."

For sheer mad humour there is nothing more original than the tale called "A Jug of Syrup." A certain old and respected village grocer who through a lengthy life has never missed a day at his desk dies and his shop is closed. One night the village banker and leading citizen on his way home drops in from force of habit at the grocery, finding the door wide open and buys a jug of syrup, absent-mindedly forgetting that the grocer who served him has been dead three weeks. The jug is a heavy weight to carry; yet when he reaches home he has nothing in his hand. The tale spreads like wildfire through the village and the next night a vast throng is assembled in front of the brightly lit up grocery, breathlessly watching the shad-

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owy form of the deceased methodically casting up accounts. One by one, they pluck up courage and make their way into the grocery—all but the banker. Riveted to the spot by the grotesque horror of the sight he stands and watches, while pandemonium breaks loose. To him in the road the shop is still brilliantly lighted but to those who have gone within it presents the darkness of eternal night and in their unreasoning fear they kick and scratch and bite and trample upon one another with the primordial savageness of the mob. And all the while the shadowy figure of the dead grocer continues undisturbed to balance his accounts.

It is a temptation to linger beyond all reason over one after another of these extraordinary and haunting imaginings, such for instance, as "Moxon's Master," in which an inventor having made a mechanical chess-player makes the mistake of beating it at the game and is promptly strangled to death by the revengeful being of his own creation. But it is impossible to do justice to all these stories separately and it remains only to single out one typical example in which perhaps he reached the very pinnacle of his strange, fantastic genius, "The Death of Halpin Frayser." The theme of this story is this: it is sufficiently horrible to be confronted with a disembodied spirit, but there is one degree of horror beyond this, namely, to have to face the reanimated body of some one long dead from whom the soul has departed—because, so Mr. Bierce tells us, with the departure of the soul all natural affection, all kindliness has departed also, leaving only the base instincts of brutality and revenge. Now in the case of Halpin Frayser, it happens that the body which he is fated to encounter under these hideously unnatural conditions is that of his own mother; and in a setting as curiously and poetically unreal as any part of "Kubla Kahn" he is forced to realise that this mother whom he had in life worshipped as she worshipped him is now, in spite of her undiminished beauty, a foul and bestial thing intent only upon taking his life. In all imaginative literature it would be difficult to find a parallel for this story in sheer, unadulterated hideousness.

Mr. Ambrose Bierce as a story teller can never achieve a wide popularity, at least among the Anglo-Saxon race. His writings have too much the flavour of the hospital and the morgue. There is a stale odour of mouldy cerements about them. But to the connoisseur of what is rare, unique and very perfect in any branch of fiction he must appeal strongly as one entitled to hearty recognition as an enduring figure in American letters. No matter how strongly he may offend individual convictions and prejudices with the flippant irreverence of his satiric writings it is easy to forgive him all this and much more besides for the sake of any single one of a score or more of his best stories.

FACE TO FACE

BY RICHARD BURTON

Long weeks I walked the city's crowded ways,
  And vainly sought to find you, morn and night;
By daybreak, when the lamps were all ablaze,
  And when the noon was bright.

But when I turned, and with the will to flee
  Unto some dim and all-deserted place,
Have hurried here where only God may see,—
  I meet you, face to face!

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NEMESIS

BY ELIZABETH H. DU BOIS

The widow and the fatherless thou'st crushed,
  Then think not to enjoy thy wrongful gains.
Though every rival from thy path were brushed,
  Wealth flies, but sin remains.

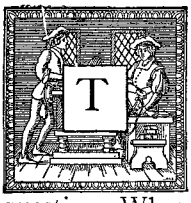
Thou'st crowned the goddess Pleasure in thy heart,
  Thy cup to fill she, for a moment, deigns
Thy couch to gladden—then she will depart.
  Joy dies, but sin remains.

Thy hurrying feet have chased the phantom, Fame;
  Perhaps she seems to turn, to wait thee feigns;
Weary the race nor ever free from blame.
  Fame flies, but sin remains.

E'en glorious Love may yet be bought too dear,
  If through the loss of Honour he attains
Thy heart; for honour's ghost will still appear.
  Love dies, but sin remains.

THE REAL BARRY LYNDON

BY LEWIS MELVILLE



HAT distinguished Titmarshian, Sir Frank T. Marzials, in the admirable Introduction which he wrote some years ago to an edition of *Barry Lyndon,* propounded the question, Where did Thackeray get the material out of which to build his story? He answered his own question, by stating that the novelist found at least the germ of his novel in the memoirs of Casanova and of Captain Freeny, in Smollett's *Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom,* and in Jesse Foot's *Lives of Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq., and the Countess of Strathmore.* There can be no doubt as to the accuracy of the information imparted by Sir Frank Marzials, and it has been accepted by all subsequent writers. Certainly there is no proof that Thackeray was acquainted with Casanova's autobiography, but it is more than probable that he had read it, wholly or in part; but the novelist himself mentions that he read Captain Freeny's memoirs when he was weather-bound in Ennis during that tour to the sister-island which resulted in the writing of *The Irish Sketch Book.* "The best part of worthy Freeny's tale is the noble naïveté and simplicity of the hero as he recounts his own adventures, and the utter unconsciousness that he is narrating anything wonderful," Thackeray wrote in that book. "It is the way of all great men, who recite their great actions modestly, and as if they were matters of course; as indeed to them they are. A common tyro, having perpetrated a great deed, would be amazed and flurried at his own action; whereas I make no doubt the Duke of Wellington, after a great victory, took his tea and went to bed just as quickly as he would after a dull debate in the House of Lords. And so with Freeny—

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his great and charming characteristic is grave simplicity; he does his work; he knows his danger as well as another; but he goes through his fearful duty quite quietly and easily; and not with the least air of bravado, or the smallest notion that he is doing anything uncommon." Casanova, Freeny, and Smollett may have furnished, indeed, most probably did furnish, Thackeray with some hints as to character, but beyond all doubt he found in the biography of Bowes the story of Barry Lyndon from the time when that hero returned to England from the Continent. As a matter of fact, he closely followed the career of Bowes (*née* Stoney) in all essential details.

Beyond the fact that he, a scion of an old English family long domiciled in Ireland, was born in or about 1745, nothing whatever is known of Andrew Robinson Stoney, before a relative purchased for him, while in his teens, a commission in the Thirtieth Regiment. He was, according to a contemporary account, an attractive youngster. "The person of Stoney was rather in his favour, and his address was probably, when young, captivating," Foot has written. "His speech was soft, his height more than five feet ten, his eyes were bright and small, he had a perfect command over them, his eyebrows were low, large and sandy, his hair light, and his complexion muddy, his smile was agreeable, his wit ready, but he was always the first to laugh at what he said, which forced others to laugh also. His conversation was shallow, his education was bare, and his utterance was in a low tone and lisping." His want of intelligence was more than compensated for by a certain dash, which endeared him to the opposite sex, and so well did he display his qualities that in 1763, when the regiment was quartered at Newcastle, he met, wooed, and won for his wife Hannah, daughter of William Newton, who, we are told, "was concerned in the coal-trade" of the neighbourhood. Stoney, who apparently was not a keen soldier, now wanted to leave the army, but the relative who had placed him in it advised him to remain, because in a few months the war would be over, the regiment disbanded, and the officers retired on half-pay. This sage counsel was followed, with the result that Stoney, in return for a very short term of service, drew a lieutenant's half-pay from 1764 until his death six-and-thirty years later.

Stoney being the prototype of Barry Lyndon, it is scarcely necessary to say that he had married for money. Miss Newton was not handsome, and no one has come forward to accredit her with any particular charm, but she was an heiress, her portion, according to different accounts, being £20,000 or £30,000; either of which amounts constituting, in those days, a very considerable portion. So soon as they were married, Stoney began to squander his wife's money, and when he retired from the army made his headquarters at her estate of Cold-Pig Hill, at Burnopfield, about seven miles from Newcastle. It was not long before the lady had good reason to regret her choice of a husband. Stoney was a spendthrift, but this was the least of his faults; he was openly unfaithful; and his treatment of her when they were together made life hideous for her. If rumour spoke truly, he, at an assembly, in a violent fit of rage, tumbled her down a whole flight of stairs; and at home on one occasion locked her up for three days in a small cupboard in her chemise (some say without it), and fed her on an egg a day. "He made a very bad husband," wrote one who knew them both, "and she was a most wretched wife, and brought no children alive into the world; which he much desired for his own sake. He made the bell of St. Nicholas toll for one that was dead born; but failed in proving it to be born with life. If he could have proved it, I understand the law gives a life-estate in the wife's property. He many times advertised the wood on the estates of Cold-Pig Hill, etc., to be sold, but the next week's newspaper always produced a forbiddance from our friend, Edward Jackson's father, and another person whose name I have forgot, who laid claim to the estate as next heirs. He behaved like a brute and a savage to his wife, and in a short time broke her heart. He knew secret ways of provoking her before company; and then if she looked displeased, or said anything tart, he appealed to the company—he took pains to please her, but could not." Stoney's

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treatment of his wife was generally supposed to have shortened her life, and certainly she died within a few years of her marriage.

Left a widower at an early age, with no profession and small means, for the bulk of his wife's property reverted to her family, Andrew Robinson Stoney came to London, and led the usual life of the second-rate man about town in the earlier years when "Farmer George" was upon the throne. He had not the *entrée* to the more fashionable resorts, but took his pleasure in the less exclusive places frequented by his kind, living for some time at the St. James's Coffee-House, and amusing himself with cock-fighting, horse-racing, and gaming, at which pursuits it is probable that he more nearly resembled Captain Rook than Mr. Pigeon. All the time he was on the watch for an heiress; but a bankrupt ex-lieutenant had little chance of winning such a prize, and one with his reputation as a husband apparently none. Without losing sight of his main object, whilst waiting as patiently as he could, he consoled himself with intrigues, for which he had an enduring passion. In these paths he was frequently successful, for, according to all accounts, he had a certain air of gallantry that made him almost irresistible to women of the lower orders.

During his wife's lifetime Stoney had made the acquaintance, possibly at one of the Newcastle Assemblies, of Lady Strathmore. This lady, Mary Eleanor, the daughter and sole heiress of George Bowes, of Streatlam and Gibside, in the county of Durham, had married in her twentieth year John Lyon, ninth Earl of Strathmore, who subsequently caused an Act of Parliament to be passed to enable him to assume his wife's surname. The marriage (of which there was issue, three sons and two daughters), if not unhappy, was certainly not ideal, for the Countess regarded herself as a "blue," and the Earl, who had many good qualities, had no leaning toward intellectual pursuits. When he died, while on a voyage to Lisbon, on March 7, 1777, his widow did not make any pretence of deep grief, but after a very brief interval established herself in her house at Grosvenor Square, and indulged the tastes that she had hitherto had to keep under control. Liking to pose as a patron of the arts—as befitted the author of *The Siege of Jerusalem*—she assembled around her a coterie of learned, or pseudo-learned, folk. She knew several languages, and loved to converse in them. She had, too, a passion for botany, to give scope to which she purchased a house at Upper Chelsea, built hot-houses and conservatories, and there endeavoured to rear exotics imported from the Cape. "Her talent was not in fault so much as the application of it," Foot has described her. "Her judgment was weak, her prudence almost none, and her prejudice unbounded." In fact, she was a foolish woman, but by no means a fool.

Such a woman, susceptible to flattery, was almost preordained to become the prey of an astute or cunning fortune-hunter. She had wealth, and she had also a fair share of good looks. "The Countess at this time was scarcely thirty years of age," so runs a contemporary account. "She possessed a very pleasing *embonpoint;* her breast was uncommonly fine; her stature was rather under the middle class; her hair brown; her eyes light, small, and she was near-sighted; her face was round; her neck and shoulders graceful; her lower jaw rather underhanging, and which, whenever she was agitated, was moved very uncommonly, as if convulsively, from side to side; her fingers were small, and her hands were exceedingly delicate. She appeared in very fine health; her complexion was particularly clear; her dress displayed her person, it was elegant and loose; she glowed with all the warmth of a gay widow, about to be married." Suitor after suitor had come forward, almost from the earliest days of her widowhood; and from these she selected for her favour the Honourable George Grey, who had served in India under Clive, and had amassed a handsome competence. No announcement of their engagement was, indeed, made, but there was a general idea that this would not be delayed much longer than decency demanded.

Thus matters stood when Stoney cast his evil eye on Lady Strathmore. Here was one of the wealthiest women in England, with whom he was actually ac-

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quainted, with houses in Grosvenor Square and at Chelsea, lands in Middlesex, and seats at Paul's Walden, Gibside, Streatlam Castle, and Barnard Castle; a woman with no great amount of sense, and a widow. It was worth an attempt to win her. Forthwith he decided to enter the lists; but, penniless and discredited, he could not take the field openly, and had to proceed by devious paths. There were, he saw, two things to be done: the first, to get Grey out of the way; the second, himself to win favour. Without delay he began to play his underhand game, and, it must be confessed, he played it well.

There were some points in his favour, and of these, of course, he made the best. "Stoney was, in the first place, ten years younger than Grey," Foot has put it on record; "in the second, more cunning; in the third, bred up more regularly to the trade; in the fourth, had the superior aid, the air, and the necessary art of a man of the St. James's Coffee-House. There was no antiquated, dissipated, impudent and profligate nabob a match for him." Certainly, Stoney out-manœuvred Grey at every point. Having reintroduced himself to Lady Strathmore, he was careful to give her the impression that he was very much in love with her. During his visits to Grosvenor Square, he gathered the useful information that the Countess hated all the relatives and friends of her late husband, perhaps because after his death they had tried to dictate to her a mode of living that did not appeal to her, perhaps because they somewhat ostentatiously disapproved of the life she did live during these first months of widowhood; certainly, in part, because they looked with no favourable eye upon the possibility of her re-marriage, which would not be a good thing for the children of the first marriage. In this disaffection, Stoney saw a chance to deliver the first blow against Grey. He induced a friend to write, and send to Lady Strathmore, what purported to be a copy of a letter addressed to Stoney by a Durham woman, complaining that he had forsaken her for the Countess, who was denounced in no measured terms. This was clever, for not only did it appeal to the Countess's vanity, but it enabled Stoney, having thus recommended himself to Lady Strathmore, to deal a terrible blow at Grey—the letter continued that the writer (the supposed Durham woman) had at least this consolation, that the faithless swain would soon return to her, since the Countess was to be married to Grey, who had had several interviews with the relatives and friends of the late Earl, and had induced them to withdraw their opposition, had, indeed, won their active support. If the Countess had been in love with Grey this letter would have done no lasting harm; but Stoney knew that this was not the case, and with triumphant malice watched his rival fall from favour into disfavour, all ignorant of the cause.

Stoney hastened to follow up his advantage. Eliza Planta, Lady Strathmore's companion, was engaged to be married to the Rev. Mr. Stephens, her ladyship's domestic chaplain, and Stoney bought them by promising them £1,000 as a wedding present if the Countess became his wife. Thenceforth, these people perpetually sang into their mistress's ear the praises of the new suitor and narrated stories of his devotion to her. Stoney now made love to her openly and, being informed of her movements by the traitors in her household, was able to meet her wherever she went. When he could not meet her, he wrote to her, and when, shortly before Christmas, she visited her mother at Paul's Walden, he followed her. "Woman's a riddle," so began the letter in which Stoney heralded his arrival.

I never felt the proverb more than upon the honour of receiving your ladyship's letter. Eliza has, indeed, been playing within the curtain; had I been worthy to have had confidence in this business, I certainly should have advised a double plot. Your journey would have prevented any inquiry after the intention of your fair friend, and I then should have had the happiness of making my consort not only the conversation of the day, but the envy of the world. You draw a flattering picture of Mr. Stephens. Was he anything but Eliza's husband, I should not be pleased with his trait; but she deserves to be happy; and I hope he is everything that she can wish. I always thought that Eliza had a good heart; but she has now convinced us that she has

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a great mind, above being trammelled by the opinion of guardians, relations, or pretended friends. A free choice is happiness, and bliss is the offspring of the mind. Those only possess joy who think they have it; and it signifies little whether we are happy by the forms our connections would prescribe to us or not. I believe it will not be denied that many are miserable, under the opinion of the world, of their being very much the contrary. You tell me that your good mother (Heaven bless her) is well employed for an old lady; but by the soul of Angelica* you vow (and I know she was dear to you) that her pursuits do not at this time engage your attention. Now by the living sick Jacintha,† by everything I have to hope, I swear that I am highly interested in your present thoughts; and were I Proteus I would instantly transform myself, to be happy that I was stroked and caressed, like them, by you; and, discovering the secret of your mind, I might experience what I hope Eliza will never be a stranger to, or be placed beyond the reach of further hope. I am all impatience to see your ladyship; I really cannot wait till Saturday; I must have five minutes' chat with you before that time. You will think me whimsical; but upon Thursday next, at one o'clock, I shall be in the garden at Paul's Walden. There is a leaden statue, or there was formerly, and near that spot (for it lives in my remembrance) I shall wait; and can I presume that you will condescend to know the place? Eliza shall be our excuse for this innocent frolic; and the civilities shall never be erased from the remembrance of your faithful, etc.

Every stratagem that could be of service was employed, and Lady Strathmore only returned from Paul's Walden to find, awaiting her, a second letter from the supposed jealous woman at Durham, this time addressed to her, which entirely destroyed any lingering chance that Grey might have had.

Pardon the liberty I took of sending your Ladyship the copy of the letter I wrote to Captain Stoney. The sacrifice I have made to this abominable man, the disobedience I have incurred from the most indulgent parents, and the sport of my friends, to whom I have imparted my confidential prospects, drive me to despair. Besides, I love him; and without him, though I am apprised of his faithless nature, yet I am determined, at the risk of my fortune, my character, my future comfort of life, and all that is dear to love and passion, to throw myself into his arms. And must you, who possess all the wealth of the North, think that you have the right of thus defrauding an honest heart, too fatally wounded and devoted, because, not from your personal charms or intrinsic worth as one of our unhappy sex, you thus lay claim to my prize, but merely because you possess more acres, and that you are a countess. I will not, I cannot sit silently down in submission to this usurpation; I will haunt you night and day till I have procured a restoration of that peace of mind, so long torn, distracted and broken down with wrongs, and entirely through you, by this foul and dear seducer.

Why don't you abide by your first love as I do? Why should Mr. Grey be abandoned by you for the sake of a man who stands before you a perjured lover? Why am I to be the sacrifice to your almighty influence, and thus plunged into despair and oblivion, for no end but to gratify the wantonness of your caprice? And that you, madam, you may have the pride and exultation of despoiling and erecting upon my despair your felicity!

For the sake of whatever is dear to our sex—for the feelings which unhappy woman owes to one another, pray indulge me with your kind attention. One moment's pause in the prosecution of your present cruel resolution may save me from destruction and make your character immortal. Cultivate Mr. Grey's affection, because your late Lord's friends and relations will accept of him as your husband, but not of Captain Stoney. It is impossible that Mr. Grey should keep these secrets from you. Mr. Grey has had the address (which my simple and easy fool never could obtain) of first establishing his pretensions to you, upon the confidence and zeal of your late Lord's relations and friends, Mr. L——, Mr. and Mrs. O—— and Lady A. S——. It is with their warm approbation that he has wisely made his way to your heart. Plunge not, therefore, an artless, hopeless, desponding and forsaken maiden as I am into destruction and utter ruin, but restore some ray of comfort to the unfortunate

S.

The Fates were now particularly kind to Stoney. The *Morning Post* during November and December had made attacks upon certain indiscretions of Lady Strathmore; her husband's relatives took no notice, thinking that this would drive

*A cat.
†Another cat.

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Grey away from her. In their inaction Stoney saw his opportunity. He called at the offices of the paper, and invited the editor, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, to give him the name of the writer. This Sir Henry naturally refused to do, and Stoney forthwith challenged him to a duel. They met on January 13, 1777, and Stoney was wounded. Subsequently it was asserted that this was merely a sham duel, but such evidence as was then forthcoming seems to establish the fact that the fight was genuine enough. Lady Strathmore had been much flattered when she thought Stoney had thrown over a devoted woman for her; and now that he had risked his life in her service, her gratitude knew no bounds. She asked for the sword used by her champion in the encounter, and slept with it at the head of her bed. Stoney had played the winning stroke, and had won the game he had played so unscrupulously. On January 17, 1777, he was married to Lady Strathmore at St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

The marriage had not long taken place before Stoney (who at once assumed his wife's surname, and as Bowes has come down to posterity) threw off all disguise and made it as clear to his bride as it had been all along to the lookers-on, that it was not her charms that had attracted him but her money and only her money. It came as a terrible blow to him to learn that when she had contemplated marriage with Grey, she had, with his consent, placed her property in trust for her own use. This Bowes had not known, but upon enquiry, he discovered that the settlement could be annulled, and he induced his wife to take the necessary steps to effect this. When matters were thus arranged and none could gainsay him, he disposed of the house at Chelsea, careless of his wife's pride in her horticultural pursuits, and sure that he could spend the money more to his own satisfaction, as indeed he did by expending it on the purchase of a race-horse.

It is remarkable that Bowes, who as a widower had lived more or less from hand to mouth, now that he was in possession of a very handsome income and considerable estates, was always in pecuniary straits. If ever a moralist wants an example of the beggar on horseback riding hell-for-leather toward ruin, here it is ready to his hand. Yet, strangely enough, Bowes does not seem to have been wildly extravagant. He may have had debts to pay off, but it is improbable that when he was living on his wits he was trusted to any great extent. It has been said that he sold the Chelsea house, he sold also the mansion in Grosvenor Square; and so saved the cost of keeping up these two households. He was but little in London during the early years of his married life. "I have given up all idea of going this winter to London, as I can live here for half the expense," he wrote to a friend from Gibside, December 15, 1778; " . . . besides, I never can be happy till I get out of debt, and have money, if possible, to the good." This caution was so foreign to his nature, that the idea occurs that the letter was written to throw dust in the eyes of his correspondent or in the eyes of some one to whom his correspondent was expected to show the letter. Already in the previous month he had offered the timber at Gibside for sale, but when it was felled no one in the neighbourhood would buy, and so it was perforce left lying in the park. He spent but little on the estates, which he allowed to go to rack and ruin. A certain amount of money, but no considerable sums, his numerous mistresses must have cost him. More went during the year he was Sheriff, and very expensive were his endeavours to get into Parliament, to which, after an unsuccessful attempt, he was returned in 1780 as member for Newcastle. "The canvass is begun at Newcastle—three candidates, all upon different intervals," he wrote to a friend from Gibside, August, 1780. "For God's sake use your influence with as many people of the Whole in the Wall as you possibly can find out, and pray use *any means* to procure them for me." He purchased the estate of Benwell from the Shafto family, but as he at once mortgaged this heavily, it did not materially affect his financial position. Where he lavished money was in insuring the life of his wife. "Lady Strathmore is in perfect health," he wrote from Streatlam Castle, September 2, 1781, "but as I have reason to think she is with child, nay, I am certain of it, I wish to insure her

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life, for you remember how alarmed I was upon a former occasion; though, indeed, I ought not to have much reason for it, as she always recovered vastly well. However, I request you will immediately exert yourself for me, and get the £18,000 filled with good names. I presume there is no occasion to say anything about her being with child." He committed the folly of insuring Lady Strathmore's life only for a year or two at a time, consequently, as she did not die during the period, he had no return from these investments.

The Countess might have forgiven her husband for squandering her money; she might even have condoned his frequent and open unfaithfulness; what she could not pardon was his treatment of her. This, indeed, was barbarous. He beat her, he forced her to write down "Confessions" in which she was made to represent herself as utterly vile, he kept her in a constant state of terror. "The Countess appeared wonderfully altered and dejected," Foot wrote of her a few years after she had married Bowes. "She was pale and nervous, and her under jaw constantly moved from side to side. If she said anything, she looked at him first. If she was asked to drink a glass of wine, she took his intelligence before she answered. She sat but a short time at dinner, and then was out of my sight. I did get one morning's walk with her and Mr. Harrison into the once beautiful pleasure garden, where in spite of the ruinous state of it, much was left for admiration; because the taste which gave it a creation was not as yet totally obliterated. The Countess pointed out to us the concern she had formerly taken in the shrubs, the flower beds, the lawns, the alcoves, and the walks of this most delectable recess. She even pointed out the assistance her own hand had lent to individual articles. In observing her during her conversation, the agitation of her mind was apparent by its action on her mouth. She would look for some time, hesitate, and then her under jaw would act in that convulsive manner, which absolutely explained her state of melancholy remembrance beyond all other proofs abstracted knowledge could confirm, or technical teachers could demonstrate." Two children were born of the marriage, but there is no reason to believe that their father showed them any affection; while the only interest he showed in the children of his wife's first marriage was an attempt to get them into his possession so as to be able to extort money from their trustees. In this attempt he was, in the case of one of the girls, temporarily successful, but eventually he had to yield her up, his folly not reaching the limits of pitting himself against the full powers of the Court of Chancery.

Bowes's behaviour to his wife was so cruel that at last, meek as she had proved herself for years, she overcame her fears, and one evening when he was dining out, she fled with her maid and took refuge in apartments that had been taken for her by her lawyer in Dyer's Buildings. One moment's awful agony she had while she was flying, for as she drove up Berners Street, Bowes was coming down it in a hackney-coach, with his head out of the window. Fortunately he did not see his wife, who, however, was so alarmed by the possibility of being captured, that she had a violent attack of hysterics, and could not easily be persuaded that the danger was passed. On February 7, 1785, Lady Strathmore exhibited articles of the peace in the Court of King's Bench against her husband for ill-treatment of her person.

Lady Strathmore was in so great a state of alarm that she engaged a constable, Lucas, to live in her house, to protect her against any attempt that her husband might make to get her into his possession. Bowes, however, by representing himself as a much injured man, and having thus won Lucas's sympathy, contrived on November 10, 1786, to abduct the Countess from her house in Bloomsbury Square, and take her up to Streatlam Castle. In the coach he tried to persuade her to sign a paper to stop proceedings in the ecclesiastical court and to consent to live under the name and character of his wife. No amount of persuasion could induce her to sign the document; nor was he more successful in securing her compliance when he beat her. Even a loaded pistol held at her head produced no effect: she said her prayers and bade him fire. Persistent ill-treatment at the Castle met with no such

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result as Bowes desired. Bowes then knew that the game was up. The tipstaffs were after him, and, after dodging about the country for some time, he was captured. The trial took place on May 27, 1787, when his fellow-offenders were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and he was ordered to pay a fine of £500, to be imprisoned in the prison of the King's Bench for three years, and at the expiration of that term to find securities for fourteen (afterward reduced to two) years, himself in £10,000 and two securities of £5,000 each.

This was but the beginning of his troubles. Lady Strathmore applied to the Courts to revoke the settlement she had made of her property on Bowes, on the ground of duress; and her application was granted on May 19, 1788. In the following March she obtained a divorce. Her property, or all that was left of it, restored to her, and freed from her husband, Lady Strathmore, the wreck of her former self, lived in such comfort as she could find until April, 1800, when she died at Christchurch, Hampshire. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, arrayed "in a superb bridal dress."

When Bowes had served his three years' imprisonment, he was again brought before the Court of King's Bench, and being unable to pay the costs incurred by the suit in the Spiritual Court, was ordered to remain in prison until they were paid. Thus, the last twenty-two years of the life of this infamous man—for whom the only excuse that can be suggested is that he was half-mad—were spent in prison. There Leigh Hunt saw him. "He was a tall, thin man, in a cocked hat, had an aquiline nose, and altogether appeared to my childish eyes a strangely inconsistent-looking person for a man of his character, and much of a gentleman," Hunt recorded in his autobiography. "I have an impression on my memory that I was told he had run a needle through his wife's tongue." In prison he lived first in the state-rooms; then, when his means dwindled, in the inferior state-rooms; and presently within the walls of the Bench, and for about the last twelve years, within the rules in St. George's Fields. During these years he, so far as was possible, indulged his passion for women and had a succession of mistresses, all of whom he treated cruelly; and he found his pleasure in instigating lawsuits, first against Lady Strathmore, and then against her executors—a pleasure to which he was not the less averse because the expense generally fell upon the solicitor unwise enough to accept him as a client. He died, a broken-down debauchee, at the age of sixty-five, on January 16, 1810, and was buried in the vault of St. George's Church in the Borough. His biographer summed up his character as "cowardly, insidious, hypocritical, tyrannic, mean, violent, selfish, deceitful, jealous, revengeful, inhuman and savage, without a single countervailing quality;" what his wife thought of him she told him in an epitaph she wrote and sent to him in prison:

HERE RESTS
Who never rested before,
The most ambitious of men:
For he sought not virtue, wisdom, or
Science, yet rose by deep hypocrisy,
By the folly of some,
And the vice of others,
To honours which Nature had forbid,
And riches he wanted taste to enjoy.
He saw no faults in himself,
Nor any worth in others:
He was the enemy of mankind;
Deceitful to his friends,
Ungrateful to his benefactors,
Cringing to his superiors,
And tyrannical to his dependents.
If interest obliged him to assist
Any fellow-creature, he regretted the
Effect, and thought every day lost
In which he made none wretched.
His life was a continual series
Of injuries to society,
Disobedience to his Maker,
And he only lamented in despair
That he could offend them no longer.
He rose by mean arts
To unmerited honours,
Which expired before himself.
Passenger, examine thy heart,
If in aught thou resemblest him;
And if thou dost—
Read, tremble, and reform!
So shall he, who living
Was the pest of society,
When dead, be, against his will,
Once useful to mankind.

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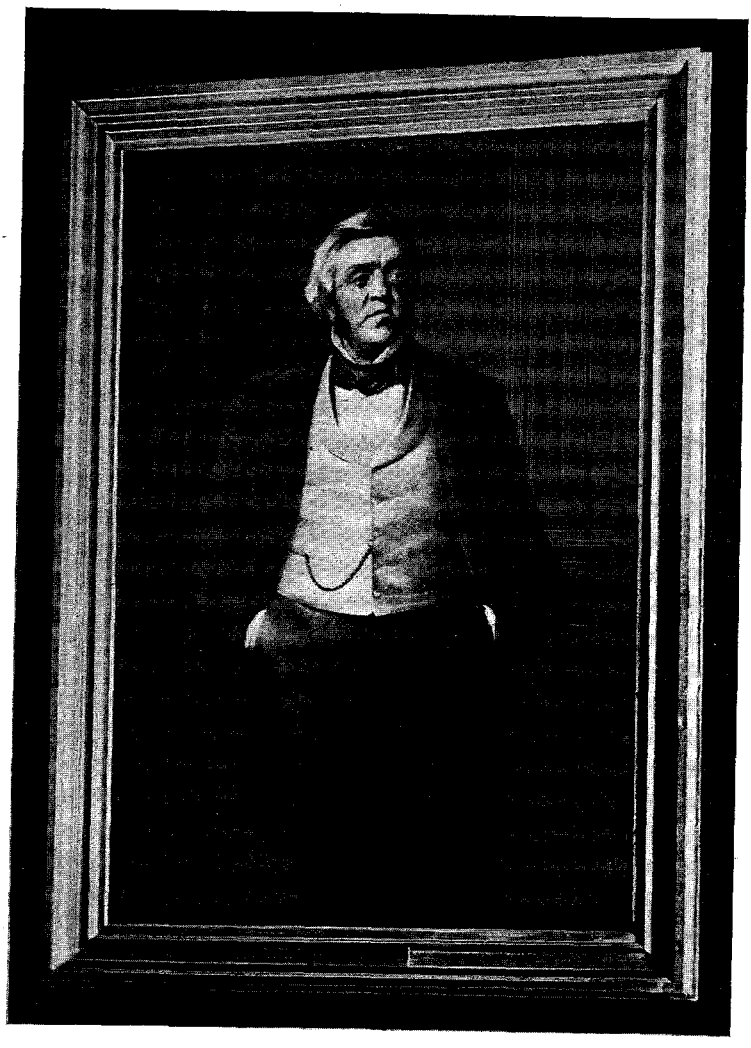
THE PORTRAITS OF THACKERAY



THACKERAY, FROM THE PAINTING BY SAMUEL LAURENCE, IN THE REFORM CLUB, LONDON

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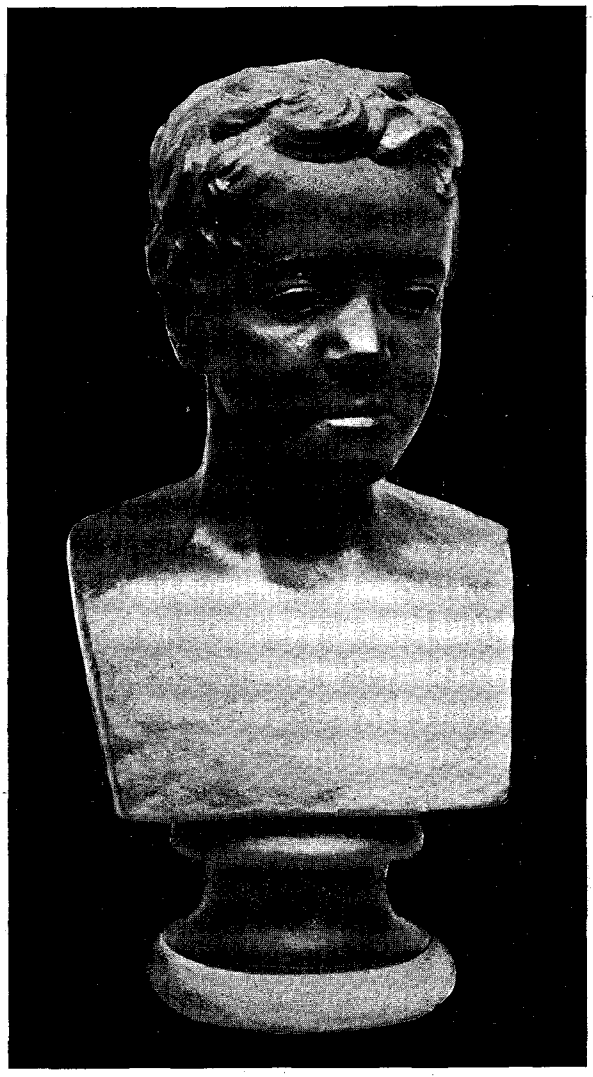

THACKERAY IN 1822, BY J. DEVILE

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THACKERAY IN 1836, AGED 25, BY FRANK STONE, A.R.A.

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THACKERAY, FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY RICHARD DOYLE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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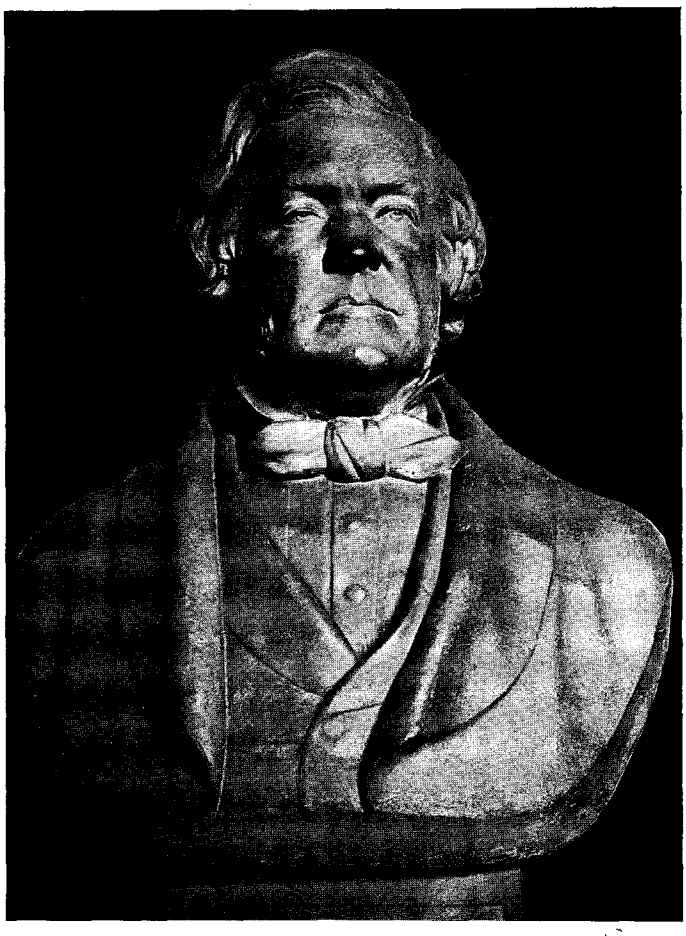

THACKERAY, BY SIR EDGAR BOEHM, IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

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THACKERAY. ETCHED BY THOMAS JOHNSON

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CRAYON SKETCH BY SAMUEL LAURENCE, FOR HIS PORTRAIT OF THACKERAY

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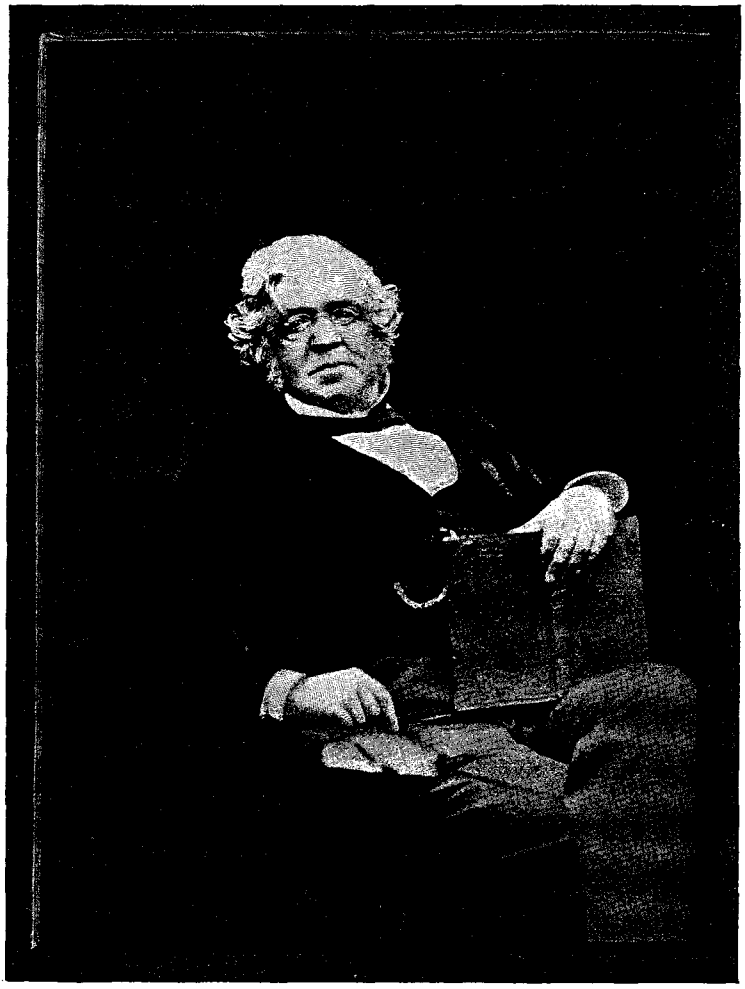

THACKERAY'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH

From the Original given by his daughter Anne (Lady Ritchie) to Bayard Taylor, after Thackeray's death

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THE CASUAL READER

BY F. M. COLBY

I

Retrospect of an Emancipated Play Reviewer

For ten years the playgoing habit has been strong upon me, and even now, I believe I can bear up better under a bad play than any of my superior friends. At least I should often have sat through the worst of them if I had not been dragged to the pavement by some austere person in whom intellectual disapproval took the form of bodily restlessness. This is not so much because I take a higher view of the play itself than he does, as because I take a lower view of things elsewhere, doubting if commonplace can be so easily escaped. And as a matter of fact it always dogs us *æquo pede,* for it is the shadow of our middle age, and the evening passes in denouncing the stage in words quite as dull as the play we left. As a refugee from usualness on these occasions I have never had much luck, for it is a quality that overspreads even superior minds late of an evening and they are often seen to no better advantage on their native heath than at the playhouse. And what went ye out for to see? Surely not a native work of art, for the American stage has never yet produced one, but has always been a mere competitor of clubs and protracted after-dinner conversations, of cards, newspapers, the weekly novel, politics, evening parties and domesticity. Why this invidious distinction? The play is no worse calamity than what might have happened almost anywhere.

That is a point on which critical folk are seldom ingenuous. They overrate the evening's alternatives, social, forensic, paterfamiliasinine. They never admit that for all their grand airs their own minds sometimes repose for hours together on the level of the play. There is hypocrisy in this scorn of common things, for there are many clever people whose only pleasure on the "higher plane" consists in proclaiming its height above mob-level. Our playwrights of course are men of the crowd—not dramatists, but experts in collective appetite. But though not interesting as artists, they are at least objects of a reasonable curiosity, as meteorologists of popular desire, versed in such matters as the average velocity of the emotions and the mean annual rainfall of ideas. The usual play is not a picture or a "criticism" of life, but it is an extension of it, a human affair after all, and the worse it is as a play the better it may be as a social equation, anthropological "artifact," crowd index, or "sign of the times."

When I was reviewing plays for a long-suffering periodical I soon saw that while some were more entertaining than others, they were all industrial and not artistic products, and that therefore the profession of a dramatic critic in this country was premature. I held and still hold that we are passing through the ante-natal period of the American drama. Hence in writing about the drama I always got away from the essentials of the subject as soon as possible, and sought what seemed to me a more reasonable interest in the state of society of which the stage is a part. We are living in a time of wonderful uniformities. It did not seem fair to blame playwrights alone for seeming as like as peas, when we were all so busily engaged in concealing our diversity. What I really required of the drama was a miraculous new birth, but then I might as well wish that for myself while I was about it. I could not see why I, an obscure and commonplace citizen of Cornville, Massachusetts, should come down to the city and fly each night into a fine professional fury because our playwrights are also commonplace.

Moreover, it was interesting to see how playwrights catch up the material of other plays, not only the situations but the very thoughts and phrases, and how the stage, the better one knew it, became a vast mechanism, scarcely human, moving on in a strange routine, recombining the same patterns. Here are three typi-

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cal evenings, recalled from the depths of a playgoing experience. On the first the play is of the sort called "sweet and simple." So the curtain rises on the parson's study and the parson, a manly man, is talking to two ill-looking women of his flock, known at once as Envy and Malice, who are horrified because a circus has come to town. And he tells them a circus is not necessarily sinful, which is a free and dashing thought for a stage parson, sign of a "real man," and very shocking to Envy and Malice. Hypocrisy comes in, dressed as a deacon, and peeps through the window at the circus procession. Even now there can be no doubt as to the right of the matter or its outcome. Right is plainly with any erect, plain-spoken, honest-looking young man, whose clothes fit him, and who from a point near the centre of the stage says things that are undeniable. And besides, a good conscience has a smooth skin with a touch of rouge on the cheekbones; whereas bad characters have wrinkles or unpleasant expressions or queer clothes, announcing by awkward movements, limps, stoopings, harsh voices, unbecoming headgear or beards, that they mean mischief but will in the end be baffled. It is the rule of simpler plays, and perhaps it has been found, on the whole, necessary, that moral worth shall be expressed in make-up and the wicked look as if they meant to bite; but the playwright's terror of possible misunderstandings does at times seem a little morbid.

But ten minutes have now passed and we are feeling somewhat anxious, for there has been no sign of Romantic Love. What if it should have been omitted? Have it we must, we of this particular audience. That is why we have poured in through tubes, tunnels, subways and ferry-boats, over the waters and under them, down from difficult places whose names end in heights, manor, cliff, park, hill, ford, hurst, mere, grove, ania and onia (to which we shall return in midnight trains); or motored down from our chosen private houses on the proper side of town, or trolleyed down from our—by no means chosen—apartments with names out of romance, mythology, royal genealogy—flats of the nymphs, flats of all the muses, kings, dukes, statesmen, and mediæval principalities. It has been a busy day, full of most serious concerns—cooks and bills and the baby and bargains, and the need of having and the horror of losing, and the wearing out of clothes. These are our leisure moments and we always fill them with Romantic Love, for we are readers of our country's fiction and all the stories in the magazines and tons upon tons of Sunday supplements. We are not as lively as we might be. Details are a drug to the mind and the little worries bore deep holes and stay at the bottom of them, and besides, we have eaten rather heartily. We demand that usual young couple. Without Romantic Love, there may be rioting—but here it comes. She is young and pretty. She has been thrown from her horse outside the parson's door. She is a circus girl, that there may be effective contrast and an obstacle to the parson's love and a plot to the play; that the parson may harbour her heroically and defy Envy and Malice with their evil tongues, and marry her in the end, *ruat cælum,* that is to say, though his salary fall. There is Humour—a negress who talks in dialect, and Pathos—a clown in tears, and more theatrical contrasts—circus people with rough exteriors but tender and beautiful insides; and there is a scene, too, from the circus, on the chance that you brought the younger children.

Then comes my intellectual evening. It is a drama of "ideas," for some one is always sneering at our stage for the lack of them, and now and then a nettled playwright puts them in. So the curtain rises on several of them—cold, hard-boiled little ideas of the kind served at counters to minds that make quick meals, ideas of hypnosis, psycho-thaumaturgics, thought transference, sub-consciousness, faith cure and the various physiological religions—ideas in short from that loquacious borderland of doubt where souls debate with nervous systems and the measure of a fool is his certainty, where "nothing is either good or bad but thinking makes it so." And the hero reads thoughts and wills everything to the right-about—the pistol out of the assassin's hand, the innocent from the guilty's

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clutch, the clouds away from the mind diseased. A stage idea has all the powers of Harlequin, knocking people about, pinching the wicked, blowing out the lights, riding on somebody's shoulders. The character that contains an idea so bulges with it that we do not know him for a fellow-man.

And then my third evening, and the play is of the kind called "strong," which means of course that woman's honour must be put to proof, for just as old comedy could not have amused without constant punning on "cuckold" and "horns"—

> The cuckoo then on every tree
> Mocked married men; and thus sang he——

so our "strong" plays must as a rule take a woman to a man's room at night and then away again with honour saved. In French plays she sometimes remains. That is the measure of the moral gulf between the races. We let her dangle; they sometimes let her fall. She is not an interesting person, usually not a person at all, for playwrights are a frugal people, and finding our anxiety so intense over any sort of woman in any such plight, they endow her only with her sex and trust for the interest to the dangling. I am happy to say that on this particular evening the pendulous lady did not swing a hair's breadth beyond the line of stage tradition. The wicked old bachelor became her friend, the treacherous husband was destroyed, and there was distinct promise, before the curtain fell, of a second marriage with a better man.

Thus did the evenings pass on equal terms with the usual thing bound for oblivion, and I might have been very scornful indeed, rising to a great height and laughing bitterly, for there is nothing toward which hauteur may be more easily assumed. Reason about the play itself and the mind soon feels gigantic, head and shoulders above playwrights and multitude and managers, and for that matter above the cabmen at the door and the policeman at the corner and the people on the pavement for two miles up and down the street. For the play is a tissue of common things, transposed but not transmuted, not conceived but re-combined, a corroborative composite of crowd noises, given back to the crowd by some sedulous man whose skull is a cave of the echoes. But it is as wise as the street, as artistic as the shop, as gifted as Congress or Parliament, and the scorn that withers the stage would soon be blasting the breakfast table. That mild affair of bacon and eggs, already endangered by health reform, could not survive for one moment the cruel gaze of æsthetic criticism. I for one will not take part in that long quarrel. The American play is bad as drama, but so is the American accent as music and the American small talk as wisdom. The man who surveys his native land with merely intellectual expectations will find it peopled mainly by his ruined hopes.

I wonder if the warfare with small matters will hasten much the advent of great things and just how busy the critics of an art should be before the art emerges and whether they have ever shown much skill in the obstetrics of the beautiful. For talent is an accident of birth and art is that which gives us what we did know we wanted. I wonder if the scorn that fired Carlyle and froze up Matthew Arnold is not with writers at the present time a rather tepid feeling. Criticism seems to be the small triumph of people who are half awake over those who are still sleeping. Contempt with most of us is a barren motive, leading to no sort of spirited activity, to nothing in the least recalling Dean Swift or a Hebrew prophet, but rather to little critical shudders and shrugs, mild horrors of one kind or another, the fidgets of the "higher plane," gooseflesh at vulgarities, delimitations of the proper thing, comments of British weekly magazines, handbooks of literary gentility, volumes in dispraise of ignorance by men who put their knowledge to a most fatiguing use. I wonder if an artist will ever "ride into power" on a wave of critical reform and if great folk really are great by advice of the little ones.

However that may be, I did not go to the play with any artistic expectations, and if I once begin to run away from commonplace there is no knowing when I may logically sit down again, for this same general level stretches around the

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earth. To be sure I might be running in good company, scurrying along with critics, reformers, indignant dilettanti, "cultured" repudiators and self-improvers, all bent on showing the best of taste and as much as possible of their education, but the minds of fugitives are apt to run quite needlessly together into passwords of "Culture," touchstones of taste, rules of avoidance, rules of shabby gentility, in short into formulas of dissidence no whit more inspiring than the formulas of vulgar acceptance which I had thought, by running, to escape. Hence the same old sense of frequency would recur in flight.

And as to being vaccinated by "Culture" against philistinism, that is something that I will never undergo, for I have known dozens of minds worse afflicted by it after the treatment than before, besides being horribly disfigured throughout life by the pharisaics. Nor is there any virtue in those prophylactics against vulgarity compounded by critics in what may be termed the literature of sniffs; the critics themselves seem not to be cured of it. For vulgarity is a quality of the mind and not of its contents, and persists in the most exclusive circles and after courses of instruction the most prolonged—indeed often finds in the widening of knowledge only the more objects on which to wreak itself—and there seems no salvation except in being rightly born. That is why there is often so little to choose between a bad play and a volume of perfectly respectable criticism or *belles-lettres* or educational exhortation. In the lack of any native gift of understanding the ignorant and the widely read look wonderfully alike.

Strange illusion of the easily bored and the supercilious that they can by taking flight escape commonness and the noise of numbers; that dulness is atmospheric and not inside the head. The pleasures of the usual playhouse are all of our own devising, as they must be in any of the large, intellectually empty meeting-places and chattering-grounds where men gather their bodies for purposes merely gregarious—contiguity, unison, confirmation of rooted habits, iteration, conservation of moral heirlooms, totems, tribal images. It is a drowsy place, humming with familiar sentiments and intonations, like the talk of an old friend, no fit place for self-conscious irritable exceptions, but for averageness to take its ease in, no fit place for you, oh superior and restless intellect, and if you must be peering for a sign, like an augur among the sacred chickens, you will probably find by your prognosing nothing more hopeful than that the common thing being by nature admirably suited to the common man and the common man being the kind that breeds the fastest, there is small chance that the future will be chiefly concerned with what you now think truly remarkable. It lasts well, this vulgarity. It is indeed very ancient. A ghost from almost any century might feel at home. There is something in the play for a caveman and there are jokes not incompatible with a Chaldee. It would be hard to find a time or a country wherein a man born vulgar would get over it. The play is a compound of many primitive forms of leisure; it is the way the world stands still; and if at any time a man is disturbed by the obliteration of landmarks, by talk of growth, change, restless energy, marvels of locomotion, incubation, alteration, hydraulics, eugenics, aeronautics, dangers of violent thinking, new religions, new anarchies, intellectual over-exertions and a general blasting of the nerves; if for a moment the jargon of advancement makes him fear that society may perhaps hurry itself beyond his recognition, let him go to the usual play, inevitably a bad one, and see the path of commonplace running back to Babylon.

And when I am rebuked by caustic and intellectual persons, on the ground that the "existing popular drama is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains," I do not feel as repentant as perhaps I ought for the misspent time these past ten years. Ten years of playgoing are not so very unlike ten years of table-talk, ten years of politics, current literature, club life, journalism, teaching, card-playing, outdoor sports. There seem to be a good many occasions on which "cultivated people" do not "use their brains." Indeed it may be that a man's mind is stratified and that he lives in different eras at different hours of the day. Perhaps no man

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is consistently modern all through the twenty-four. He may have the sensations of an ape-man when asleep, Eolithic emotions when half awake, remain in the Stone Age till he has had his bath and in the Bronze Age till after breakfast; then some hours of pragmatical unreasoning obedience to the "modern spirit" in the broad light of day, rehearsing civilised lessons, running with his kind and bragging of the pace no matter whither, building high on unknown premises, hiding busily from death; then down the nightly scale again, Renaissance, mediæval, ancient, archaic, Palæolithic and asleep. Some may be even slower in regaining modern consciousness. My own state, for instance, till after I have had my coffee might well be that of a troglodyte and at noon I have moments of possibly mediæval reversion. We are never at the top of our powers in a crowd, and it may be that at the playhouse we drop several centuries. Certainly the pleasure is not that of seeing men go forward or an art improve, and if that is the only pleasure of "cultivated people" their every day life must be far from amusing. But that is an absurd supposition, for "cultivated people" often succumb like others to social sedatives like the play, and even when partially awake they derive the keenest pleasure from the contrast between themselves and the sleepers.

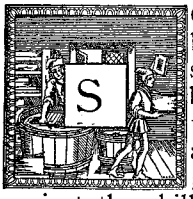
The playhouse is as good a place to dream in as any other and the play as good a thing to wonder at, and after all a man's worst enemies are within—those twin fiends Use and Want, the devils of the advancing years, that beat the mind into insensibility. Blame should be more evenly divided between the foolish figures of the stage and the staling mind we see them with. Strangely repetitious heroes and heroines, held apart for three acts, united in the fourth, troops of identical bluff uncles and homogeneous mothers-in-law, harsh parents with hearts suddenly softened by stage mechanism, automata pulled by strings into temptation and away again, discomfited rascals, insipid ingénues, you have danced no more absurdly on the outer rim of things, been no more the slaves of little rules, than many of our most solemn opinions and several of our moral ideas and the topics of our conversation and the news of the day and the facts we have lost our way in, any time these last ten years.

NARRATIVE AND THE FAIRY TALES

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

V



SO Cinderella goes to the ball; and this second scene is emphasised point by point through contrast with the first. The light and gorgeousness and gaiety of it are set against the chill dinginess of the lonely kitchen: the sisters that were tyrants at home are wallflowers in the palace; and the drudge of an hour before queens it over all in the natural triumph of her beauty. But the interest is not allowed to lapse into mere contentment. Cinderella does more than enjoy herself and outshine her sisters: she captivates the Prince; and thereby a new thread is woven into the plot, to be knotted up later on. Like the Fairy Godmother, the Prince is artfully reserved until he is needed. It would have been easy, and quite in harmony with the tale, to have made him pause some morning before the cottage on his way to warfare or the hunt, and to have given Hero and Heroine a glimpse and a dream of each other, that she might have that stronger motive for wishing to go to the ball. Many a mod-

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ern novelist would have jumped at such a device; and any modern playwright would have been constrained to it, in order to bring his leading man on the stage during the first act. But that, as we shall see, would have hurt the story later on; Cinderella has motive enough without it; and tradition is too wise an artist to waste its material. Meanwhile, the suspense of the Godmother's warning holds on under the fulfilment of the old interest and the awakening of the new. Cinderella has forgotten the flight of time, but the reader has not forgotten; nor is his anticipation disappointed. Her sudden flight at the first stroke of the hour, the return of her magic finery to its original forms, and her own return to rags and the chimney-corner, form a second climax in perfect opposition to the first. Here again is the same combination of truth with economy; for no imaginable arbitrary disaster would have had either the fitness or the poignancy of this. Why must the marvellous gifts be given only for a moment, to be snatched away upon a mere wanton condition? Yet that is just how things happen. And the reader is given again, not precisely what he has been made to wish for, but what he has been made to feel inevitable. Here also his interest is rearoused in the very article of its fulfilment; for Cinderella has lost her glass slipper upon the stair, and the Prince has treasured it in his breast.

The final episode is a reversal to the situation of the first; but it is a reversal with all the conditions intensified. Cinderella is thrust back among drudgeries after a tantalising taste of pleasure; she has not even the benefit of her triumph, for her sisters have not recognised her at the ball. Moreover, from desiring only ordinary enjoyment she has come to desire no less than a royal lover. And it is all more hopeless than at first, for the Fairy Godmother will certainly not interpose again. Miracles do not happen a second time, when one has flung the first away. It was at this point in her version of the fable that Charlotte Brontë, for all her genius, missed a trick: Jane Eyre should have been driven after her flight from Thornfield back under the power of the abominable Mrs. Read; and in this regard the traditional story is truer. There is no dwelling upon the pathos of the situation, for the old tales are too simple to psychologise and too normal to wallow in unhappiness. But the concrete facts are given, and the reader's sympathy with the Heroine trusted to carry his emotion into hers. Then all the threads are swiftly knotted into one conclusion: the Prince's herald appears, the sisters fit on the slipper in vain, and Cinderella comes fully and finally into her own. A moment before, we wished Cinderella to marry the Prince, and conclusively to triumph over her sisters: we were curious as to how this might be, and as to what became of the glass slipper; and now we are satisfied in everything, and the story is done. Here is the reason why the Prince must have known Cinderella only at the ball; for otherwise he could have had obvious means of recognising her. And here is the final reason for two sisters instead of one: that the closing scene may be heightened by the triple climax. The thin, acid sister tries on the slipper, and it does not fit; then it may fit the fat, ugly one, but it doesn't; and then . . . it does fit Cinderella. A German version of this scene permits the sisters (with Gothic propriety) to try on the slipper in private; each in desperation takes a knife and cuts her foot to fit it; but in each case the overflowing blood betrays the fraud. This is interesting in its symbolism, and in showing how fiercely some Teutonic story-teller felt the need of emphasising the catastrophe; but the consensus of tradition has rightly felt that it was off the key of the narrative. In *Bluebeard,* for instance, a like device would have been eagerly retained.

Looking now at the structure of the story as a whole, we have the reader's interest aroused at the outset through sympathy with a character; then by each succeeding episode satisfied in such a way as to be continued through the very means of its satisfaction; and finally satisfied altogether: while the interest is intensified throughout, both by strengthening the threads of motive and by their convergence: and the whole structure unified and brought to bear upon the underlying idea by the economical use of materials inherent in the situation. Specifically in this instance, the reader first wants

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Cinderella to go to the ball; then she goes, but he is left wondering what will happen if she overstays her time; then she overstays it, and he finds out, but meanwhile he has been made anxious that she shall marry the Prince, and curious about the glass slipper; then by the ordeal of the slipper she is chosen to marry him, and her triumph over her sisters, which has been held in suspense from the beginning, is thereby complete. The structure is like the overlapping shingles of a roof, one motive after another being brought uppermost while the next is being brought forward from beneath to be made paramount in its turn. This is the whole secret of plot-making: the intricate organism of *Les Miserables* or *The Arabian Nights* exhibits no different principle, but only the same one carried out in greater complexity. The theory of it is all in Aristotle; and the practice of it is all in *Cinderella.*

VI

But although the art of arousing, sustaining, and satisfying interest is the same in all narrative, there are various kinds of interest to which a narrative may address itself. Thus the interest of *Cinderella* is throughout an interest of anticipation. The reader is nowhere in doubt as to the general nature of the next episode: he knows that Cinderella will get to the ball somehow, though at the cost of a miracle; he knows that she will overstay her warning; he knows that by means of the lost slipper the Prince will somehow find her out and marry her. And this is as true of the child with his mere instinctive story-sense as of the most sophisticated elder; for each episode is so handled as frankly to foreshadow the next. So that, knowing roughly what is to happen, he remains curious as to how it will happen: he wishes to realise what he has been made to anticipate. This is the interest of Tragedy, and of most high and serious fiction. We know from the first that Œdipus is doomed; but we wonder how he will be overthrown, and desire to behold his fall. Conversely, the interest of a story may be built up out of sheer suspense, as it is in *Bluebeard.* Here each event is so treated as to forebode excitement vaguely, or passionately to suggest alternative solutions, for one of which the reader has an eager preference. He never knows what will happen next, and he is more and more curious to know; but with the manner of its happening he is less concerned. Here again the character of the Heroine is beautifully adapted to induce in the reader precisely the kind of sympathy which is needed. Cinderella is a creature of vivid desire and delight, incurious amid wonders; but the Heroine of this tale of suspense is the very embodiment of reckless curiosity. It is a strong motive in her marriage to Bluebeard; for his very name has a certain dark suggestiveness; he is whispered of among the gossips; and he adds to his personal charm the sinister fascination of a Lothario. She must understand this man, even if she has to marry him to find out. Then comes the gift of the keys, the ransacking of the castle, and at last the dreadful opening of the blue chamber. And then, out of the horror of that revelation, the curiosity leaps upward to a wild suspense. Will the brothers arrive in time? There is no sense of confidence in a happy outcome, such as we felt in *Cinderella:* the whole tone and structure of the story leave us in doubt; and our hearts hang upon the desperate Heroine as she shrieks to Sister Anne at the window. This is perhaps the greatest single scene in all the fairy tales; and literature is full of familiar counterparts. Rebecca is chained to the stake with the fagots piled around her; the Preceptor sits in judgment, the brotherhood gather in ring upon ring of pitiless eyes, the challenger rides ready to do battle for her death . . . and then, just as the torch is kindled, the solitary trumpet, the rumble of approaching hoofs, and Wilfrid of Ivanhoe thunders into the lists. *The Pit and the Pendulum* is another famous example. But the interest of suspense, although continually valuable, tends rather to set below the highest a narrative wholly dependent upon it; for the reader's curiosity weakens at the second reading. You cannot enjoy *The Moonstone* quite so keenly after you know how it ends. A third interest to which a narrative may address

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its appeal is the interest of surprise. Here the reader is led to expect one solution while another, totally unexpected, is being prepared under his very eyes. This method is the rarest and most difficult of all, since the unexpected event must be instantly felt as more logical and satisfying than the event which has been prefigured; and the difficulty is multiplied where the unexpected satisfies from point to point throughout the tale. This delicate art of misleading the reader without untruth and surprising him without regret is perfectly illustrated in *Beauty and the Beast.* Without pausing to analyze that most beautiful and touching of the fairy tales, it may be suggested how the Beast is made little by little more sympathetic while his physical repulsiveness is so emphasised that with the thought of Beauty's loving him comes a horror at the thought of their union; and then, at the supreme moment, he turns out to be an enchanted prince. I cannot call to mind any other illustration which is at once so artful and so great a story. The formula upon which all the novels of Stanley Weyman are constructed is superficially the same—the idea of a Hero originally repulsive to the Heroine whom she finally grows to love; but their interest is rather suspense than surprise. And the short stories of Maupassant and Bunner contain several skilful applications of the method to lesser themes—as for instance, *La Parure* and that delightful bit of comedy, *A Sisterly Scheme.* Of course no single interest is adhered to quite exclusively, even in these simple narratives: we are surprised at the Fairy Godmother, we anticipate Fatima's marriage to Bluebeard, and we are held in suspense just before the first appearance of the Beast; while in the complexity of a play or a novel all three interests are usually involved. Yet the chief appeal of the work, by which its general method is determined, is always definitely to some one of the three.

But whatever be the particular method of a story, the form and proportion of its plot remain essentially the same. There is first a period of exposition in which the reader is brought to understand sufficiently the initial situation and to sympathise with some character; then the action begins, rising from episode to episode gradually to a climax, then falling rapidly to a conclusion. Thus the opening of *Bluebeard* is really not narrative at all, but a short essay expounding so much of the chief persons and their relations to one another as is necessary to the understanding of what follows. The true action (as in most problem-novels) begins with the marriage; rises through the gift of the keys and the opening of the blue chamber; is caught up to a climax in the Sister Anne scene; and concludes with the rescue. In *Cinderella,* as befits a story of anticipation, the interest divides over a graded series of minor climaxes instead of concentrating intensely in one; and in the surprise-story of *Beauty and the Beast* climax and conclusion are fused together. Yet in these and in all cases one outline prevails. The exposition, as we have observed in *Cinderella,* is confined to the least possible material with which the reader can follow the story: in more elaborate narratives it is often incorporated with action at the start; and the tendency is always to bring climax and conclusion as close together as may be.

VII

Another observation of great importance is the shifting scale of Narrative. In Painting or Sculpture one scale is fixed throughout the composition: if an equestrian is carved larger than life, his horse must be larger in proportion, down to the very nails in its shoes; or if a tree is painted three feet high, the nymph beneath it must be measured in inches, and the size of every object determined by its distance from the foreground. Now the average scale of *Bluebeard* is about one to nine thousand: that is, the events of six months or so are told in half an hour. But certain points in the story, such as the Sister Anne scene, take nearly the same time to tell that they would to happen in actual life, whereas the whole time between the marriage and Bluebeard's departure is disposed of in a few sentences. The magical arraying of Cinderella for the ball, her whole sojourn there, and the trying on of the glass slipper, are narrated in about the same num-

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ber of words; but the first occupied only a minute or two, the second several hours, and the third perhaps a quarter of an hour. The nearest thing to this in any other art is that license of caricature by which the heads of the figures are drawn larger than the rest; but this is felt as a license, whereas the shifting scale of Narrative is a universal convention of the art; and the writer is free to shift it as he pleases from a full-length scene to a summary so compressed that it is hardly narrative at all. There is a certain obligation nevertheless upon his choice and arrangement of scenes. The climax of *Bluebeard* must be a scene, or its suspense is lost; so must Cinderella's preparation for the ball, or what follows will be obscure; and some conversation between Beauty and the Beast must be given at length, or the conclusion will be incredible. The courtship of Bluebeard and Fatima, on the other hand, would not only have needlessly delayed the story if given in detail, but would have been extremely difficult of realisation: in summary it appears at once more proportionate and more probable; and the practice of taking the weak points for granted instead of propping them with explanations is an excellent one to follow. The reader will swallow camels in his eagerness to get on with the story, where he would strain at a gnat that delayed him with apologies for its presence. Moreover, a comparison of the stories discloses a certain convention in the placing of scenes: always at the climax, most frequently at the start of the main action, less often at the conclusion or during the rise, and only occasionally at the beginning of the tale. And this holds good for all narratives whose length does not permit full detail at every point of interest. Very little critical attention has been paid to this principle of the shifting scale in Narrative: it is so obvious as to have failed of emphasis; yet there is no principle of story-telling more frequently and mischievously disregarded. More good stories have been dulled by unnecessary fulness or weakened by the summary of *scenes à faire* than perhaps by any single fault of construction.

Of course the traditional makers of the nursery tales were themselves comfortably unconscious of all these principles and devices. They had never in their lives heard of structure or symbolism or economy or any other critical abstraction; but they had that natural narrative sense to which they appeal in their readers, whereby they felt the fitness of this detail or the truth of that turn to the narrative, as a painter may by seeing and drawing truly depict the whole history of a mountain without being in the least a geologist. In either case, the critic must in demonstrating the qualities of the work apply an analysis unnecessary to either its making or its appreciation. Whether the artistry of these old stories was written or read into them does not matter: it is unquestionably there. Nor has the half of it been told: I have passed over the cutting down of the beanstalk, the character of Beauty's father, the ineradicable blood-stain upon the key of the blue chamber; the meaning of the sisters' failure to recognise Cinderella at the ball, that no woman is a heroine to her family; and the treasury of suggestion latent in the single detail of the glass slipper. I have left several of the best stories wholly out of the reckoning. Yet there remains one point of their unanimous consent which I should like to bring forward in closing, tentatively as before a recalcitrant audience. To one or the other of two great human instincts all story-telling must address itself: the pleasure of wonder, and the pleasure of assent. We enjoy, not as creatures of any race or age, but simply as human beings, the story which declares to us a truth that we have ignorantly worshipped and the story which reflects for us a truth that we already understand. In these last few days of scientific enthusiasm we tend strongly toward stories of the latter sort, setting our authors to the labour of the scientist, the observation and portrayal of facts. But the tendency of all the traditional stories is the other way: the old artists cling to their visions, and leave the younger ones to their dreaming of dreams. May there not possibly be something in this testimony of the fairy tales, that wonder is greater than assent, and that the knowledge of Realism is after all less deeply human than the wisdom of Romance?

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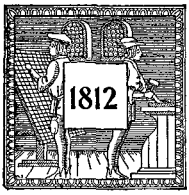
THE MAN AT THE GUN

An Episode of the Russian Retreat

BY GEORGES D'ESPARBÈS



The retreat from Moscow. Disheartened bands were scattered over the icy plains. These bands filed on in silence, with their colours bowed, as if even their eagles mourned. Then the tracks through the snow were obliterated again. The last man had disappeared. No sound, no sign of life. Nothing but the stillness and the mortal cold.

But, little by little, other dark bands appeared from the same quarter, more conspicuous because less numerous, yet still more desperate. It was the extreme rear-guard, coming from Smolensk, who covered the retreat and saved the last heroes of their generation.

They passed, like shadows, with the barbarous and splendid trophies snatched from the walls of the Kremlin.

There, among this still proud soldiery, the officers could no longer be distinguished from the men. There were grenadiers dressed in all the splendour of a Byzantine emperor, and generals wrapped in sordid rags. But the eagles were still erect upon their staves.

They had just come from the battle of Krasnoë. It was evening. There were few guns left and no supplies. The vehicles were scattered. All the men were heart-sick, exhausted. So, since they could go no further, the main body of that rear-guard halted on the banks of the Dnieper and bivouacked.

Under a tent formed of many skins of the blue fox and attached to a Cossack lance, three men were emptying a helmet filled with a drink made of beet-roots. There were a little blond fellow, drummer in an infantry regiment, pale and shivering beneath his bear-skin; a grenadier dressed in China silks, and an old dragoon of the Guard, who looked like a prophet in the great damask folds of his pope's cassock, all glittering with precious stones.

They had just divided into three parts a small piece of horse-meat, when the roar of a cannon aroused their attention.

"Where are they firing?" cried the boy. "It is an hour since we heard that sound. Can it be the Cossacks?"

"That is a French gun," answered the old soldier, he of the precious stones. "I know their voice. They are grumbling down there by the river. Boom on, you brave guns! Without them we should not be dining. The Cossacks would be upon us."

Another shot reverberated long and loud through that immense extent of ice. The three men finished their meat. Then the grenadier, rubbing his hands on his China silks:

"Now that I have eaten and drunken as I used to do at the restaurant at Montluçon, I am going to sleep."

"That is hard to do," murmured the boy, his teeth chattering. "When one goes to sleep now, he can't be sure of waking."

Another thunder-clap.

"Good! Go to sleep," said the old guardsman, listening to the echo of the shot. "I am going to stretch my legs near the artillery. Honour to their stubborn hearts! I am going to give them a word of compliment."

He went off, and walked for a quarter of an hour, growing more and more astonished at not seeing a soul on the roads. No bivouac; no gunner. Nevertheless at intervals, monotonous, regular, equal, he heard the cannon's roar.

He was near the bank. He ran toward it. But in a moment he started back, disturbed, then stupefied, then fascinated.

"Oh!" murmured he, "if I know a daring devil, there is one!"

Instead of a complete battery, there was just one gun; behind the gun, just one artilleryman.

The old guardsman kneeled down beside a gun-carriage, to see the man better, to admire him longer.

The solitary gunner, in his shirt-

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sleeves despite the intense cold, managed by himself the whole business of firing. Since he was working a piece of eight, he filled the place of thirteen comrades, two gunners, and twelve aids. The dragoon of the Guard saw him unhook his bucket, place it under the fuse of the pin and light the lance. Then the man placed himself between the pointing-levers and aimed the piece, ran to the breech to plug in the fire, then after firing, to load the piece once more. His movements were precise, automatic. He stooped and rose exactly as though he were at artillery practice. He seemed like a phantom, the soul of a dead gunner, escaped from his tomb and returning in the night to his gun. At that moment the moonlight fell on his head. It was covered with blood.

"And he is wounded, too! Ah! The poor fellow!" groaned the guardsman.

The bits of ice on his eyelashes melted slowly.

"La poule à ma tante! If the other fellows could see me now! What has got into me? I am crying——"

His gun loaded, the man struck the match and lit the fire. A blinding light whitened the plain of snow and the roar of the cannon rumbled through the infinite expanse. The old soldier of the Guard leaped up behind the man:

"Bon de sort! Comrade, what you're doing there is ghastly fine!"

The gunner turned his blood-stained face, which retained no trace of human features, save two eyes, clear, hard, ardent, full of melancholy fire. "I am doing my duty," said he. "I was taking a walk and saw this gun. The army is exhausted and the Cossacks know it. I am amusing myself by making them afraid."

"Instead of going on a spree like the rest of us, eating and drinking and even sleeping, you stay awake and work all by yourself?"

"You are mistaken; I have eaten."

The body of a horse lay near him, the side slit open. This he pointed out.

"Are you wounded, then?"

"No."

"But your face is all blood-stained?"

"Since I had no knife, I was compelled to use my teeth."

"Good!" grunted the old soldier. "A man as brave as you deserves to live. What is your regiment? You have no uniform. In your shirt-sleeves, I cannot tell where you belong."

"I am not of any regiment."

"Ah! Bah!" murmured the old dragoon, not understanding. "Would you make a jest of me? Tell me your number. It is for your own good."

"I am not a gunner," answered the man calmly.

"Impossible! You are joking! Well, well, if you are not a gunner, you know the business in a sort of fashion. Enlist among the gunners, my boy, you have a future before you."

The man was preparing to fire again. Attentive to his gun, he no longer regarded the old soldier.

"What are the stripes, if one is capable? I myself am only a brigadier, in spite of my sixty-two years, because I cannot read. But, brigadier of the Guard is something! Listen to what I say. I have friends, I place my influence at your service."

"Thank you," said the gunner.

His shadow glided rapidly. He was loading the gun.

"I shall speak to my lieutenant," continued the old man by his side. "He is the colonel's cousin; I am much mistaken if the colonel does not find an opportunity of speaking about you to the Emperor. You will not get the cross right away, of course, because you are too young; but perhaps you will be called brigadier, like me. Who knows?"

A grumbling interrupted him—the formidable voice of the gun. And almost at the same time another voice, kind and friendly, but terrible too, added:

"Thank you, comrade, but do not put yourself out. I have no need of stripes, since I have been Marshal of France for eight years."

In the moonlight, before the dazed grenadier, the chief of the rear-guard of the French army, the last gunner of the retreat, passed one shirt-sleeve across his face, and the soldier pale and trembling, recognised the "red lion"—the golden locks and the fiery eyes of Michel Ney.

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THE MAGAZINE AGE LIMIT

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

"A BABY'S first laugh," so the gorgeous Barrie has imagined, "travels out over the world and breaks into a thousand little pieces—and each little piece turns into a fairy." In cruel paraphrase, the editor of one of the metropolitan magazines makes it: "A baby's first 'composition' travels out over the world with a thousand other similar 'pieces'—and each little 'piece' turns into a magazine story." "That is," he qualifies, "each 'piece' turns into a magazine story in the minds of the youngster's proud parents."

Of the sentimental phase of the issue nothing need be said, save to remark that here, in all truth, is the real—and perhaps only—"heart interest" story of the editorial office. In the transcript of youthful manuscript facts alone must the narrative rest. The letters and contributions must be relied upon to tell their own stories. The province of this preface permits only the suggestion that the magazines are receiving constantly the literary offerings of coddled offsprings, youngsters whose fathers and mothers regard a school-given "A" mark in English composition as an unmistakable token of slumbering or budding or even full-blossomed literary genius and who provide the sending stamps so that the magazines and reading public may benefit by the publication of little Mary's or little Willie's first great effort. The resultant blame, when the effort is returned, is laid by the parents upon the editor's short-sightedness and lack of appreciation. The editors, with pardonable perspicacity, are wont more usually to lay the initial blame on relatives and neighbours who are too free with flattery, be that flattery sincere or insincere. But, above everything, remember that the purpose of this particular paper is nothing more profound than to suggest that, no matter whether the magazines, editors, parents, relatives and neighbours are wrong, the fact remains that the contributions of the youngsters come as sunbeams through the grey sanctum windows and that each carries with it a smile-gift to some hard-working reader or editor. Many far more literary contributions fail to do as much!

Exhibit number one was handed the writer by the managing editor of one of the illustrated monthly publications:

MY DEAR MISTER EDITOR: I inclothes you a story ritten by me and it is called "the strike" because it discribes the strike that we had in our city last week. I hop you will print it becorse I wood lik to show it to my skule teecher who I love. I am ten yeers old and live in Chicago.

(Signed) LUCY ——.

The manuscript entitled "The Strike" read as follows:

A strike is what hapens when men are starved becorse of the meaness of the rich men and many wives, sisters and loved wons sufer pangs when a strike comes. Men are killed dooring a strike and, heavens, what woe risults! When men get to have more simpathy than men have got now their wont be any more strikes and then as my deer father alwys sais bisness wont be so dam bad. Piece on erth is what all of us want and pray for but their cant be piece as long as their are strikes. A strike brings sorow to all and joy to none. The moril is that to be happy we must never go on strike, starve tho we must on bred and the corse food of life. Pleese print this in your magizeen.

In place of the conventional slip of regret, the editor who received Lucy's contribution sent the little lady the following well-mannered if misspelled note:

MY DEER MISS LUCY: We hop someday to print a story of yours and are sorry we cant use this won. Tell your father we hop bisness will be better soon.

A boy of eleven whose home is in Cleveland, Ohio, several months ago submitted the following Arbor Day poem to one of the all-fiction magazines. The verses bore the title "The Giant Oak Tree."

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Oh giant oak with hart of steal
Who stands on high up to the sky,
Who peers into the home of God
And gards the cows and bulls and veal.
We love you on this Arbor Day
And pay our homij to you—
But for one thing we mite compare
The maple tree unto you.
That one thing isnt akorns
Which no one can ever eat,
But maple sugar, dont you see,
For the maple tree's a treat.

Epic number two, entitled "The Fireman," arrived from a writing table, the locality of which is unknown to the present chronicler. According to the latter's informant, however, the poem was the work of a twelve-year-old. To quote from the editor's transcript:

The soldjer is a hero and so was Dewy
Each was a brave man and true,
The sailer is a hero and so was Dewy
Like all the other boys in blue.
But of all the heros, even Dewy,
None are heros half as much,
Not even generals or Dewy,
The brave fireman they cant touch.
The fireman puts out the fires
And climbs ladders and rescues ladies
And wares a fine unaform
And is grater than Dewy!

What the young poet had against Admiral Dewey, the editor was unable to learn. The opinions of the male parent may have had something to do with the case. The following article on "politicks," in a like manner, must have been inspired by the table talk of elders. The manuscript was from the pen of a young lady of eleven, residence Louisville.

Politicks is something that makes my uncel Alfred sore. My papa says that uncel Alfred dont know what he is talking about and my uncel Alfred says my papa dont know what he is talking about and my mamma says my uncel Alfred and my papa dont know what they are talking about and then I always have to leave the room. Politicks always makes people talk loud and mamma says it is very embarasing on a count of the servants. There is two kinds of politicks, republcan and democrats, but my uncel Alfred says there is only one. That always starts my darling papa going, but I dont see why because my papa also says there is only one. When they begin to talk about theze politicks, my mamma always says to them that it would be better if they payd more atenshion to there wives and that is all I know about politicks. I think they are awful.

A future novelist possibility recently sent this self-explanatory letter to the editor of one of the New York fiction magazines:

DERE SIR: I am sending you a plot for a seeryal novel and if you like it I wisht you wood let me rite it for you as I am thirteen years old and am a country boy who goze to a country skool and who nose lots about the country. I reed your magaseen evry month because we suskribe to it because we got a set of books free.

Respektfuly yours,
HENRY ——

The "plot for the seeryal novel" follows. The spelling has been edited in this case, as it was less amusing than the context.

Miss Rutherford is a country schoolteacher and is very beautiful and is beloved by her pupils and by James Varny, a rich farmer. She spurns his suit for three chapters because he is not handsome and because Miss Rutherford is not a grafter. In the fourth chapter I want Miss Rutherford to murder James for insulting her and William Tracy, a city lawyer who happens to be buying mortgages in the district prosecutes her for the deed. Tracy suddenly is afflicted with a passionate love for Miss Rutherford in the fifth chapter and she is about to wed him when the police interfere. In the name of the law they arrest Tracy for receiving stolen goods and in the last chapter the ghost of the dead farmer haunts the beautiful teacher so that she is about to commit suicide when she is saved by one of her pupils named Henry (!) who marries her and, if you want some more chapters, I will describe the twins they will have.

Not all the youngsters with literary ambitions, however, are poets, essayists and novelists. Any number of them are short-story writers. The following document may be placed in the files as the work of a little miss of twelve. The manuscript was received eight or nine months ago at one of the fiction magazine offices and a transcript was kept. Correcting the spelling:

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A LOVE STORY

From the time they was born, Jack and Mary was lovers. But they never told each other. So Jack fell in love with Jessie, who lived next door, and Mary fell in love with William, who lived across the street. When the war broke out, the two men went to it and Jessie died of grief. William came back when the peace was declared and said Mary marry me because your childhood lover Jack was shot in the last battle. Mary cried and said very well I will marry you, but if Jack does return I will also marry him. Mary married the deceitful William for by this time Jack had not been killed and had become a general. And when he came back, he shot William and took Mary into his strong, manly arms and they lived very, very, very happy until Mary's pet dog died, when she died too because of her sorrow. Jack never married again, because he loved Mary with all his heart and because he also loved her pet dog which's name was Abraham Lincoln.

Short story number two, not less interesting than the first, was handed to the present writer by the editor of one of the metropolitan general periodicals. It was from the quill of a bloodthirsty lad of fourteen and the envelope that carried it bore the postmark of Philadelphia. The story was entitled "The Sleuth's Desperate Revenge" and revealed a wide acquaintanceship on the part of the author with such eminent works of literary art as "Two-Toothed Tobias, the Terrific Terror of the Tucson Tenderloin" and "Dynamite Delmore, the Daring Destroyer of the Deathless Demon of Detroit." The story, with editorial corrections:

It was a stormy night in the Gulch when James Jepson set about his dastardly act! He planned to strangle our hero Jack Primrose in his bed and secured a rope to help him!! In his deed he was aided by Half-Breed, a cowardly Indian, who would hold our hero while the villainous Jepson wrung the life's blood from his brave body! Jack learned of the plot, however, and began to think up a way to foil the brace of villains!! At last, after much thinking, he decided upon his little scheme! Suddenly Jack heard a movement at the door! His breath came quick!! He listened!!! Click, click, click! Some one was tampering with the knob!! Jack lay very still!!! Click, click again! The door opened and in the moonlight Jack, our brave hero, could see the deep-dyed villains enter!! They crept up to his bed and were just about to leap on the unsuspecting hero when he jumped out of bed and took the villains by surprise and hurled them out of the window into the bottomless ravine, where they perished from cold and starvation!! Then Jack Primrose, freed from his enemies forever, married his sweetheart who had been imprisoned in a cave nearby by the rascally Jepson and went East!

Although it may not be entirely relevant here, a quotation of the editor's reply to the author of the above may be of interest. (Every once in a while a good-natured, fun-loving editor, having a bit of spare time on his hands, will amuse himself in the dictation of a letter to some contributor below the magazine age limit.) The letter:

MY DEAR ——: Your story, "The Sleuth's Desperate Revenge," has been read with deep interest. We regret, however, that it is too brief for our purposes. If you will permit the criticism, may we seek to advise you, in rewriting the story, to explain who, what and why the "Sleuth" of the title is and in just what manner the villains succeeded in landing on their feet at the foot of the bottomless abyss? Otherwise, the story is perfectly clear to the reader.

One of the magazines of outdoor life some time ago received the following contribution (spelling corrected) from a boy of twelve. It was entitled "The Secrets of Hunting."

To be a great hunter a man must wear a disguise, so that the people in the stagecoach that he holds up wont recognise him. He must also carry a pistol. Other kinds of hunting consist of bear hunting, deer hunting, lion hunting and my big brother says also collar-button hunting. Hunting is a fine sport and is better than playing Indian but I don't think it is better than baseball. Great men are all great hunters, my father says. I asked my father what they hunted and he laughed. He told me what they hunted but he didn't say anything about animals. He said they hunted jobs and offices but I think my father was joking. I haven't hunted bears and lions yet, but when I grow up and get as big as my brother Aldrich I am going to buy a gun and shoot game. Goodbye.

A periodical devoted to women and women's pursuits, according to one of its

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"readers," not long ago received an essay on "Clothes" from a little girl out West. To quote, in part, from a transcript made of the contribution.

Cloze is a bother becauz you cant run in them, but they make you very bootifull and so ladies ware them and so does our cook on Sundays. Cloze is expensiv and hats is expensiv and shooze is expensiv and cost more than papa's soots and make him complane. But I lov cloze espeshly bloo ribbuns and white stokings. When I am a lady I am goin to ware silk dresses becauz then the boyz will lov me and marri me.

The present writer has selected the above quoted youthful contributions from among a considerably larger number that he has encountered from time to time during the last few years. They are by no means the best of their respective species, but it is believed that they are, in general, more clearly typical of their classes than the obviously parent-helped manuscripts.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Down in Injianny (ez you may 'uv heard before),
The sweet, ol'-fashioned roses grow about the cottage door
An' hummin'-birds go dartin' roun' the swayin' hollyhawks,
An' daisies edge the gardin paths where Armazindy walks.
The little boys plays hooky, an' they takes their fishin'-pole,
Or you kin hear 'em splashin' in the riffled swimmin' hole,
An' other things is happenin' what you mustn't write about,
Or the Publishers 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Wunst there wuz a little boy what didn't mean no harm,
But lived in Hancock County near a watermelon farm;
He might 'a' been a lawyer, but wuz skeered o' bein' rich,
So took to paintin' signs an' things an' actorin' an' sich,
An' singin' songs with chirp o' bird an' plash o' summer rain,
With here a tender, homely tale an' there a quaint refrain.
But don't *you* go a-makin' rhymes that folks can't do without,
Or the Publishers 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

There's lots o' fellers pennin' odes which somehow don't connect,
Becuz they think the major p'int is Hoosier dialect.
Now dialect *is* handy ez a means o' savin' time—
It often helps a lazy bard that's lookin' fer a rhyme;
But poetry is poetry, no matter what the tongue—
The lovin' thought, the lyric word appeals to old an' young;
An' ef you got the hang uv it there isn't any doubt,
That the Publishers 'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

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PEN AND PENCIL

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

NE day in the early eighties a Boston publishing firm received a full portfolio of drawings from an artist, accompanied by the naïve statement that the sender thought that here might be material for a book. The publishers replied that the drawings would undoubtedly make excellent illustrations, but what was absolutely essential before they could undertake publication was a certain amount of text. Could he not see his way to provide it? In response the artist explained that he was in reality a civil engineer and contractor, that he built lighthouses and sea walls for his livelihood and sketched in water colour and charcoal as an avocation. Also he was an extremely busy man; it had never entered his head to try to become an author; in fact, he had never tried his hand at writing at all. However, he would make the attempt. So he struck off hurriedly some verbal sketches of a trip through Spain, Holland and Italy to accompany the painted ones, and sent them on to Boston. If they were acceptable, he explained, well and good; if not, he would take it as a sign that he was not intended for an author. The text was weighed and found not wanting, and when published with the illustrations constituted *Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland and Italy Travelled by a Painter in Search of the Picturesque*—the painter in question being F. Hopkinson Smith, who in his more prosaic occupations as engineer and contractor had been known as Francis H. Smith.

Now this is a case of an author who probably would never have become an author had he not first been an artist. The Pencil paved the way for the Pen. Not only did his sketches furnish inspiration for *Well-Worn Roads,* but for some of the succeeding volumes—for example, *A White Umbrella in Mexico* and *Gondola Days.* It was not until later that with *Colonel Carter of Cartersville, Caleb West, The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* and *Peter* that the writer developed into a novelist. With the passing years the list of books by F. Hopkinson Smith has become a long one; and while he is a man of many activities—an engineer distinguished in his profession for the construction of sea walls and lighthouses and the foundation for the Statue of Liberty—while his pictures hang in many galleries and have won prizes in many exhibitions, yet, after all, it is as an author that he is most widely known and will probably be best remembered.

Robert W. Chambers

In the case of another widely read maker of fiction the process was not so much one of development as it was of change. Probably most persons have forgotten that Robert W. Chambers began his career as a draughtsman and a painter, and had at the beginning very little idea of becoming a writer. He studied art in New York, later in Julien's Academy at Paris, and in 1889 first exhibited one of his paintings in the Paris Salon. He also contributed illustrations to *Life, Truth* and *Vogue;* and in this latter connection there is a curious story to the effect that when Mr. Chambers and Charles Dana Gibson were art students together in New York, a little friendly rivalry induced them to send drawings to *Life.* The illustration by the future creator of the "Gibson Girl" was sent back to him, probably with the conventional slip, while that by the future author of *The Fighting Chance* was promptly accepted.

It was not until he had made serious progress in his career as an illustrator that Mr. Chambers's first books, *In the Quarter* and *The King in Yellow,* appeared. But once he turned from art to literature, he left all thoughts of the former profession definitely behind. Although now regarded exclusively as a novelist, his early training as draughtsman and painter has left an unmistakable impress on all that he does. His habit

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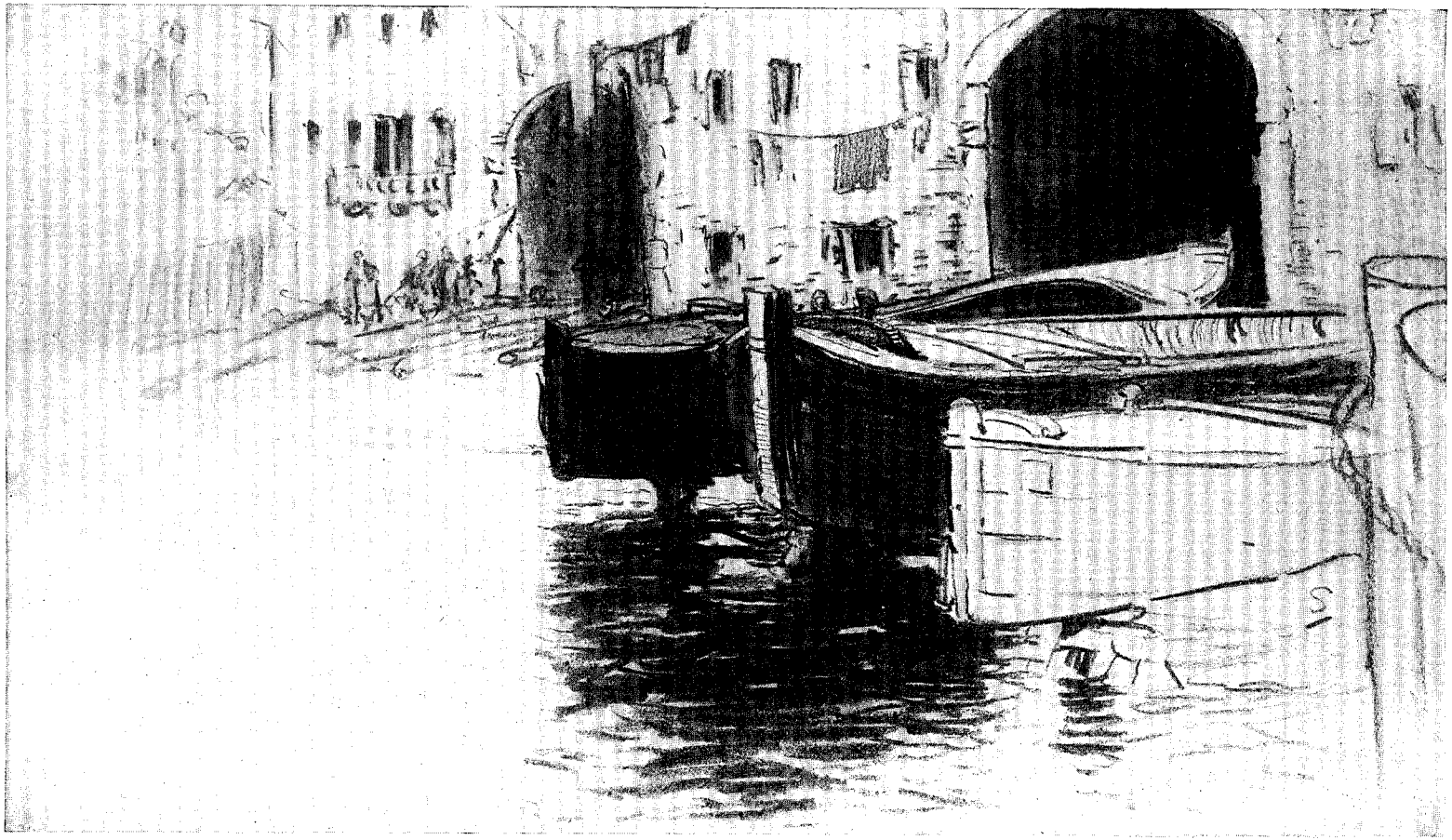

THE ONE THAT WHISTLER ETCHED. FROM A DRAWING BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

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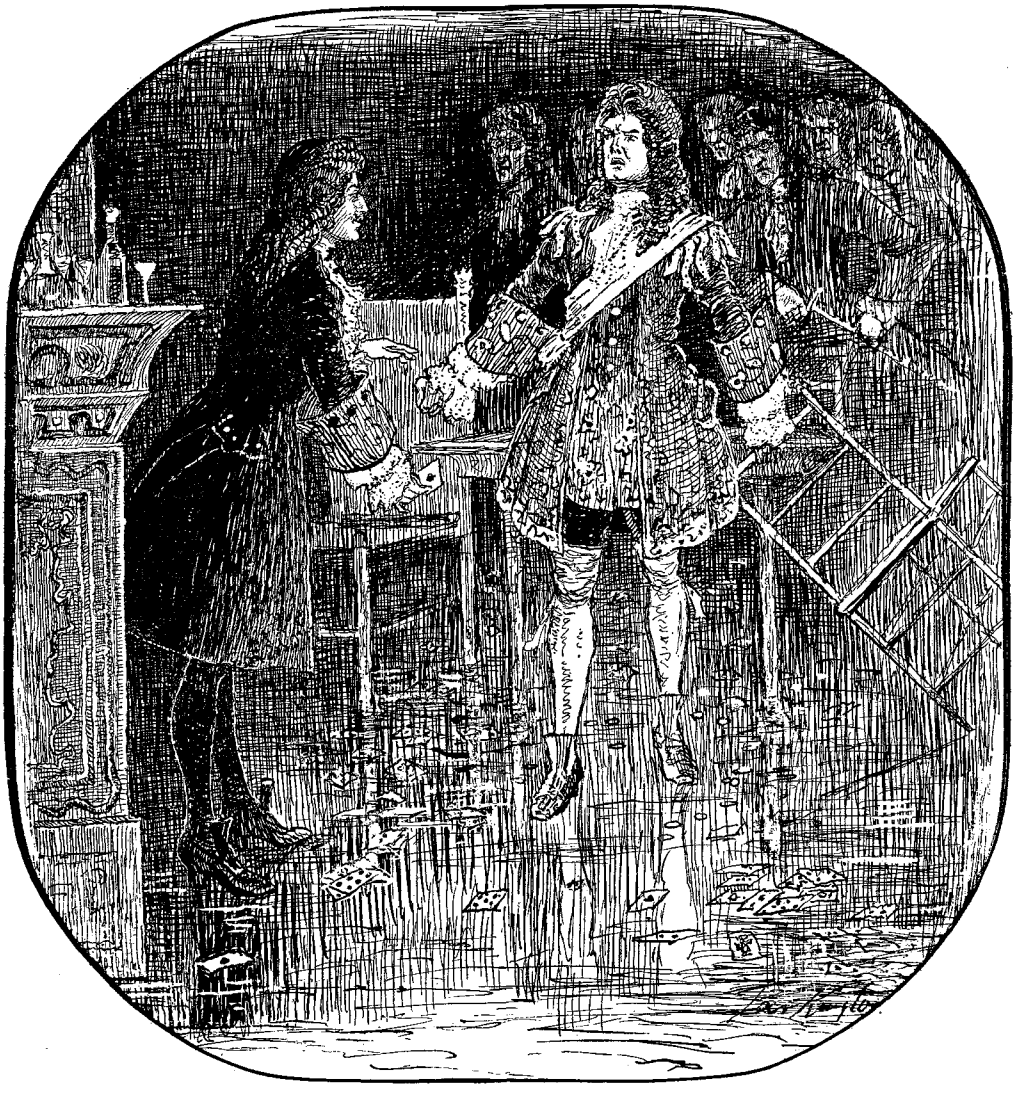
of visualising scenes and objects is clearly shown by his delicate descriptions; and it is due to those early years that he has an ineradicable habit of making sketches all over his manuscript of various places and incidents in his story. These are not mere scribblings, but carefully finished little drawings, sometimes occupying many minutes, while the other half of his mind is busy elaborating his theme.

Booth Tarkington

Back in the days when Booth Tarkington was an undergraduate at Princeton, he was building fine day dreams of future literary eminence. Considerable embryonic literary matter was passed about between "Tark" and some of his classmates who had similar aspirations. Dozens of stories about the office jokes of the Princeton *Tiger,* and the plots devised for the discomfiture of its rivals,



THE FINAL SCENE OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." THIS SKETCH WAS MADE BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AFTER THE STORY (WHICH SUBSEQUENTLY SOLD IN THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS) HAD MET WITH REPEATED REJECTIONS. THE AUTHOR THOUGHT THAT IF HE THREW IN TWO ILLUSTRATIONS SOME EDITOR MIGHT BE INDUCED TO PRINT THE TALE

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THE DRAWING OUT OF WHICH GREW "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." IT WAS MADE WHEN BOOTH TARKINGTON WAS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT PRINCETON

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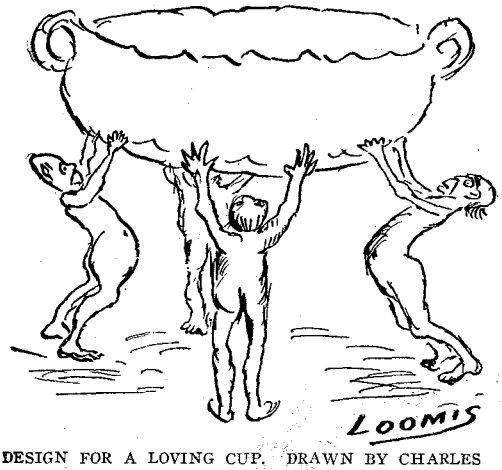

DESIGN FOR A LOVING CUP. DRAWN BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

the Yale *Record* and the Harvard *Lampoon*—in most of which Tarkington was an arch conspirator—are retailed to this day. Mr. Tarkington had a decided gift for sketching, and usually drawings accompanied what he wrote. One day he began work on a picture which showed several powdered gentlemen in knee breeches, and ladies in brocaded petticoats, a scene of eighteenth-century England. The picture, which is here reproduced, haunted him. From it there grew in time a story. For from thinking about it and brooding about it the author gradually wove around the drawing the tale of *Monsieur Beaucaire.* When written, however, the little novel started upon a long and tortuous road of preliminary failure, and so frequent and discouraging were the rejections that at last the author was moved to draw a second picture. This was a pencil sketch of the final scene in the story, when Beaucaire emerges from humility, and appears as a Prince of the Blood, and cousin to "His Most Christian Majesty Louis the Fifteenth of France."

"I thought, perhaps," says Mr. Tarkington, "that perhaps somebody might be induced to print it if two illustrations were thrown in. Luckily I didn't send them with the manuscript, however, as Mr. McClure has considerable taste, and I can't imagine him reading anything the writer of which had done anything like them."

In later years there has been no need of resorting to the adventitious aid of pictures in order to secure a hearing, but his artist's instinct crops out in the graphic little sketches with which his personal correspondence abounds. It is said, too, that in making the scenario of some of his stories, for example, *The Two Vanrevels,* drawings have frequently taken the place of words in visualising scenes and characters.

FRENCH TYPES RECOLLECTED. DRAWN BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

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Charles Battell Loomis

An author who has wielded both Pen and Pencil in a less serious manner than any of the foregoing is Charles Battell Loomis, who studied drawing at the Brooklyn Institute at about the time Gibson, Wenzell, Remington and Peter Newell were beginning their careers. Mr. Loomis thinks that all these men owe him a debt of gratitude for having so quickly dropped out of the race. In his younger days he used to give an illustrated lecture on "Unnatural History," with cartoons of his own construction and colouring. Also, under an assumed name, he appeared upon the vaudeville stage in a series of musical chalk talks. As the artist entered the orchestra would strike up "The Watch on the Rhine," while in strict time to the music, the bits of chalk clicking the rhythm of the air, the portrait of a rotund German would rapidly appear. The stirring strains of the "Marseillaise" accompanied the picture of a dashing boulevardier. And so on, until "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Uncle Sam, patriotically resplendent in red, white and blue ended the performance. Mr. Loomis finally adopted writing as his profession, but the author of *Cheerful Americans* retains his skill as a cartoonist.

George Barr McCutcheon

Some of our American authors have shown in early years a talent for drawing which they have never taken the pains to develop. George Barr McCutcheon was very fond of sketching as a boy, and later gave it up, but not before he had done something to earn the gratitude of the American public. He had a young brother who also found a fascination in a sheet of paper and a pencil, but who, according to Mr. McCutcheon, never could produce anything that "looked like anything." The elder brother took him in hand, implanted some ideas and let him go. In the minds of many people the youngster thus trained, John T. McCutcheon, is the best American cartoonist to-day. And while George Barr McCutcheon exchanged the pencil for the pen, thus preventing serious fraternal rivalry, his interest in art has taken the form of collecting pictures. His collection of modern Dutch and French paintings is extensive and valuable.

O. Henry

O. Henry, in his early days, supplied cartoons as well as text of a humorous nature to the Houston *Post*. His written effusions, however, so far excelled the others that he had no hesitation after a short time in confining himself to literature. There is extant a letter of his in which, with remarkably skilful characterisation, he depicts three persons, each of whom might be the one denoted by the letter O in his name, O. Henry.

A SKETCH OF AUSTIN STRONG, THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOY MAKER OF NUREMBERG" AND OTHER PLAYS, AND STEP-GRANDSON OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. DRAWN BY OWEN JOHNSON

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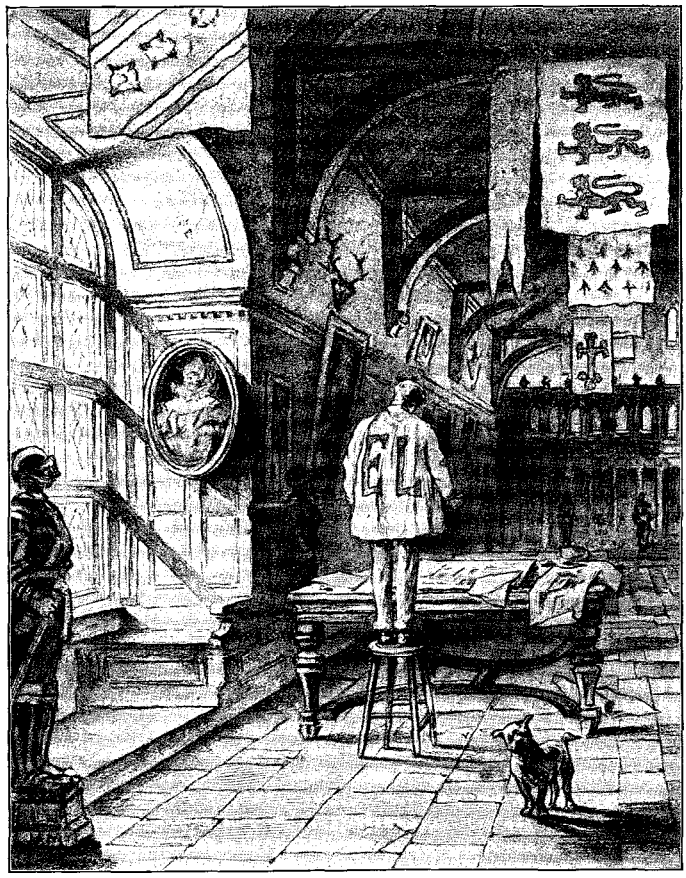
J. A. Mitchell

John Ames Mitchell, the founder and editor of *Life,* studied architecture, but began his career as an artist. Nowadays he buys the pictures of other artists, and is besides a constant source of appreciation, friendly criticism and help to those who come in contact with him. But Mr. Mitchell is well-known as the author of *Amos Judd, The Pines of Lory,* and other books, and in connection with his writing he still practises the art of an illustrator. The accompanying picture by him is one of four which are to illustrate his forthcoming novel, *Pandora's Box.*

Maria Thompson Daviess

At the age when children begin to make mud pies, Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, author of *Miss Selina Lue,* was introduced to a mud-puddle and forthwith proceeded to make, instead of the traditional pies, a flight of little clay birds. They were so remarkably birdlike to come from the hands of a youthful sculptor that an admiring uncle stole them from the fence where they had been placed to dry, and proudly exhibited them in the court where he was the presiding judge. Is it strange that after such an exhibition of youthful ability Miss Daviess in due time went to Paris to study art? The little clay birds were true prophets of her talent, for she had one of her pictures in the Paris Salon nearly every year she was in Europe. Her literary career began some time later, for it was not until she had returned to this country and established herself as a painter of miniatures that



DRAWING BY JOHN AMES MITCHELL

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she learned her ability to write novels.

Burgess and Irwin

There are three authors of the extravagantly humorous and the burlesque, all of whom are clever and original illustrators. The *Goops* and *More Goops,* of Gelett Burgess, and *Cupid's Almanac,* of Oliver Herford, would lose half their effectiveness, were it not for the characteristic illustrations which the trained hands of the authors have supplied. For both were artists before they began to write, Mr. Burgess having studied draughtsmanship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and taught it at the University of California; while Mr. Herford was educated in art schools in London and Paris. Wallace Irwin less frequently than the other two illustrates his own work, but the spirited drawings he made for his *Book of Spice* show how well he can do so.

A. B. Paine

Albert Bigelow Paine, author of *The Van Dwellers, The Bread Line,* and

THE BOY JOSEPH. MINIATURE BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

HOLLANDISH MOTHER. MINIATURE BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

many other books, and the literary executor of Mark Twain, is an extremely clever caricaturist. Irving Bacheller, of *Eben Holden* fame, can dash off a sketch with plenty of life in it, as is indicated by the accompanying design for the poster of *Keeping up with Lizzie,* his latest novel.

Hickey's Historian

Owen Johnson also is exceedingly clever with his pencil. With equal facility the creator of the *Prodigious Hickey, Finnegan,* the *Gutter Pup* and the *Tennessee Shad,* can turn out a good sketch or a striking caricature. The accompanying portrait of Mr. Austin Strong, for example, is a striking likeness. Mr. Johnson's drawings and suggestions have been of vast assistance to the illustrators of that series of schoolboy yarns which, as some one has expressed it, "put Lawrenceville on the map."

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Lafcadio Hearn

There are several authors of works of a more serious nature, whose drawings appear as illustrations in their own books. The late Lafcadio Hearn dabbled in art, and his last book, *Japanese Letters*, contains a number of his pictures. Ernest Thompson Seton is no better known for *Wild Animals I have Known* and *The Biography of a Grizzly* than for his work as an animal painter. He has illustrated many books about birds and animals, and furnished a majority of the pictures of animal life for the *Century Dictionary*.

John Muir, the naturalist, is extremely gifted with his pencil, and his latest book, *My First Summer in the Sierras*, contains a number of his pictures.

George Gibbs

George Gibbs, author of *The Bolted Door*, as author and artist has made a curious experiment and came to an interesting conclusion. After he wrote his novel he illustrated it as if it were the work of some one else, and he had been ordered to provide the drawings. Taking the trained illustrator's idea from a situation, he proceeded to work it out, and strange to say the picture that he drew was never exactly the picture that he had in mind when he wrote the story. Wherefore, if the same man cannot write and illustrate a novel without some diversity of result, it is not to be wondered at that author and illustrator are often at cross-purposes and confusion and dissatisfaction follow.

Much has been written about the relationship, and the lack of relationship, between the author's craft and that of the artist, which need not be gone into here. But there is a phase of the matter which does not seem to have been discussed before. A great many authors are good draughtsmen or painters; and fully as

DRAWING BY GEORGE GIBBS

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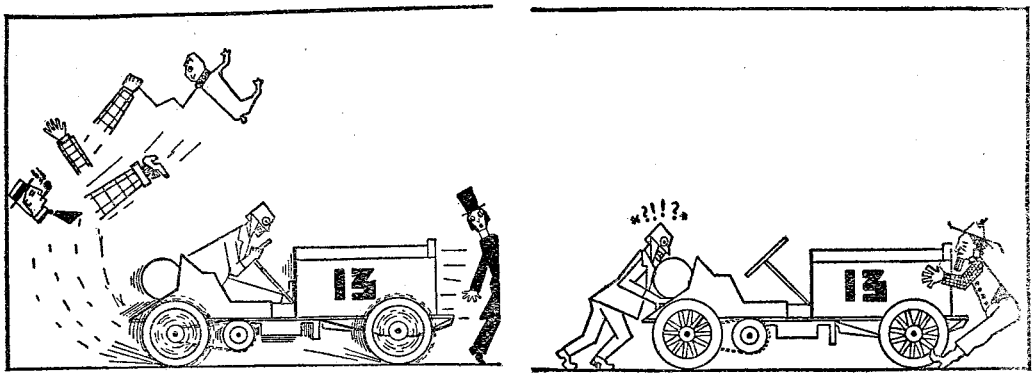
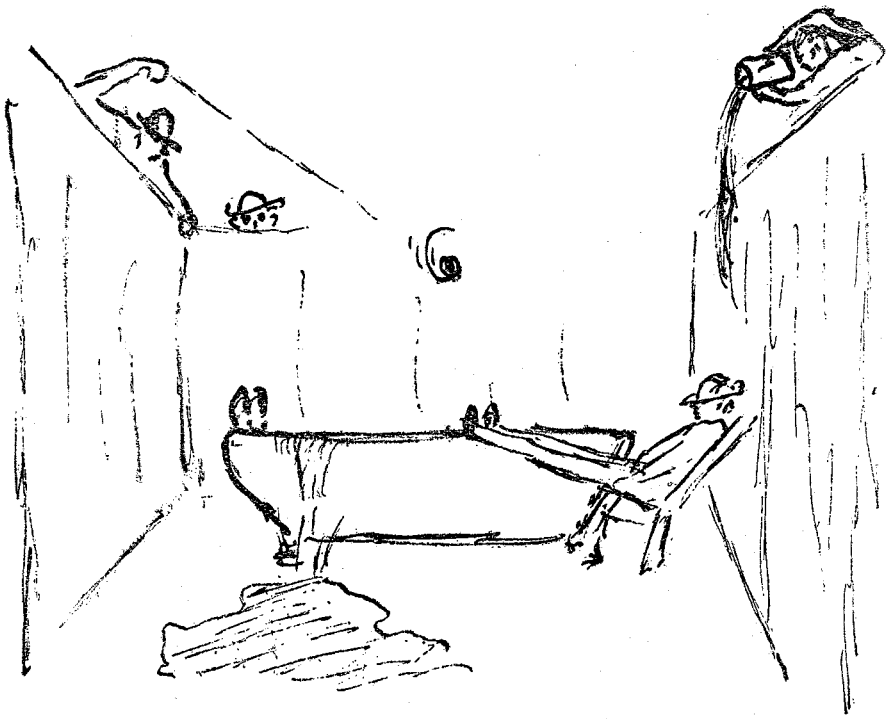


A DRAWING MADE BY WALLACE IRWIN FOR "THE BOOK OF SPICE"



THE COMPULSORY BATH. A SKETCH DEPICTING A PHASE OF LIFE AT THE LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL. DRAWN BY OWEN JOHNSON, THE AUTHOR OF "THE VARMINT," "THE PRODIGIOUS HICKEY," "THE HUMMING BIRD" AND "THE TENNESSEE SHAD"

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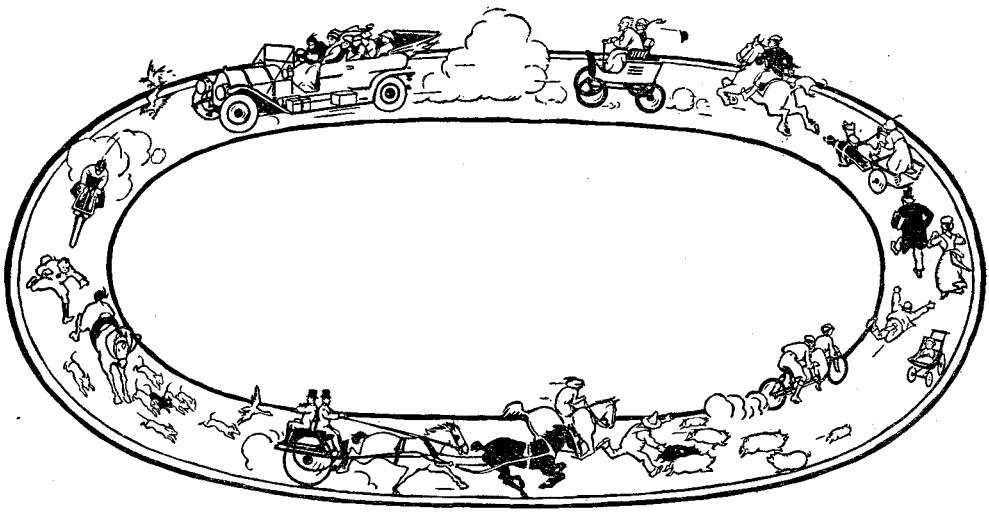

DESIGN MADE BY IRVING BACHELLER FOR THE EXPLOITATION OF "KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE"

many artists write books, and write them well. But while there are numerous instances of artists who deserted their art in order to become writers, has any one ever heard of an author who gave up his occupation in order to paint pictures?

A CARICATURE OF ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE BY HIMSELF

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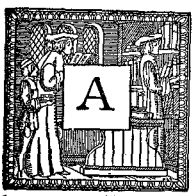
STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

VII—Strange Stories of the White House



NYTHING dat suits de President, praise de Lawd, is good 'nuff fo' me!" was the daily ejaculation of Jerry Smith, wielder of the White House duster, as he merrily pursued his enemy dust in every nook and cranny of the mansion; and if you ever dared do such a thing as criticise the President's actions, political or purely personal, when Jerry was around, you'd be apt to learn that loyal Jerry could make dust fly in more than one way.

But there came a day when Jerry went about his work saddened, omitting the usual loyal expression; though he really gave utterance to no disloyal one. If you happened to ask Jerry why the terrible gloom that enveloped his tall, well-knit figure, topped off by a black cap which he wore with the dignified mien of a noble Turk, he would tell you all about it, provided he believed you were worthy of his confidence and were of spiritualistic tendencies. For Jerry was a spiritualist, and by day or night held converse with the good and the great, whom he had known from the day when he entered the White House to become general man servant in President Grant's household.

The average person with any imagination and a grain of romance in his or her composition "sees things" when wandering through that historic mansion, dreaming of the men and women who passed within its doors, and out again, and recalling old stories of events which have taken place there. So it was no wonder that Jerry, who, according to his statement, "I'se a Methodist—an' one ob de desperest good singers dey got—but I's a born spirit'list," saw and heard many things within those old walls, until the fatal change came. That was when President Roosevelt came in the doors of the White House, with his big, boisterous family. But it was not the children who broke Jerry's spell. It was the fact that the White House was remodelled and enlarged. Jerry had many comrades in his woe, did he but know it; "white folks," who have a sentiment against altering historic edifices, unless to insure them from destruction.

Jerry's first experience with White House spirits, he related, was when he saw President Lincoln going up the stairs leading to his office. Jerry declares that Mr. Lincoln looked at him "real serious like," and then passed on, leaving him bewildered, but not afraid—there was something so sad and gentle about the spirit's face that not even a child would have been afraid, emphasised Jerry. Hundreds of times thereafter Jerry encountered President Lincoln; saluted him with his right hand, his duster in his left, and watched him fade out of sight. When General Grant died, Jerry saw him, too. But he declares that he talked with his old master, and whenever he wanted any advice he asked it of Grant's spirit, who always answered in the same friendly way that the actual Grant had in talking to genial Jerry. And then came President McKinley, whom Jerry dearly loved. He used to walk about the mansion and the grounds, Jerry following, and trying to get him to communicate; but the sweet, grave lips could only make "a buzzing sound."

As Jerry gleaned information about dead and gone tenants of the White House, he added to his acquaintances in spiritland. He was exceedingly happy in this large and interesting circle until the architectural changes were made in the White House; and then, he vows, the majority of the spirits forsook the place; while a few came to wander about sorrowfully, regarding with disapproval the desecration which had taken place within

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the walls and the grounds. Among the missing were those who loved to stroll through the old conservatory; for, how could they come back when the conservatory was destroyed? And as for the ladies whose portraits used to hang upstairs in the splendid East Room and the state parlours, who could blame them for not coming again after their portraits were sent below, to hang in what was the old basement—a place which they seldom, if ever, entered. Spirits have deep human feelings, Jerry would tell you.

THE BRITISH IN WASHINGTON

It is doubtful if any woman familiar with the lives of the Mistresses of the White House ever entered the East Room without recalling visions—sordid ones—of the time when its first mistress, Abigail Adams, had the laundry dried in the big room. Many momentous events have transpired there—the social history of the mansion is replete with them and official history has written them down, from weddings of White House daughters to weddings and funerals of Presidents; but standing out sharply from stories of these are two which women love to tell—of the time when Mrs. Abigail Adams hung her wash in the place, and the time when dear Mistress Dolly Madison, aided by some gentleman there at the time, had the full-length painting of Washington taken down from the East Room wall and secreted where the invading British could not burn it, as they were then engaged in burning everything which was of value in the infant Capitol. Time brings many changes in sentiment, as in other things, and descendants of some of the men who pillaged the struggling capital, when visiting the White House, looking on this splendid portrait of Washington, by Stuart, declare themselves glad that a brave woman's wit saved it for the world of art; though patriotism was her only motive.

The story has been told that a banquet was in preparation at the White House on that August day, 1814, when the British, after the battle of Gladensburg, Maryland—a few miles northeast of the city—entered Washington; and that President and Mrs. Madison and all the official household fled to Virginia, leaving a good dinner for the coming of the invaders. One of the British present has vouched for this story in his reminiscences, but it has been denied by some of the White House attachés of that day. Some are inclined to believe that it was just one of Mistress Dolly's ordinary meals that they enjoyed; for it has been said by some delicate gentleman who thought Mistress Madison too buxom, in appearance and taste, that "her dinners were more like harvest suppers for hard working men than repasts for ladies and gentlemen." It was a social sin which thousands forgave generous Mistress Madison, and even her spirit—could it return—would have fainted at sight of invited crowds turned away thirsty and unrefreshed, even by a glass of lemonade, in some subsequent administrations.

FEASTS OF THE PAST

An old lady who used to move in Washington society in administrations stretching from Polk's to Lincoln's said to the writer, several years ago: "I never eat ice cream but I don't think of Mistress Dolly Madison. My mother told me that the first time ice cream appeared in Washington was when Dolly Madison was in the White House. She gave a garden party and introduced the ice cream to the guests. The ladies took to it quite naturally; not so the gentlemen. Some of them put it in the sun to get warm, and those who forsook the punch bowl and the mint julep jugs for the novelty returned to their first favourites with extra ardour. Some gentleman even took whiskey straight. I believe they complained of colic!"

"And," she went on, "speaking about colic, reminds me that President Zachary Taylor came to his end through colic, or to be more correct, cholera morbus. I remember the occasion well, for I was present at the dedication of the Washington Monument, which took place July 4, 1850, and it was there that President Taylor, who attended, drank so copiously of ice water. The day was fearfully hot—you know how blazing hot it can be down on the Monument Grounds? Well, do you know that old warrior didn't have any better judgment than to drink all that iced water—pump water would not have

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hurt him—and, after going through the heat to the White House, made a lunch of iced milk and cherries! He was shortly afterward attacked with cholera morbus, which took the form of typhoid fever later, and in five days he was dead. When it became known that our President had cholera morbus many of our citizens sent home and other remedies to the White House, but none was used; so his death could not be attributed to too much physic. But among the cures was one which a man said he was going to patent, and claimed that it was a sure cure. Of course they would not use that, either. But the strange thing about it is that very soon after that remedy became popular and even reputable physicians used it for colic and kindred complaints. I often heard people say that perhaps if it had been tried for President Taylor he might have recovered."

THE WHITE HOUSE CHILDREN

But the White House has always been the dumping ground for all sorts of gifts, from patent medicines to pianos; prize county fair quilts to prize Alderney cows, and though some of these are accepted with thanks, the majority are returned or consigned to the store room. It is amazing how many hundreds of persons like to get in touch with the great by sending gifts when they would be better employed in sending them to persons who need them a great deal more than the incumbents of the White House. Especially is this true at Christmas, if there be children in the White House. Any sensible person might reflect that the children of the White House would have sufficient remembrances from personal friends, without accepting them from entire strangers; and that the latter would not lack for appreciative recipients if they would go into the alleys, the tenements, or out in the country, where the children seldom see a store toy.

The children of the White House are scarcely different from other children, in the respect that the more they get the more they want—and their parents have not encouraged in the least gifts from strangers. The Roosevelt children were favoured as no other set of White House children in the amount and variety of the gifts sent them, from ponies to pistols—two things which the boys thought went nicely together; but, despite the plethora of amusements, they yearned for others, as was testified when two of the lads went fishing in the White House fountains containing "the sacred gold fish." It was also reported that when on the President's yacht on a cruise down the Potomac, one of the youngsters tried to whittle the mahogany furnishings, and that an irate member of the crew applied drastic punishment without any more ado than if "walloping a Swamppoodle kid." But there is no record of a court-martial, and no doubt, if it was done, it met the approval of the President.

Far different was this from what hap-happened when Editor Russell Jarvis, of the Washington *Telegraph*, slapped John Adams, son of John Quincy Adams, when the Adams-Jackson party bitterness was at its bitterest, about 1825. Jarvis, who was for Jackson, said some pretty severe things about the administration of Adams; but he was not barred from attending the public levees—which he did. He had with him his wife and some relatives from Boston, and was courteously received by Mrs. Catherine Louise Adams, who was one of the most perfectly bred women that ever came to the White House. All would have gone well, did not young Adams loudly remark, when asked by a bystander who Jarvis's wife was—

"That is the wife of one Russell Jarvis; and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house they would not be here."

A day later, Jarvis wrote for an apology. It was declined, and a week later, when Adams went to deliver the President's message to Congress, Jarvis met him, slapped his face, and pulled his nose. The incident was the subject of a Presidential message and a Congressional investigation; but sentiment was in favour of Jarvis, and he escaped punishment.

THE PLIGHT OF A PRESIDENT

John Quincy Adams retained his youthful preference for a swimming hole to a bath tub in warm weather. Even after he became Chief Magistrate of the United States, it was well known in Washington that he was wont to take early

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morning plunges in the Potomac, immediately south of the Executive Mansion. He had no bath house, and concealed his scanty garments and slippers in the willows along the bank—just like a boy. But now and then he got into trouble and had his clothes confiscated, just like any other boy. The legend runs that one time some mischievous boy swimmers spying his clothes, and not knowing they were used to cover the person of the President, stole them and made tracks for their homes with gleeful pictures of the misery of the swimmer when he went to dress. Misery he had, for he had to rest Moses-like—only not so well protected—in the rushes until some White House attendants came out to hunt him up to perform official business.

But the time that cut him sorely was when that pioneer woman publicist—Anne Royall, called "the dreaded," for the relentless war she waged against public men who did not seem to deserve public trust—sat on his clothes, in order to get an interview with him on his sentiments on the State Bank question, which had been keeping business unsettled for such a long time that the public was tired of it. And Anne, free-lance, publisher of the first "yellow journals" in the country, determined to see President Adams and secure his statement for publication—or die in the attempt! For months she had been going to the White House for this interview, only to be turned harshly away by the attendants, to whom men newspaper reporters were a decided novelty, and a woman interviewer a fit subject for the jail, if not the insane asylum.

Anne was desperately poor, and shoe-leather money was scarce; so she grew tired of wearing out her soles in fruitless errands to the White House, and determined to throw womanly modesty to the winds—though her enemies ever accused her of all kinds of boldness—and catch President Adams in his open-air bath. Accordingly, armed with pencil and pad, Anne strode determinedly from her home on Capitol Hill to the banks of the Potomac, south of the White House. Her eagle eyes sighted the President out in the stream, and then she hunted for his clothes. Gathering them in a pile she proceeded to a point in view of the agitated Adams and hallooed to him as she waved his garments, then put them in a pile and sat on them, awaiting his coming. He swam to within hearing distance and besought her to go away and leave him his clothes. She is reported to have returned:

"I am Anne Royall. I've been trying to get an interview from you on the State Bank question for months, and your subordinates at the White House turned me out, refused to let me see you. I had to resort to trickery—like some of your lackeys. If you don't give it to me now, I'll sit on these clothes and won't let you out until I am forced by others than you. Help is a long way off!"

(Was ever an ordinary man, let alone a ruler, in such a predicament?) Adams swallowed some of his indignation and a little water, as he chokingly replied:

"Please go away; leave me my clothes, and I promise you I'll see you in the proper place, in the Executive Mansion."

"No, I won't!" shrilled Anne, every bit of blood in her old veins warming to the fray, "you're the President of the United States, and millions of people want to know, should know, what your opinion is on the bank question. And I'm going to get it for them. If you attempt to come out, I'll scream, and call three fishermen around the bend, who don't know who you are, and will make you sorry you came out like that before a lady. Hurry now!"

And standing up to his chin in water, the usually impassive Adams blurted out his opinions, like a school boy passing an examination with a birch rod held over his bewildered head. Anne got what she wanted, and through her paper, she gave it to the people. As her papers had a wide circulation among friends and foes, who all liked the spicy manner in which she wrote, there is no doubt but that the aquatic interview she had with President Adams materially helped along the cause of "sound money," for which Anne fought, as she did for "free thought, free speech, and a free press."

LINCOLN'S ACCESSIBILITY

Incredible as it may seem to this generation—which knows how securely the President is protected from intrusion,

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especially in the Executive Mansion—during the Civil War the open house was the rule, and it was no unusual sight to see common soldiers lounging about the place for hours, and every sofa, lounge or couch occupied by drowsy or sleeping men who were awaiting their turn for an audience with the President. No wonder Lincoln was "The Sorrowful President," for most of the time he could spare from state affairs and a little sleep was devoted to listening to tongues bearing troubles, ranging from political and military quarrels to petitions for the commutation of death sentences, or requests for passes over the lines. Easy access to his presence, because of his great tender heart, left him at the mercy of pretenders and would-be murderers. He must have realised this, when he said:

"If it is willed that I die by the hand of one of my fellow-men—I cannot prevent it."

In 1864, Captain Hoyt, who had been on leave from army service, in order to find out how certain leaks were occurring in messages sent over the wires, returned to the White House to report in person to the President what he discovered. The attachés, after being assured that he was all right, told him that the President was upstairs in his office. Hoyt found Lincoln fast asleep on a couch in a small room next to the office. Speaking of the incident, he says:

"I often thought how easy it would have been to have killed him. But, as I came into the little room, which was a trifle dark, he woke up and sprang to his feet—it seemed to me that he reached the height of seven feet—and thundered:

"'Who are you?'

"It scared me for a moment and it brought a guard to the door.

"I'm Captain Hoyt. Didn't you and I talk over a little matter a short time ago?" Then he saw me clearly. He told the guard to leave us, and he shook me by the hand.

"'I didn't know you in that strange disguise,'" he said, as he clasped my hand tight in both of his. "'I was frightened for a moment; not on account of you, but because of a troubled dream. I just dreamed that I was about to be assassinated. It is no wonder that I have such nightmares, for Stanton is always telling me to look out!'

"We sat and talked for half an hour, and when I left, the President came to the door and told the Captain that I was a friend of his. When I looked upon the face of Lincoln again he was in his coffin. The dream had come true."

It will never be known how many secret attempts were made to destroy Lincoln's life, or plans laid to kidnap him, but some of these are known to the old employees of the Government. It was discovered one time that a woman, on pretence of pleading for pardon for her son who had deserted his post, obtained entrance to the President immediately after she had come from the bedside of a patient suffering from small-pox, from which she was immune. The President was not then affected, but some time later he was brought down by the disease, which confined him to his room for several weeks. During part of this time he received, read and signed state papers, though, of course, precaution was taken by his attendants that such would not carry the disease. Official reports stated that the President was merely suffering from a mild attack of varioloid, but old physicians familiar with the case say he had a well-developed case of small-pox, but that it was necessary to make light of it in order to still public fear, for the disease was prevalent in Washington during that winter of 1863-64. It is related that an Illinois officer who was ill in Kalorama Hospital, where many small-pox patients were confined, visited President Lincoln soon after his discharge, and thus was the innocent cause of infecting him with the disease with which one of his enemies tried to end his life. It would not be surprising if Lincoln had contracted the disease during his visits to hospitals about the capital, for he was the only member of the White House to contract the disease, and no other inmate of the mansion visited the sick and wounded more frequently than Lincoln of the Great Heart.

When he was suffering with the horrible disease, the yellow flag was placed at the White House door. Old attachés of the White House recall this; as they recall, smilingly, how Tad Lincoln waved

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a confiscated Confederate flag from an upper window of the brilliantly lit mansion on the evening that his father addressed the jubilant crowd that surged to the White House grounds to hear what the President had to say regarding the lately arrived tidings of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. It was on that memorable evening, also, that "Dixie" was played at the suggestion of the President, who loved the song and the section it represented but slightly less than he loved "Columbia" and the Union.

IN JOHNSON'S TIME

When Lincoln was gone and the White House was the home of President Johnson, it was found necessary that the entire mansion be renovated before the new incumbents occupied it, for the stains of war were fresh upon it when Lincoln's reign was ended. The home of Samuel Hooper, considered one of the handsomest of that period in Washington, was occupied by President Johnson while the White House was being refurnished under the able supervision of his daughter, Mrs. Martha Johnson Patterson, who, because of her mother's illness, assumed the duties of mistress of the mansion. To her credit be it said that she remembered the drain which the war had made on the United States Treasury; of the poverty of many of her beloved friends "south of the line;" and, while endeavouring to have the Executive Mansion worthy of the office it represented, curbed all extravagant suggestions coming from those who would convert the mansion into a showy palace. She also set a good example to society by wearing simple dresses, and preferring a white japonica in her hair to jeweled bandeaux.

Undoubtedly, the respect and admiration which Mrs. Patterson inspired had much to do with the forgiving of the sins of her father, who was heartily disliked by even his former friends of the same political faith. Early in his administration it was proven that he was rather lax in granting pardons to those who wanted to come back under the flag, to escape drastic punishment for offences committed during the war. It was revealed to the satisfaction of honest men that a well-organised pardon bureau was doing business at a profit in Washington, because the women connected with it had much influence with the administration. Indeed, one of the most notorious of these women brazenly admitted that she received as high as three hundred dollars for procuring pardons through her personal influence with the White House.

THE TRIAL POR IMPEACHMENT

Though many causes helped bring about President Johnson's trial for impeachment, after the Reconstruction Bill was passed over his veto, the particular act on which the charge of "high crimes and misdemeanors" was based, was in his removing from the office of Secretary of War, Edward M. Stanton, "the Great War Secretary," and installing General Grant in his place. The Senate overruled the deposition of Stanton; and General Grant abdicated. President Johnson denounced Congress, issued an order for the removal of Stanton, and appointed Adjutant-General Thomas in his place. The ultra-radicals went wild. Charles Sumner telegraphed Stanton to hold fast to the war portfolio and surrender it to no one. Up at the Capitol disorder prevailed, and Wade, Stevens, Ashley, Butler, and like men demanded the impeachment of the President when Congress met in December, 1867. It was on March 3, 1868, that the House of Representatives agreed to the articles of impeachment, which the Senate received a few days later. The day when the vote was taken in the Senate was a never-to-be-forgotten one to all who were present—and every prominent person, from the Diplomatic Corps to society women who could crowd into that small chamber, was there. They witnessed a dying senator, Grimes of Iowa, brought in to cast his vote against impeachment; because he wished to go before his Creator with a clear conscience—he did not believe Johnson guilty, but rather a victim, like Mrs. Surratt—who was executed for conspiracy against President Lincoln—of the intemperate, distrustful period following the long war.

There was one Senator whose vote was the subject of conjecture up to the moment it was voiced. Ross of Kansas had received the message from his State, "Vote for impeachment or come home for political defeat." It was seen toward

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the end that on his vote the fate of Johnson depended. Intense stillness prevailed in the crowded chamber when his name was called, and then every strained listener relaxed into a state bordering on collapse when he thundered, "Not Guilty." He abided by the dictates of his conscience, and Kansas settled his political career. When last heard of several years ago he was setting type on a newspaper down in one of the southwest territories. When the story of political sacrifices is told the name of Ross of Kansas will be highly regarded by those who believe that the honourable name of the President of the United States is one to be guarded as zealously as the flag and all it symbolises.

THE "OFFICIAL FAMILY"

The President's Cabinet is often termed his "official family," and like other families, it has caused its head no end of troubles, so that changes in Cabinet circles are looked for as changes in the weather in Washington. A certain young woman who prided herself on knowing the names of the Cabinet, broke down during President Roosevelt's administration and confessed herself unable to keep up with the Roosevelt pace for shifting men around the Cabinet table; which she compared to the changes in the personnel of the Latin-American Diplomatic Corps.

Yet one woman was the cause of an entire Cabinet resigning. She was pretty Peggy O'Neal, daughter of a Georgetown inn-keeper, who after many vicissitudes married General Eaton, Secretary of War in Jackson's Cabinet. The other Cabinet ladies treated the pretty Mrs. Eaton with open contempt, and when Peggy's brave spirit broke, and she wept her woes to her husband and also related them to the President, "Old Hickory" swore "By the Eternal" that she should receive the respect which was her due. But he did not reckon on the spirit of spiteful women, and when he learned what an unconquerable demon it is, he was forced to part company with the members of his Cabinet, in order to rid the White House of their wives.

It is remarkable how few of the women of the White House enjoyed their reign there. If they did not come into it invalided and unable to assume its responsibilities, they were broken down some time during their career as its mistress. It is no wonder that Mrs. Polk exclaimed—

"I would rather be Doorkeeper in the House of the Lord than Mistress of the White House!"

She was a woman temperate in speech and bearing, and if this expresses her feelings what must have been those of women who were of nervous temperament, as many of these refined women undoubtedly were. Poor Mrs. Lincoln, who has been charged with many social sins and even insanity, what reasonable, sympathetic person can blame her for being unbalanced during those years when the entire nation seemed unbalanced, and every woe imaginable was brought to the doors of the White House. When she objected to the usual state dinners on the ground that they were extravagant, she was condemned as parsimonious; when in reality she was frightened at the thought that Washington would fall almost any day, and its inhabitants experience the same terrible fate as those of many great cities since the fall of Babylon. Remembering the circumstances in which she was placed it would be well if her many critics would also remember her husband's beautiful sentiment, "with malice toward none; with charity for all," in speaking of the woman who was mistress of the White House during the most critical period of our nation.

The literature which has emanated from the White House may be divided into two classes—the Messages and Documents of the Presidents, and the Letters of the Ladies of the White House. The former have been compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, who was a Member of Congress from Tennessee for twenty years, resigning to accept the exalted office he now holds, that of Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, Thirty-third Degree, Scottish Rite Masons, the highest Masonic office in the world. Some day, perhaps, a woman will compile the second class of literature, which will be as sparkling and as full of social history as the Presidents'

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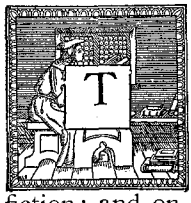
papers are dry and replete with political history. It was witty, intellectual Mistress Abigail Adams who wrote the initial letters from the White House, and to her we owe what pictures we have of it in those unvarnished days, when a straggling village bordered by river and forests and traversed by red mud roads was the nucleus of what is now considered even by the British Ambassador to the United States, "the most beautiful capital in the whole world." Many other ladies of the White House related its social history in epistolary form in the days when it was regarded bad taste to have one's social affairs chronicled in the daily press; and to these we look for truthful accounts of White House social affairs in the era which was free from social advertisement.

THE NEWEST PROBLEMS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



THERE is a growing tendency, more noticeable perhaps in England than in this country, to make the latest social problems, the most recent ethical movements, the basis for fiction; and on the whole there is something distinctly encouraging in this tendency. It shows at least a more widespread recognition of the serious value of the novel, as well as an assumption that the weighty problems of the hour are of sufficient interest to the general public to justify their adoption even into the literature of relaxation. The English novel is in this respect simply following in the footsteps of the Continental novel—and so long as the thing is done intelligently and with a wise discrimination between what is foolish and ephemeral and what is important and eternally true, the Novel of the Newest Problem should be a beneficent and a widely popular type.

It is essential, however, to approach new problems with a certain amount of sound conservatism, viewing them in the light of past experience and not championing them with the zeal of a reformer. There is no reason why such themes as the suffragette movement, the trial marriage, ethical culture or any other of the latest fads and fancies in economics, science or art should not be made the central theme of a strong, compelling novel—providing always that the author handles his subject sanely and does not try to debase the whole art of fiction into an instrument for winning converts. It is an important truth that while the public is forever clamouring after new lamps for old and forever hailing the latest one discovered as the true Aladdin's lamp of infinite possibilities, the world as a matter of fact goes on in its wonted course and throughout a long succession of social upheavals and philosophical reforms human nature remains pretty nearly a constant quality. We might possibly be better off under some other system of law and order than that which we have—the thing which we have not is always alluring, offering a tempting and rather dangerous field for speculation. It would, of course, be quite simple to write a purely imaginative novel seeking to show what would happen if the United States should adopt the Chinese currency system or make Mohammedanism the state religion—but it would not be a valuable or instructive proceeding. And the reason why a book of the type of Mr. H. G. Wells's much discussed *Ann Veronica* is to a good many people rather irritating, is because to a mild extent it is just that sort of an attempt. It imagines a young woman who has chosen to live under exceptional conditions, a young woman who has put herself voluntarily outside of the pale in defiance of established codes and conventions; and it has pleased Mr. Wells to imagine that by so doing she has achieved happiness. In other words, he has chosen to hazard a guess about what might happen to an abnormal woman under abnormal condi-

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tions and to establish his results as a safe precedent for the world at large. The safer and in the long run, more enduring type of fiction is that which remembers that woman to-day, hobble-skirt and all, is not essentially different from the woman of yesterday, and that while she may muster the courage now and then to defy convention, she usually pays heavily for her rashness.

But while we admit that the newest problems are a proper subject for treatment in fiction, the value of the books based upon them must inevitably differ very widely. A problem, though it looms up portentously for a passing hour, may be of no more serious importance to the world than a soap bubble and in passing leave as little trace. The new problems, whether in fiction or in actual life, that have a lasting quality will be found to be simply old problems in disguise. The latest phase of the woman's suffrage movement, whereby gentlewomen of birth and culture made themselves notorious in public brawls, finds its level as a literary theme in the comic supplements and the joke column. Yet the same problem viewed simply as one manifestation of woman's demand for fair treatment and recognised rights is a problem centuries old and deserving of a courteous and unbiased hearing. The social position of the Eurasian in India and the Philippines seems at first glance to be an essentially modern problem; as a matter of fact it is as old as the existence of racial antipathy. And similarly we might take, one by one, the new doctrines, new philosophies, new codes and discover, just by taking the trouble to see them clearly and without prejudice, that they are based upon some great and enduring human verity. Otherwise they would not be worth the expenditure of time and ink that goes to make a novel; for a book based upon what is really the fad of the moment is doomed in advance to perish together with the fad.

"The Miller of Old Church"

An excellent illustration of a comparatively new problem which in reality is as old as civilisation is offered by Ellen Glasgow's latest novel, *The Miller of Old Church*. It is new to this extent, that the specific conditions which determine the separate details of its episodes are of recent origin, forming a definite stage in the slow transition of southern social life that began with the reconstruction period after the war and is not yet ended. But in all its essentials Miss Glasgow's theme is nothing more nor less than that of the universal and inevitable struggle of the lower classes to rise and the jealousy of caste that would hold them back—and it is precisely the universality of the theme, studied under vividly local conditions that gives to Miss Glasgow's book a large part of its vital and compelling interest. The central human story of *The Miller of Old Church* has to do with the complex fortunes of Molly Merryweather, the illegitimate daughter of Janet Merryweather and Jonathan Gay, both of whom have died many years before the opening of the story. Janet Merryweather belonged to that humble and despised division of the white race in the South whom even the negroes felt at liberty to look down upon; Jonathan Gay, on the contrary, was of the aristocracy; the Gays were easily the social leaders of the community. Now Jonathan had a married sister, Angela, slender and fragile, whom her family and friends and even her physician united in declaring not to be meant long for this world. In fact, Angela possessed only one factor of strength, an indomitable pride of family and of caste. In a vague way she knew of Jonathan's scandalous irregularities of life; but according to the standards of her station and her time they were matters which a woman of refinement could not allow to be mentioned in her presence. At heart Jonathan sincerely loved Janet and he would gladly have made reparation by marrying her; but such a step was recognised to be impossible because for a Gay so to demean himself would be equivalent to a death blow to his sister, Angela. Janet Merryweather's disgrace and early death would have distressed Angela had she known all the facts; but marriage would have been something a thousand times worse, a stupendous, unimaginable calamity. That is why Jonathan contented himself with leaving a secret trust providing amply for his unacknowledged daughter, Molly, after she should come of age. He did not dream at the time that his fragile sis-

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ter would outlive him by nearly a generation and that the knowledge of his secret bequest would fall upon her all the more harshly because so long delayed. Now, at the opening of the story Molly is on the threshold of womanhood. She has ripened into great beauty and is sought after eagerly by many of the young men in the steadily rising class of respectable white farmers and tradesmen—but by none more eagerly than by Abel Revercomb, the miller of Old Church. Now it happens that Jonathan Gay, the younger, Angela's only son, after long years of absence in the North has at last returned to Old Church, meets Molly, learns the story of her origin and, in the course of subsequent events, strongly casts his influence in favour of publicly recognising her. A marriage with Molly would have righted the ancient wrong and simplified many complex matters. But young Jonathan is, after all, a true Gay by nature. At the same time that he is openly paying court to Molly he is secretly meeting Blossom Revercomb, the miller's sister, and the old time tragedy is re-enacted. There has been a long-standing feud between the Revercombs and the Gays; and when the truth abouth Blossom is revealed, one of the Revercomb clan, old Uncle Abner, who has never been quite sound in mind since the old days when the sweetheart of his youth, Janet Merryweather, was lost to him, takes the law into his own hands and by Jonathan's death squares his long-standing account with the Gays. So much of the plot it has seemed necessary to tell in detail, carefully omitting all the numerous secondary plots, the complex interwoven threads that make this story a richly embroidered piece of living tapestry. Considered as a story dealing with the intimate concerns of a group of people whom we grow to love in a very personal way on account of their stirling merits or rare whimsicalities, the real interest of the book lies a good deal less in the plot structure than in the fine portraiture of character—in which respect it is far richer than any of Miss Glasgow's earlier works. For that reason it is unfortunate that it should be necessary to put so much stress in a review upon the plot itself. But it is necessary and for the following reasons: here, as in all her books, Miss Glasgow has developed finely and powerfully the epic method. In the broadest sense, this story is not so much the history of Molly Merryweather as it is the story of the New South. In the character of Angela, for instance, we have personified the survival of the old time Southern aristocracy, with its pride and its traditions—a survival that seems with each year to approach extinction and yet clings to life with the amazing tenacity of chronic invalidism. In the older Jonathan, we have the bygone type of the reckless, devil-may-care, hot blooded Southerner who at any cost would maintain his family pride; and in the younger Jonathan and Abel Revercomb we have typified the new aristocracy already beginning to yield to the encroachment of the new triumphant democracy. And lastly, in Molly Merryweather herself, we have, if we read Miss Glasgow's thought aright, the future solution of the social problem. In her origin and in her nature Molly represents a compromise between the upper class and the lower, combining the better qualities of each; furthermore, she typifies a social intermingling which in its origin was a disgrace but which to-day, owing to changed conditions, has come to be accepted. And even her marriage has its symbolic significance. Even had he lived she would not have married Jonathan, the last representative of an effete code of living; she would inevitably have taken the miller—because the younger society of the New South is destined more and more to draw fresh strength from the sturdy ranks of the rising democracy. This apparently is what Miss Glasgow set herself to say and she has said it with a courage, a clearness and a strength of conviction that makes it easily her best book up to the present time.

"Mrs. Maxon Protests"

Mrs. Maxon Protests, by Anthony Hope, is another apt illustration of the new problem that is eternally with us. Mrs. Maxon is simply one more young woman who has discovered marriage to be something vastly different from what she had imagined; and her difficulty is of the variety which she regards as almost humiliatingly commonplace—namely, incompat-

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ability. Her husband happens to be one of those narrow, self-satisfied, dictatorial men, with old-fashioned ideas about women in general and a rooted conviction that a man has a high moral responsibility for his wife's conduct and must mould her in all fashions to his own way of thinking. Mrs. Maxon bears the strain for five years; then she consults a lawyer. She learns that while she cannot get a divorce in England, she can leave her husband and he cannot force her to come back. At the time of their separation, or to be more accurate, her desertion of him—for Maxon refuses to take the matter seriously—there is no other man in her life; but in the weeks that follow during which she stays at the country home of some friends with lax ideas of life and a houseful of curious and often irregular people, she suddenly surprises herself by falling in love with a certain Godfrey Ledstone and promptly scandalises society by eloping with him openly and unashamed. The rest of the book traces, with a clear-sightedness that Mr. Hope has not always shown in his books, the subsequent career of a woman who thinks that by the force of her own example she can bring the whole world over to her way of thinking. He does not spare us any of her disillusions, her humiliations, her heartache and loneliness. But through it all she is learning, strangely and cruelly learning much that is exceedingly good for her. She is learning, for instance, that charity and sympathy and understanding are often found where least expected. She is learning, too, that there are many other standards in this world as well as her own and that they are just as reasonable and perhaps nobler. She learns, for instance, that one of the best men she has ever had the good fortune to meet, loving her, pitying her, utterly disapproving of her, would nevertheless have made her his wife in spite of the scandal that had preceded and followed her divorce—but for one reason: he is an army officer and a woman with a taint upon her name would lower the social tone of his regiment and be in some degree a menace to the moral tone of the younger set. It is a temptation to analyse at some length the separate episodes of this rather unusual book throughout the years while Mrs. Maxon is slowly finding her way out of the quagmire of her own making into a belated peace and happiness, but after all what the book stands for is so admirably summed up in the concluding paragraph that one cannot do it a greater service than to close with one brief quotation. It is a satisfaction to find a book written upon this theme which, while recognising that there is much to be said on both sides, shows neither vindictiveness toward the woman nor a misplaced championship that would exalt her into a martyr.

> In the small circle of those with whom she had shared the issues of destiny she had unsettled much; of a certainty she had settled nothing. Things were just as much in solution as ever; the welter was not abated. Man being imperfect, laws must be made. Man being imperfect, laws must be broken or ever new laws will be made. Winnie Maxon had broken a law and asked a question. When thousands do the like, the Giant, after giving the first comers a box on the ear, may at last put his hand to his own and ponderously consider.

"The Old Dance Master"

The Old Dance Master, by William Romaine Paterson, better known under the pseudonym of Benjamin Swift, is in contrast with the foregoing not a problem story, but a whimsical and tender little tale full of odd and lovable characters that his English critics have found not unworthy of comparison with some of the portraitures of Dickens. Imagine a quixotic old gentleman, tottering on the verge of mental breakdown, who is recklessly giving away to charity a vast fortune that his conscience will no longer let him keep because his great-grandfather acquired it in the slave trade. Imagine this old gentleman taking his son and daughter one night to a middle-class dancing academy that is for the moment one of his pet charities. Now it happens that the delightful old German dancing master, Herr Habenicht, has a favourite pupil, a very beautiful young woman, the reputed daughter of the proprietor of a hansom cab establishment. The old man's son falls in love with her at first sight, scandalises his sister and father by seeking an introduction and actually leading the ball arm in arm with the cabman's daughter. Nay, not so fast,

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gentle reader, for the plot is about to thicken. The heroine is not really the daughter of the stable keeper, she is the unacknowledged child of rank and wealth, and must be rescued from her base surroundings through the clever manipulations of Herr Habenicht, the present teacher of the dance and formerly a baron of high social standing in Vienna's exclusive set. In other words, as the tone of this review has tried to suggest, the book is a tissue of plausible extravagance. It is made up of some exceedingly well-drawn low life characters quite realistic in their execution and some equally clever but frankly caricatured personages of high life. The great merit of the book is the rare success with which it makes its way along that narrow path that separates the pathetic from the grotesque. Of the old dance master himself this at least must be said: that in recent English fiction the nearest parallel case of a nobleman who in adversity performs a humble task cheerfully and with unfailing dignity and under no circumstances allows himself to forget the compelling force of *noblesse oblige* is Herr Habenicht's worthy compeer, Count Skariatine, in Marion Crawford's *Cigarette Maker's Romance.*

"Dawn O'Hara"

Dawn O'Hara, by Edna Ferber, is a book that does offer a problem and in a certain sense answers it in its own sub-title. The problem is this: supposing a girl, after a few months of mad happiness, finds that she is bound for life to a man who has suddenly broken down and whom the doctors pronounce incurably insane. The sub-title of the book is "The Girl Who Laughed;" and that is not a bad answer to a good many of life's most trying problems. At the opening of the story, however, Dawn is very far from being in a mood for laughter. Ten years of unrelieved strain on a New York daily paper, with the driving necessity of paying her husband's hospital bills ever at her heels, at last breaks her down; and her sister and her fairly well-to-do brother-in-law pick her up bodily and transfer her to the peace and quiet of their home somewhere not many miles from Milwaukee. At this point it is not surprising for the reviewer to discover that he has a story before him which he is simply going to spoil if he tries to retell it. Supposing, for instance, he should say bluntly: This is the story of a young woman who has no right to think of love and marriage, and to whom a perverse fate has sent the kindest, staunchest, most lovable young German doctor you can well imagine. He makes a well woman of her by the sheer magnetic force of his will to have her live. And then, when they both realise what they mean to each other and what the hopelessness of their case means to both, they try to bury themselves in hard work, he in his Milwaukee practice, she in newspaper reporting on a paper in the same city, where his influence has found an opening for her. And then, at an hour when it seems as though nothing worse could overtake them, fate does give one added twist of the screw and her husband is released from the asylum as cured and comes to Milwaukee to claim her. None of this begins to touch the real essence of the book because, although it deals in tragedy, it is a fabric woven from threads of sheer light heartedness, unquenchable courage, warm-hearted understanding of the things which go to make the essential joy of living. There are, for instance, certain chapters in the book picturing a delightful, unique, inimitable German boarding-house in Milwaukee that makes one sigh while reading them, partly from a vague nostalgia for happy bygone days in German pensions, partly also from sheer envy of the subtle touch that penned them. And then, too, there is one portrait of a broken-down sporting editor, a man whose days are numbered, a man vulgar in speech and with many sins upon his conscience, but who, nevertheless, is rich in some of the rarest gifts that human nature knows and whose final tragedy leaves a vacant spot in the heart akin to that of a personal bereavement. For these reasons it seems the part of wisdom to inscribe the name of Edna Ferber in some easily accessible part of our memory whereby there shall be no danger in the future of missing anything that may come from her pen. It would seem that she is a young woman who has gone some distance already on the road of achievement and is likely to go much further.

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"The Sins of the Children"

The Sins of the Children, by Horace W. C. Newte, is precisely what its title implies. It deals with that unconscious ingratitude and lack of appreciation with which so often sons and daughters repay half a lifetime of self-sacrifice and devotion. It is an English story, the setting being either in London or the immediate vicinity. The narrative follows the history of a certain young woman named Jeannie Pilcher from her earliest memories of life with her widowed father through the long grey years that follow until the time when filial ingratitude bears sharply home upon her the extent of her own failure to appreciate what her father had done for her. The book is rather sombre, rather colourless, rather hard reading to the majority who demand a sensation at the end of each chapter and perhaps an extra one in the middle. But to those who appreciate careful workmanship, a desire above all things to tell the truth and an unveiled, unflinching outlook upon life, whether it happens to be rose-coloured or drab, this volume by Mr. Newte may be confidently and cordially commended.

"The Ashes of a God"

Mr. F. W. Bain, who has already put forth from time to time five volumes professedly "translated from original Hindoo manuscripts," adds one more to the collection under the title *The Ashes of a God.* Unless we seek deliberately for some hidden symbolic meaning there is no problem here, modern or otherwise. It is simply the story of the way in which the gods hoodwinked a would-be saint who as a matter of fact had not the true essence of faith in him, but who, nevertheless, was piling up merit, such as by prayer it is possible for a Hindoo to do, at such a fearful rate that he would soon have on his credit side a sufficient amount to overbalance the whole assemblage of the gods and sweep them out of power. What has happened is this: there was a certain king named Ruru who having been deceived by the woman he loved conceived a hatred for all women, and forthwith proceeded ruthlessly to ruin the peace of mind and the material well being of as many women as possible. Now this king had a trusted minister named Trishodadhi, who had recently taken a wife much younger than himself, named Watsatari. Trishodadhi, knowing the king's weaknesses, is haunted by the fear that his own wife may fall under the king's covetous eye; and to his horror, one day, on returning home he sees Watsatari standing apparently enfolded in the arms of the king. He realises that the blame is not upon them, since they have followed the dictates of human nature; it is rather upon himself for having put faith in any thing human. So, forsaking both his wife and his court duties he retires to the wilderness of the Windhya Hills and devotes himself to a life of prayer.

Now when in the course of years Indra and the other gods realise the amount of merit that this endless piling up of prayers is acquiring for Trishodadhi they realise that something must be done to trick him into forgetfulness of his vows, something to make him if only for a moment yield to the attraction of feminine charm. One after another their experiments fail, but finally Indra goes in person to beseech aid from Kalanidhi, one of the hundred daughters of Aparapakshi who lives at the bottom of the sea. And she, after much bargaining, consents to aid him—and this is what she does. She assumes the form of the hermit's wife, and through the lips of an elephant who asserts that in a former birth it was King Ruru she tells an elaborate tale which proves to the man of prayer that his wife was innocent, that he was a victim of circumstantial evidence and that in leaving her he committed a cruel wrong and shortened her life. The immediate result of the tale is that Trishodadhi forgets for a moment his prayers and seeing the reincarnation of Watsatari herself, eagerly clasps her in his arms and by so doing at once loses all the accumulated merit of his millions of prayers. And the final touch to the story is this: the tale that he has heard from the mouth of an elephant is not a fiction, but the simple truth, his wife and King Ruru were quite innocent, and his suffering was all groundless.

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TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

The Autobiography of Richard Wagner*

The history of literature for a hundred years does not show us a biographical or autobiographical work so profoundly and widely interesting as this very frank series of confessions, written down by the greatest musician of our age, the maker of a musical epoch. This may seem an extravagant assertion; yet if we compare other books of the same sort we shall see at once wherein this narrative stands first. It represents the triumph of the sensuous artist over the artist whose work is done through a single medium. Take, for example, Lockhart's life of Sir Walter Scott. That was a work of extraordinary interest and was written by one with first-hand intimate knowledge. Scott, moreover, was no local figure. His books were read all over the continent of Europe, and he was one of the primal influences in developing Romanticism. Nevertheless, those who read him outside of England were comparatively few, and they were obliged to do so through the medium of a translation. In other words, they never beheld Scott, save through a veil and at a distance.

We might even say that Boswell's *Johnson*—the greatest biography in English literature—was even more restricted than Lockhart's *Scott*. The book is delicious to an Englishman, because of the *curiosa felicitas* with which the perky Scot has drawn the huge, lumbering, self-opinionated, gluttonous Englishman—almost the caricature of an Englishman, and yet sound and sane, with unfathomable good sense. Every Anglo-Saxon delights in Johnson, because he understands him; but what would a Frenchman or an Italian make of him? Why simply an uncouth, disgusting monster, swilling twenty-five cups of tea at a meal, snorting and puffing like a whale, and combining gross self-assertion with frequent insult.

*My Life. By Richard Wagner. 2 Vols. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Coming down to modern times, let us think of Tennyson's biography by his son. Here again the limitations of language and country shut in the biographer and make his work of little interest to foreigners, save a very few. And the same thing is true of biographies not composed in English. Thus there are Bismarck's alleged *Memoirs*. Bismarck was a world-figure, a giant whose very nod was felt at the ends of the earth. Yet what sort of a biography was produced and made to appear his own life's narrative? A poor eviscerated fragment of the truth, containing not half so much meat as the books written about him by Busch, and being little better than the trebly expurgated papers of Talleyrand, for which the world had waited many years only to be cheated at the last. One thinks with a wistful longing of those mythical iron boxes which are said to be safely stored in England, packed full of vitriolic political explosives, to be brought out, perhaps, at the end of another fifty years when the present Kaiser and his eldest son shall both have died. As for Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, that made a temporary stir—mainly because Lord Morley writes so well, but in very small degree because of Gladstone's own career which was the career of a self-deceiver given over to the exploitation of little things and to his own enormous egoism.

For that matter, take what biographies you will and you will almost always find them wanting in that wider interest which makes the whole world seek them out and read them from generation to generation. Benvenuto Cellini offers a rare treat to the cultivated few. Goethe in his *Dichtung und Wahrheit* sheds inextinguishable light for scholars upon the pages of him who gave the great Faust poem to the world. Rousseau's *Confessions* have had a profound effect upon his readers ever since he wrote them. Yet when we consider all these writers we find such limitations, either of subject or of personality or of place and time, as to leave Plutarch in his unique position as the great master of biography for all time.

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For when we think of other works of the same sort it is hard to recall any which is likely to make a universal and absolute appeal to men and women in every country all over the civilised world, as does this book by Richard Wagner which begins with his birth at Leipzig and ends with the year 1864, which marks an epoch, or perhaps the crowning point of his career, since it is then that his almost incredible hardships ceased, when he received a message from the romantic Ludwig of Bavaria. To him, that was the goal toward which he had continually striven. As he says, quite simply, in ending his narrative:

> The dangerous road along which fate beckoned me to such great ends was not destined to be clear of troubles and anxieties of a kind unknown to me heretofore; but I was never again to feel the weight of the every-day hardships of existence under the protection of my exalted friend.

It is somewhat odd that although Wagner did not gain his commanding place as a great master of music until after the period at which this Autobiography ends, still from boyhood he was a conspicuous figure in every capital of Europe, and his intense individuality roused both hatred and admiration even from those who failed to take his music seriously. Thus we have a vast bibliography of Wagner by friend and foe in pamphlet form and bulky volumes. There are swarms of personal anecdotes, there are serious biographies, there are monographs and special studies. We read his own letters, or such notes as those by Nohl and Pecht and Tappert and Ernst and Bischoff and Finck and Henderson, and we come to have a sort of definite impression of the man; and this interests us as it did his contemporaries at the time when the Wagner music-dramas were making such slow progress. One would have supposed that the emotional element in Wagner's personality would itself have been sufficient to secure the success of his work. Yet in 1852 the Berlin Opera House would not think of giving him seven hundred and fifty dollars for *Tannhäuser*.

> Leipzig thought one hundred and forty dollars an exorbitant price; Breslau paid eighty dollars; Würzburg could not go beyond thirty-seven dollars; while smaller cities averaged about twenty-five dollars for an opera. . . . In foreign countries, Russia first heard *Lohengrin* in 1867; Brussels in 1870 and England not until 1875.

Americans may be proud that their musical taste was in advance of that of foreigners; since as early as the fifties, numbers from Wagner appeared on concert programmes in this country at that time, while *Tannhäuser* was given in full on the operatic stage as early as 1859. It may be that this early interest in Wagner in our country makes this book of his so extremely interesting. We Americans have known him and appreciated him for nearly sixty years. Europe did not accept him until it received the cue from a king, and even then, down to his life's end, there were enmities and jealousies which marred to some extent his triumph. Yet the completeness of that triumph was and is so great, that every one who cares for music must read this book. Here, as we said, the artist who stirs the senses deeply has a great advantage over every other artist who has definite limitations. The German, the Russian, the Italian, the Frenchman, the Scandinavian, the Spaniard, the Englishman and the American all understand the Wagner music-drama, because it speaks to them and seduces them in a universal language and with arts which are universally understood. Here music rises above poetry or oratory or even the simple drama, in that it breaks the bonds of language and touches each individual soul alike.

It is a remarkably interesting thing to have these words of Wagner's come to us after his death with the conviction of finality. It is as though we had been chattering together about him in the anteroom of music, telling what we had read, and what others had said to us and what we had ourselves imagined—when all of a sudden, amid the idle clamour, a silver trumpet sounds and the great inner doors are thrown widely open, and the master himself comes forward and says amid a startling silence: "I am with you. I will tell you how it was."

Now what has been the general con-

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ception of Wagner? A man of infinite persistence, of brilliant genius, of more than doubtful morals, of overweening selfishness, and yet so much beyond other men as to make the world at last accept him with all his faults. It may be said once for all that out of his own mouth in this self-written life of his, he confirms every one of these opinions, and he does so with a simplicity and the frankness that at once almost win forgiveness if not favour.

We may add that while the work contains much that will interest the musician, it is first of all intended for men and women; since in it he tries to show the sort of man he was. As he says in his preface: "The value of this Autobiography consists in its unadorned veracity, which, under the circumstances, is its only justification. Therefore my statements had to be accompanied by precise names and dates."

How unadorned this veracity was may be found in what he had to say about his first wife, Minna Planer. Other writers, even malicious ones, have been quite content to speak of Minna, whom Wagner married when he was a boy, with various degrees of contempt. But Wagner himself quite calmly goes considerably further. He always posed as the *mari incompris,* but in his Autobiography he rises to the height of scandal. Minna, by the way, was a young actress in a provincial theatre.

> Looking very charming and fresh, the young actress's general manner and movements were full of a certain majesty and grave assurance which lent an agreeable and captivating air of dignity to her otherwise pleasant expression. . . . She was at that time, as I had already discovered, on very intimate terms with a young nobleman. . . . Our friendship was resumed on our meeting again in Magdeburg. At seventeen a certain gentleman (Herr von Orienburg) had taken advantage of her at an unfortunate moment, so that some months afterward she became a mother.

In other chapters he gives every possible sort of praise to Minna's domestic virtues, but he remarks calmly (with Pecht) in substance: "I think that she loved me to the extent of her capacity; but she really had no capacity for loving." In this way he disposes of a woman whose life-long devotion practically kept him from perishing through sheer want in the days of his obscurity.

Take another point, which even his friendliest biographers have made against him, and that is his willingness to accept money from women who admired him. This was well known to be true; and yet Wagner in his book repeats it with additions, dotting all the i's and crossing all the t's, and, indeed, giving us a sinister view of some who had never before incurred suspicion. Thus there was a certain Madame Laussot (Miss Taylor), an English woman by birth, who was known to have contributed toward Wagner's needs. But until now there was never a hint of scandal about the matter. The lady was supposed to be simply a student of music who, with her husband's knowledge, did what she could to help the struggling artist. But now Wagner comes out and practically tells us that she, too, was his mistress. He fleers at her husband and altogether writes in an impossible way. He does not spare us even his minor peccadilloes. If, for instance, he became extremely drunk at a whist party, he records the fact with a certain gusto, and furthermore goes on to tell us how he went from the whist party to call upon two ladies and was too much overcome to leave the house. Therefore, they put him to bed and left him there until morning. In like manner he expands the episodes of Frau Wesendonck and of Julie Ritter.

Throughout all this sort of narrative, his manner is simplicity itself, blended with almost childish vanity and an absolute expression of self-satisfaction. Perhaps an explanation of his own may serve to illustrate this trait of his which runs throughout all the book.

> I am differently organised from others—I have sensitive nerves—I must have beauty and splendour and light. I cannot be content with the wretched position of an organist, like Bach. Is it really such an outrageous demand if I claim a right to the little bit of luxury which I like—I, who am preparing pleasure for thousands and for the whole world?

We must not anticipate the reader's pleasure by revealing too much of what

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Wagner tells so frankly, and of his extraordinary bluntness. Every one will turn to his account of his relations with Liszt, to his narration of how he wrote his various librettos, and to his characterisation of distinguished personages. The book has fully as much to do with the man as with the musician—with one who, if he did not destroy and utterly supplant the pure melodies of the best Italian opera, did at least give the world a new form of music and verify the prediction of Herder, a dozen years before the birth of Wagner, "There will some day arise a composer who will annihilate the old operatic Kling-Klang!"

Franz Wortmann.

II

Ralph Nevill's "London Clubs"*

Many of the old school of London club porters rather despised confirmed bachelors who yielded to the allurements of matrimony. "No, sir," said one of these to an enquirer, "Mr. —— don't come here now as he used; since his marriage his habits ain't reg'lar." And this, the writer takes it, may be regarded as adequately summing up for every country the attitude of clubland toward the rest of the world. Thackeray somewhere says that the Englishman of his day could no more tolerate at his table the presence of an Englishman of the eighteenth century than he could the presence of an early Briton. The typical club member of 1780 would be even more out of place in a London or New York club to-day. The manners and tastes of those bearing the greatest names appal us. The extravagances of Fox and Sheridan, the excesses of the Duke of Norfolk, best reflect the spirit of the old club world.

Club life, in the modern sense of the term, was born in a mad age. A man won distinction by practising the art of hopping about a drawing-room from chair to chair. Brummel dominated society through sheer effrontery. Fox, swearing that next to winning at play, the next best sport was losing, and after that looking on, once sat at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday the 5th. An hour before that he had recovered £12,000 that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended by losing £11,000. The next day he made a speech in Parliament, and that evening he dined at half past eleven, and went to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won £6,000, and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for the Newmarket races. This was the manner of life of one of the greatest of English statesmen; smaller men of his circle emulated him on a scale of lesser magnificence.

It is not in a spirit of hostile criticism of Mr. Nevill's book that the reviewer remarks that much of the material in *London Clubs* was used in the same author's *Light Come; Light Go*, which appeared last year. The story of London gaming is the story of London clubs; it is merely a matter of approaching the same subject from two different points. The modern club grew out of the coffee house, the first distinctive club having been the Mermaid, supposed to have been founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the reputed scene of many an exchange of wit between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Soon many landlords perceived the business advantage of setting apart a certain room for privileged customers, and in this way a number of fairly exclusive clubs came into being. Thus Tom's, White's, and the Cocoa-Tree. In the early part of the eighteenth century there were two thousand coffee houses in London. Every profession and trade had its favourite coffee house.

The lawyers discussed law or literature, criticised the last new play, or retailed the legal scandal at Nando's or the Grecian, not very far away from the Temple. At such places the young bloods of the Inns of Court paraded their gowns in the morning, and swaggered in their lace coats and Mechlin ruffles at night, after the theatre. City men met to discuss the rise and fall of stocks, and to settle the rate of insurance, at Garraway's or Jonathan's; parsons exchanged University gossip or discussed points of theology at Truby's or at Child's, in St. Paul's Churchyard; whilst military men mustered to grumble over their grievances at

*London Clubs. By Ralph Nevill. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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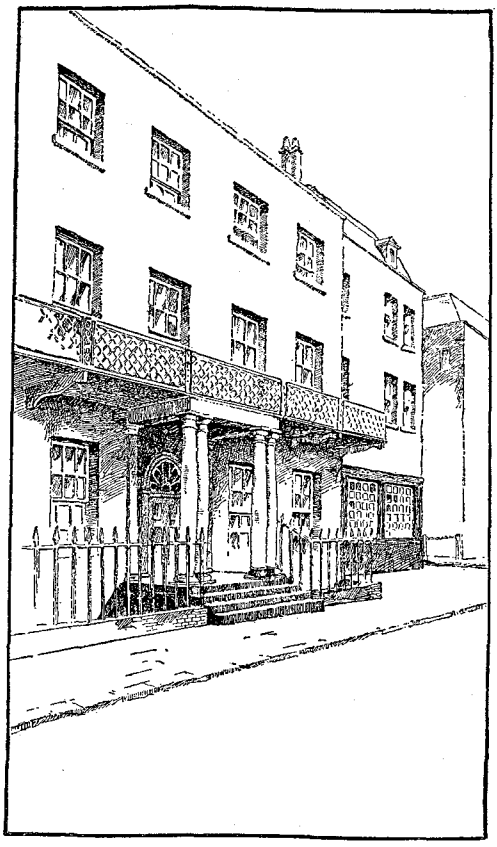
Old or Young Man's, near Charing Cross. The St. James's and the Smyrna were the headquarters of the Whig politicians, whereas the Tories frequented the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda's, in St. James's Street; Scotchmen had their house of call at Forrest's, Frenchmen at Giles's or Old Slaughter's, in St. Martin's Lane; the gamesters shook their elbows in White's and the chocolate-houses round Covent Garden; and the leading wits gathered at Will's, Button's, or Tom's, in Great Russell



THE OLD WHITE'S

Street, where, after the theatre, there was piquet and the best of conversation till midnight. At all these places, except a few of the most aristocratic coffee or chocolate houses of the West End, smoking was allowed.

One of the last of these is the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, associated with the Elizabethan wits and later with Dr. Johnson and his circle.

Frederick Locker once called St. James's Street "the dear old street of clubs and cribs." It was the original club land of the West End, where such institutions as White's, Arthur's, Brooks's, the Cocoa-tree, and Boodle's were founded many decades ago, and where they still exist. The present White's dates from 1755, and soon came to have something of the organisation which prevails in modern clubs. We hear much of the modern increased cost of living, but in 1780 there was a charge of twelve shillings a head for the regular club dinner at White's, and one paid eight shillings for a hot supper. The entrance fee to the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, founded in 1735, was £26 5s., and every member paid five shillings for his own dinner, and 10s. 6d. for his guest. White's was the scene of many of Brummel's most superb impertinences. When the famous "Bow-Window" was built in 1811, he took immediate possession of it, and made it a shrine of fashion. Some of the old school resented the monopoly of the window by Brummel and Alvanley. "Damn the fellows!" said old Colonel Sebring, "they are upstarts and fit only for the society of tailors." Brummel was once reproached by a father whose son had gone astray in the Beau's company. "Really, I did all I could for the young fellow," said he. "I gave him my arm all the way from White's to Wattier's." Later, when his power was on the wane, a friend who had loaned him £500 pressed for repayment. "I paid you," said Brummel. "Paid me! When, pray?" "Why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed, 'How d'you do?'"

Between White's and Brooks's considerable rivalry at one time existed. Pitt was a member of both clubs, but much preferred White's. On this account the Prince detested White's and forbade his friends to attend a ball given there in 1789. Yet White's was the only other club recognised at Brooks's, for a member of Brooks's who joined any third club was at once struck off the books. Brooks's was another scene of Brummel's impertinences. He was once playing at hazard there with Alderman Combe, the brewer, who was Lord Mayor. After winning several hundred

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pounds of the brewer's money Brummel left the table, saying: "Thank you, Alderman; for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," replied Combe, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same." Sheridan was twice blackballed at Brooks's before his final election, and Sir Philip Sidney, the reputed author of the "Junius" letters, was one of the club's vitriolic members.

Sir Philip had been the convivial companion of Fox, and during the short administration of that statesman was made a Knight of the Bath. One evening Roger Wilbraham came up to a whist-table at the club where Sir Philip, who for the first time wore the ribbon of the Order, was engaged in a rubber, and thus accosted him. Laying hold of the ribbon and examining it for some time, he said: "So this is the way they have rewarded you at last; they have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they? A pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck. And that satisfies you, does it? Now, I wonder what I shall have? What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?"

The newly made Knight, who had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and who was not very well pleased at the interruption, suddenly turned round, and, looking at him fiercely, exclaimed: "A halter, and be d——d to you!"

There is a story to the effect that Sheridan had himself elected to Brooks's by craft. He was inveterately opposed by George Selwyn, and one black ball was sufficient to exclude. When he came up for the third time he managed to arrive at the club, arm in arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. The waiter was told to inform Mr. Selwyn that the Prince wished to speak to him in the room below stairs immediately. Selwyn obeyed the summons, and Sheridan entertained him with an invented political story during the time the ballot proceeded that resulted in Sheridan's election. The result was announced to the Prince and the successful candidate by the entrance of the waiter, who made the preconcerted signal by stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately left, telling Selwyn, to the huge discomfiture of Wales, "that the Prince would finish the narrative, the end of which he would find very remarkable."

Another election at Brooks's, which illustrates curiously the manners of the times, was that of George Robert Fitzgerald, the notorious duellist. No good London club would admit him on account of his duelling proclivities. Nevertheless, he made Admiral Keith Stewart, who knew that he must fight or comply, to propose him for Brooks's. Accordingly, on the day of the election, Fitzgerald went with the Admiral to the club-house, and waited down stairs while the ballot was in progress. Of course every ball in the box was black, and it was decided that the Admiral should inform the candidate of his rejection. The impatient Fitzgerald, having an idea how matters were going, forced his way upstairs.

Walking up to the fireplace, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart: "So, my dear Admiral, Mr. Brooks informs me that I have been elected three times."

"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart.

"Well, then," replied the duellist, "did you blackball me?"

"My good sir," answered the Admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing?"

"Oh, I supposed no such thing, my dear fellow; I only want to know who it was that dropped the black balls in by accident, as it were."

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member, and put the same question to all in turn, "Did you blackball me, sir?" until he made the round of the whole club, and in each case he received a reply similar to that of the Admiral. When he had finished his investigations, he thus addressed the whole body: "You see, gentlemen, that, as none of ye have blackballed me, I must be elected—it is Mr. Brooks that has made the mistake. I was convinced it would end in this way, and am only sorry that so much time has been lost as to prevent honourable gentlemen from enjoying each other's company sooner." He then desired the waiter to bring him a bottle of champagne, that he might drink long life to the club and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a "raal gentleman by father and mother, and who never missed his man."

After this nothing more was said by the

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members, who determined to ignore the presence of their dangerous visitor, who drank three bottles of champagne in enforced silence, for no one would answer him when he spoke. With cool effrontery the latter sat drinking toasts and healths, to the terror of the waiter. At length every one was much relieved to see him rise and prepare to depart. Before going, however, he took leave with a low bow, at the same time promising to "come earlier next night and have a little more of it." It was then agreed that half a dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to bear him off to the watch-house if he attempted again to intrude, but Mr. Fitzgerald, aware probably of the reception he might get, never did.

Regarded even in the light of a rejected candidate, Mr. Fitzgerald has had some distinguished company. Thackeray and Disraeli were once blackballed at the Athenæum; and the late Mr. Gladstone was rejected for the club at Biarritz.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

III

Canon Sheehan's "The Intellectuals"*

The author calls the imaginary meetings and discussions of his little group of characters an "experiment in Irish club life" and hopes something like it may come true, "when under the influences of wider and more rational systems of education, the barriers of racial and sectarian prejudices may be broken down and the higher humanities accepted as an integral portion of social and domestic life." The members of the club, who take the name of Sunetoi on account of their "quick understanding and grasp of intellect," comprise the parish priest, the leading physician and the leading banker and their wives, a learned professor of Queen's College, a young woman who is a "B.A. of the Royal," a Scotch lady of severely accurate habits, and a young English civil engineer who writes verses. All but the last two are Irish Catholics, though with varying views on religion, politics and every other subject. The only member who has no ideas and cannot quote from the best writers in all languages is the banker, who of course is useful as a foil and as an excuse for explaining matters now and then to the reader. Later a genuine minor poet joins them. The club holds thirty-seven sessions, each of which is reported in detail and the number of subjects discussed and the amount of information interchanged are prodigious. It is an exceedingly elastic frame-work, admitting almost everything that the author happens to have read or thought about.

Thus a club meeting may begin with a discussion as to what constitutes a gentleman and end with Copernicus, as "the one man who has emancipated the human mind." Or a member may start gaily with the remark, "That brings up the eternal question, 'What is poetry?'" and they are soon saying what Wordsworth thought of Burns and how much Carlyle liked "Tam o' Shanter" and that poets are not always cleanly in their habits and that it is a mistake to suppose this earth is an oblate spheroid flattened at the poles, for it is really pear-shaped, and somebody quotes a line from Shakespeare and says it towers above men like the untrodden peaks of the Himalayas and somebody asks if it is greater than Halley's Comet. It gives a chance too for long lists of literary likes and dislikes. Somebody hates *Alice in Wonderland.* Somebody else adores it. The Professor deplores all French drama except Molière, thinks Calderon nearly as great as Shakespeare, prefers *Comus* to *Paradise Lost,* detests the *Faerie Queen,* and Montaigne and Goethe's *Faust,* and likes *Julius Cæsar* the best of Shakespeare's plays, and so on without reason or sign of intimacy or any contradiction from the others. And the others in their turn revel in equally bald assertions.

"I don't know, in the whole of my experience of authors, a more unreliable, unsafe and untrustworthy guide than the aforesaid Lord Macaulay."

There was a gasp of surprise, but the Professor went on:

"I always distrust preacher, teacher or critic who is absolutely sure of himself, and who dogmatises in such a manner that he leaves

*The Intellectuals. By Canon Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1911. Pp. 386.

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no room for a second opinion. I suppose such dogmatism offends my sense of pride, and I rise up in natural revolt against it. But I find invariably that modest men are right. I remember, and never without a sense of indignation, all the bitter and unjust things that were said against young poets at the commencement of the last century, poets that are now enshrined and immortal. And when I find Macaulay and Matthew Arnold adopting the same tone of infallibility, I at once reverse their verdict in my own mind. I conceived an aversion to the *Vicar of Wakefield* because Macaulay somewhere praises that book, and if anything could add to my adoring appreciation of Shelley it is the highly absurd censorship which Matthew Arnold assumes toward that poet and his works. Among our writers I have seen nowhere such just and impartial criticism of our English poets as that of Mr. Lowell; and, of course, in France, Sainte-Beuve remains supreme."

"You seem to think, Professor," said Mr. Hunt, "that poets are not the best or most impartial judges of poets."

"Certainly not. The very best proof of this is that poets are invariably the worst judges of their own work. You will hardly find a single case where the judgment of the poet and the judgment of the public is at one."

And there is a great deal about

> All the glory that was Greece,
> All the grandeur that was Rome,

and the value of a classical education and the claims of science and the modern languages, and the utilitarian members are easily downed by familiar quotations like the one above, and somebody quotes a Greek line and avers that the words have no equivalents in English, and nobody ever cites an English word that has no equivalent in Greek, for that would argue a very low taste indeed. Where would you find an English equivalent of *polyphloisbois thalasses* or *dakruoen gelasasa?* And nobody dares reply.

"Do you really mean, Professor," said the Doctor, interrupting rather brusquely, "that a man who is devoted to science cannot be a gentleman?"

"If you mean exclusively devoted to science," said the Professor blandly, "I say certainly, Yes! He cannot. The reason is plain. A gentleman is one of refined habits and feelings, sensitive to his own honour and others' comfort, physically unable to do anything coarse or rude. To raise the human mind to that level, ideas, as Miss Fraser so aptly said, are absolutely necessary; and these must be lofty and transcendent ideas—ideas that lift and raise and elevate above everything sordid and coarse and mean. Now, a scientist has to deal not with ideas, but with facts; and facts are vulgar things."

It is meant that religion shall get the better of science in these discussions and the classics prevail over the bread and butter studies.

We have quoted and summarised the text rather freely in a conscientious desire to offset our possibly biassed opinion that it is all rather pedantic and laboured. The style is exceedingly redundant, and as in the above passage, the reader often wonders why the "lofty" ideas should be made not only to "lift" but also to "raise" and "elevate." It has packed into one volume nearly as much as Dr. Holmes put into the whole "Breakfast Table" series, and its scope is more ambitious. Its Professor is more multifarious, its Poet is more persistent, than Holmes's ventured to be. At every point the worthy motive may be discerned. The writer is sure that he possesses "Culture" and he is trying to give some to us. He has read what he ought to read and he remembers a good deal of it. But he writes in a way that raises some delicate doubts as to his digestion. There must be a good many *Atlantic Monthly* contributions in such a man, but would that be a comfortable feeling? There are reckless consumers that had rather forget everything they have read than secrete only *Atlantic Monthly* contributions. This club for the domestication of the "higher humanities" is not a cheerful vision of the future, and the author's hope that it may some time come true is not an altogether kindly one. Its members seem dispirited by good traditions and overborne by worthy books. They are the "flat unraiséd spirits" of the higher plane. The chief result of their wide readings is the complacent sense of having done the gentlemanly thing.

But now and then when the Sunetoi forget that they are intellectual and talk of matters intimate or local their manner

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is more spirited. Some good hard knocks are given to Parnell.

As for his aggregate work for Ireland, I tell you, it was the people behind Parnell and not Parnell himself, that won his battles. It was the poor devils that suffered themselves to be flung out on the road, that went to gaol, to the plank-bed and the skilly, not to the first-class hotel fare of Kilmainham; it was poor Davitt and O'Brien that won back the land from the stranger.

There is a very slight love story running through the book, terminating happily, and the attempt is made to develop each character sufficiently to give him an individual interest. The poet, who is described as the greatest of the minor poets in England, turns out to be a lord. "I fear," he says, after reading one of his poems, "I have been prolix," and the apprehension seems to us well founded, but it is only fair to quote in part

We glide from out the mists of Time,
Far, far away the fog-bell's chime
Seems through the sounds of seas to climb.

And farther, farther going,
Into the sunset faintly glowing,
From ocean into ocean flowing,

Over the seas as smooth as glass,
Mirrors unflecked, we swiftly pass,
The treasures of the deep amass,

Not in its ooze of pearl and gold,
The great, grey seas in their depths enfold,
Sought in the eld by mariners bold.

But in glorious day-dreams that ever come,
When sky, and sea, and lips are dumb,
And the albatross comes wheeling home.

* * * * *

C. M. French.

IV

Percival Pollard's "Masks and Minstrels"*

All the world loves a lover . . . and all the world is enthusiastic with the true enthusiast.

At a reasonable distance from any evolutionary art epoch, sedate criticism may be the best medium through which to study it. But while its currents still run turbulent, the hot-headed enthusiast who plunges into the stream can tell of its eddyings with the vividness of personal experience. His limited perspective may not allow him to see clearly what is lasting and what is merely ephemeral. But there will be an actuality about his narrating which gives enjoyment to the reader.

This is the spirit in which we must approach Mr. Pollard's little book. In it we will find a great deal of Percival Pollard, his impressions and his theories. But we will also find considerable knowledge and a sympathetic if incomplete insight into the men and ideas of a very interesting formative epoch in new German literature, an epoch little known and less understood by literary critics elsewhere, except perhaps in the neighbourly Scandinavian countries.

The part of Germany to which Mr. Pollard devotes most of the space in his book—the rest he takes for himself—has little to do with the Americanised Germany now being discovered by the news columns and the Sunday supplements of our dailies. By that token it comes a long ways nearer to being the real Germany. The past two decades have seen a new Storm and Stress period of German literary evolution, and the outside world has taken little note of it, judging the few who rode into international prominence on the current as if they had merely happened, as isolated phenomena. Mr. Pollard has set himself the task of clearing this misunderstanding, and he has done it with all the exuberant exaggeration, the belligerent temper and the strong flavour of the Personal Equation which characterise the men about whom he writes, the men themselves and the movement for which they stood. He caught his mood from his subject—or is it that his subject fitted his personal mood so well? Whichever may be the case, the peculiarities of his manner give an undeniably more accurate picture of an epoch of moods crystallising into permanent art forms than a saner-toned criticism might do.

His idols are Otto Julius Bierbaum and Detlev von Liliencron. Through their eyes and judged by their standards he sees all the others of the New German

*Masks and Minstrels of New Germany. By Percival Pollard. Boston: John W. Luce and Company.

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movement. This voluntarily set limitation accounts for some queer gaps in his knowledge and some amusing eccentricities of judgment. For some of what he tells of he saw at first hand, of the rest he "had read in a book." In one thing, however, Mr. Pollard has caught the spirit of the New Minstrelsy and all through his book runs the thread of the art form that was the most unique and truest expression of its utterance, the "Ueberbrettl." He translates it as Artistic Variety. Literary Variety seems nearer the truth, in the sense of the thing itself. This delightful little theatrical hybrid, born of a union of the Poetic Muse with the Music Hall "originally out of the Café, by Genius," Mr. Pollard says, was for three or four years so important a feature, artistically, financially and popularly, of Germany's theatrical and literary life, that it is astonishing how slow its echoes have been in penetrating beyond the national boundary lines. Now that it is dead and gone, it still lives in the new names it has brought to the fore in the literary, musical, and histrionic roll of fame, still lives in many a slang expression heard in the streets of Berlin and Munich, and still lives in the memories of many to whom it brought the keen joy it did to Mr. Pollard. He gives it a whole chapter, but acknowledges his failure to describe actually the thing itself. Much as he loved it, his experience of it seems after all to have been meagre. He did not live through its time of greatest triumph in Berlin when the public flocked to any sort of an Ueberbrettl (why not translate literally and call it the "Super-Variety-Show?") from a restaurant hall in a side street to Baron von Wolzogen's mauve and mignonette theatre with its "usheresse?" in mauve blouses and hair-bows, and its titled poet-manager, lithe and elegant in his blue satin evening coat, introducing the "turns" himself. Everything was "Ueber" in those days. This word, once thought the exclusive property of philosophic poetry, achieved the true test of popularity. It became the universal slang of the street. One was beseeched to spare the cat becoming annoyingly musical on the back fence. It might be a Super-cat practising its "turn." If your cabman drove in zigzag and you said so, he turned on you a reproachful, beery eye: "Why, Madameken, that's a Super-horse, I can't help what he does!"

But to return to Mr. Pollard. His own trick of digressing is infectious. He shows us how out of the Ueberbrettl was born a new poetry which did what its creators wished it to do—appealed to the great mass. He cites Bierbaum's book of poems, *Love's Maze,* selling up to forty thousand copies; he tells of the collections of Ueberbrettl songs selling twenty thousand strong. Then he flings his own country a challenge to show any such wholesale buying of poetry. Alas, who will dare answer him?

In following chatty, rambling chapters he talks of his two favourites, Liliencron and Bierbaum; talks at length of Ernst von Wolzogen the versatile, prince of literary entertainers; of Otto Erich Hartleben, who never grew up; of Richard Dehmel, virile, gifted poet; then of many others to whom he gives an impartially indiscriminate meed of enthusiastic praise, he comes to Frank Wedekind, the most weird and incomprehensible of them all. Mr. Pollard believes that the works of Wedekind will survive because he has "gashed the irremediable savagery of our times, surviving through centuries of so-called civilisation, so deeply upon the theatre and literature." He does not seem to realise that part of Wedekind's undeniable power, in spite of his savage brutality, lies in his equally undeniable command of stage technic—when he happens to want to show it.

Thoma; Schnitzler, the graceful philanderer; Bahr, the versatile with his one late success, *The Concert;* and Hugo von Hoffmanstal, superlative verse artist, all pass in review in these rambling notes, jumbled together with little critical sense of comparative values but presented to us with so much personal anecdote that the men themselves become living personalities even to the reader who knows little or nothing of their work. Herein, be it said again, lies the chief merit of the book.

One chapter deserves notice, the one devoted to Mrs. Hartleben's little book of anecdote about her husband. It was a case of *The Concert* in real life, and the

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stories as retold by Mr. Pollard do indeed show a picture of wifely tolerance, wifely devotion and true understanding such as all poets may need, but such as is not given to many men, poets or otherwise, to enjoy. This one chapter alone makes the little book eminently worth reading. Although, if you are sure of your audience, you can pick out quotable sayings amid the exuberant utterances of Mr. Pollard's Super-temperament.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

V

THOMAS LEAMING'S "A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER"*

Some day a thoroughly equipped writer will probably produce a book—and that book will undoubtedly be a novel—which will do for America what *Bleak House* did for England in arousing public opinion against the law's delays and other abuses of the courts. The exposure of the nefarious Chancery practices in "Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce" did not work any immediate revolution in England's administration of justice, for they were still encouraging chicanery at the expense of honesty in 1875, years after *Bleak House* began the fight. But there was some excuse for England's delay in setting her legal house in order. She had no model upon which to frame a system insuring a better administration of the law, and she was hampered by the traditions and prejudices of the Bench and Bar—the most conservative if not the most powerful body of men in the Kingdom.

We of the United States have no such excuse for continuing the existing conditions in our courts which are rapidly making a mockery of justice. Except in a few States our judicial system is inherited directly from the mother country, and the reformation by which she has eliminated legal outrages and re-established justice is readily adaptable to our needs. Why we should refuse to avail ourselves of this invaluable experience and tamely submit to the scandalous impositions which to-day disgrace our courts is a mystery which can only be explained by the fact that the nation, as a whole, has not yet discovered the open secret of the steadily increasing disrespect for law in America.

Mr. Leaming's study of the London courts and his well-written and judicial views regarding them are not likely to arouse the general public to any passionate resentment against the legal evils that afflict us. There is nothing sensational, dramatic or even exciting in his pages. Nevertheless they contain much inflammable material for "apostles of discontent." For instance, the writer states that in England the most important action can be tried, a judgment given, an appeal taken, argued and orally decided on the spot—all in ninety days.

This quiet recital of facts ought of itself to create a revolution in this country. If a case can be begun, tried, decided, appealed and brought to final judgment within three months in England, why should we tolerate the legal jugglery and nonsense that keeps a similar cause three or more years in our courts? Americans are easy-going and slow to wrath, but it is extremely doubtful if they will much longer submit to a condition of affairs which is tantamount to a denial of justice. Meanwhile the influence of the judges, the courts and the law in general is daily being undermined. This would be a serious situation for any country, but it is doubly serious for a republic whose supreme authority is vested in the courts and whose very foundation is the law.

Mr. Leaming, however, has no thought of leading any crusade against the technicalities and other abuses which now infest the administration of law in his country. He is obviously impressed by the admirable system in vogue in the London courts, but at the very beginning of his volume he disclaims any intention of entering upon odious comparisons and he adheres to this policy throughout. The audience to whom his pages are primarily addressed is the legal profession, and he is apparently content to act merely as a highly intelligent and dignified guide, conducting a party of his legal brethren through the masses of practice, etiquette and tradition prevailing at the London Bar, and showing them its Halls

*A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. By Thomas Leaming. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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of Justice in a thoroughly business-like manner.

It must have been difficult for him to refrain from comment upon the fact that at the recent trial of Dr. Crippen a newspaper proprietor was fined £100 for speculating upon the probability of the prisoner's guilt, and an editor mulcted to the extent of £200 for publishing a statement not contained in the evidence; while another was fined the same amount for circulating a story that the accused had confessed. But perhaps no comment was necessary. Certainly the courts which thus enforce respect for themselves and afford protection for their prisoners and the public are highly respected and the ban upon "trial by newspaper," so popular with us, has not proved detrimental to the cause of justice.

Law as practised in England approaches the dignity and exactness of a science. With us it more closely resembles a game. The element of "surprise" is virtually eliminated in an English trial and this, Mr. Leaming thinks, would not appeal to the profession in America. If lawyers in this country were forced to exchange documents and otherwise to simplify the court proceedings, as is required in England, they would, in the author's opinion, "feel that half the fun of life were gone." One may sympathise with this if the law is a game; but if it be a science we might reconcile ourselves to a considerable diminution of its fun-making possibilities. The fact is that justice has been expedited and the public welfare immeasurably enhanced by the system now prevailing in the English courts, and when the Bar of America is aroused to the necessity of reform it will find the observations of *A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts* a mine of well-digested information and helpful suggestions.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

VI

Vaughan Kester's "The Prodigal Judge"*

It has become the fashion to trace influences, and *The Prodigal Judge,* no doubt, has not escaped that fate. Touches of Locke's whimsicality might easily be detected in the conception of the Judge himself, Dickens might account for the undoubted trick of caricature and occasional extravagances of style, and Mark Twain might be called upon to father certain indigenous types—but such criticism of literary heritage and environmental influence is of little value to the average reader. The essential thing is that Mr. Kester has added a distinct personal touch and insight in his interpretation of a large slice of life and, as a result, has produced a book of which any American novelist might be proud. "The Great American Novel" is not here—for no one book will catch the complexities of our ever-changing life—but the author of *The Fortunes of the Landrays* has transcribed a period in a vivid fashion and we know of no book of its pretensions more essentially American or so full of the real flavour of our early evolving conditions. The period he has chosen—some time before the Civil War—did not contain the grafted types of to-day—heterogeneous mixtures of divergent races thrown together and moulded *en masse* by the sheer centripetal force of our rushing life—but it was rich in characters who sprang from the soil and carried some of it with them. And that soil was still in need of furrowing, wealthy in potentials, racy with vigour. Mr. Kester has touched high water mark in describing those broad places, the faintly scorched roads but lately pushed by pioneers over the hills, the winding rivers that flowed by the occasional settlements with their mushroom man-made resting places. It is no indulgence in the superlative to say these descriptions are the best parts of the book, and it is the characters in particular who have caught and conveyed this atmosphere, rather than the conventional hero and villain, which are most successfully handled by the author. Mr. Kester's plot also, while marred at times by a conscious if somewhat comfortable coincidence, contains a device which gives opportunity for the peripatetic nature of the story. Numerous villains are trying to kidnap a child of mysterious parentage, who managing to elude his

*The Prodigal Judge. By Vaughan Kester. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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pursuers, through an exciting series of adventures which take him from North Carolina to Tennessee, stumbles upon a cabin in the woods, where he is sheltered by the Judge—a rather preposterous drunken individual of magnificent language, loud deeds and heroic possibilities. Yet before the fact that he is the boy's grandfather is disclosed, and the Judge, recalled from prodigality, the various protectors of the boy pass through adventures of the most stirring sort which result in solving a mystery very cleverly contrived at the beginning. But the humour and pathos of the old prodigal's life lifts it out of a mere melodramatic story and gives it a quality and tone of rare merit. What is most encouraging is that Mr. Kester has written a "best seller" which really deserves the wide success it will without doubt continue to have, and we should not be surprised if its dramatic possibilities were translated into play form even at the expense of its genuine literary charm.

Griffin Mace.

VII

Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"*

You have reached the age of seven and thirty, in the life of the cultivated man the second and perhaps the most vital period of his romance. Youth is still there, and with it the memory of another and remote youth. With Béranger you muse on "Les braves jours qu'on est bien à vingt ans;" with Thackeray you say, "To drain all life's quintessence in an hour, give me the days when I was twenty-one;" with Longfellow you recall "The wharves and the slips, and the sea tides tossing free; and the Spanish sailors with bearded lips, and the beauty and mystery of the ships, and the magic of the sea." It is all so distinct, that earlier youth, and the years have passed so swiftly. In memory it is so easy to recall the old thrills, the old aspirations, the old loves, the old pangs of pleasure and pain. But to seek out those ghosts of the past, and to try to reanimate them —may not that be the mistake? That, in brief, is the story of Conrad Warriner in Mr. Leonard Merrick's whimsical and clever book. The Fates have taken him out of England and brought him back at the age of thirty-seven in a position of comfortable affluence. Old recollections thrill within him. He will find again the scenes of his days as an art student on the left bank of the Seine; revivify the old loves of his boyhood; in a word he will go in the quest of his youth.

Now with a beginning like this the rest of the narrative is, in a general way, obvious. The search will bring much disillusion and some compensation. The cousins with whom he romped in his infancy on the shores of Sweetbay, have become conventional Londoners, and having rashly accepted Conrad's invitation to visit him for a time at that watering place, soon find excuses to carry them back to town. Never mind, thinks Warriner, there was Mary, that slip of a girl whom I adored when I was twelve years old; I shall find her. After a series of Quixotic adventures he does so; to be confronted with a heavy, simpering, and intolerably vain woman, wearing a vivid silk blouse, and a string of sham pearls, and answering to the name of Mrs. Barchester-Bailey. Then comes to Conrad another memory, a memory of an adventure in Rouen, when he was seventeen, that is curiously and innocently suggestive of an episode in Maupassant's *Notre Cœur,* a memory of Chypre, and of a woman named Joan Adaile. Again he starts in pursuit, this time to find disillusionment in a manner that is somewhat less humiliating. Finally Conrad learns the lesson that the past is irrevocable, that there "is no way back to Rouen," and finds a new life and inspiration in his adventures with a company of stranded strolling players, and in the companionship of a kindred spirit. He makes the great discovery—that a man is young as often as he falls in love. There is charm and much good writing in *Conrad in Quest of his Youth,* which is worth while reading if only for the vivid and whimsically humorous and pathetic picture of the tribulations of the players at Blithepont Pier.

Allen Pratt Savage.

*Conrad in Quest of His Youth. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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VIII

Upton Sinclair's "Love's Pilgrimage"*

We have no quarrel with Mr. Sinclair for wishing frankness upon all the facts of life and quite agree with him on the mock morality of some silences, but when his method of presenting those facts makes them relatively abnormal and unnatural, we feel a decided objection to his particular use of them. *Love's Pilgrimage* purports to be a page out of life and, no doubt, from strong internal evidence, and recalling his introduction to *Springtime and Harvest,* it has *l'air vécu;* hence as a specialised study of two egos working toward adjustment it may justly claim attention as rather an astonishing study of physical and emotional nakedness written with all the author's well-known fervour. But as an interpretation of the greater problem of living it fails; for though it deals with certain functional disturbances more or less common to all human beings the author unfortunately has asked the reader to look at those facts through the eyes of two hyper-sensitised individuals. In their resultant emotional reactions, consequently, which the author portrays with vividness, the reader is made to feel hideous and repulsive the very things with which Mr. Sinclair most wishes him to be on speaking terms. While a dyspeptic's attitude toward food may be true to life one would not expect him to look at edibles with the same eye as one in good health. Had either Thyrsis or Corydon approached normal healthy manhood and womanhood, the events of their life together, treated no matter how intimately, might have lifted the novel above the level it at present attains; for, on the whole, their series of adventures, however deep-rooted they may be in actuality, as art, makes considerable demands upon the reader's credulity. Mr. Sinclair has never veiled his personal struggles from publicity and hence it is difficult not to believe that the attitude of Thyrsis is his own. Unable to free himself from his hatred of classes, his socialism and his tractarian propensities, Mr. Sinclair does not seem to realise the husband and wife of his novel are punished for their crass stupidity and temperamental limitations: it is not the world which is at fault, as he would have us believe, for even in its smug complacency it merely asks genius to make good its claim of superiority.

Thyrsis possesses all the ear-marks of a genius: his selfish egotism, his mystical moments, his insistence on recognition, his lack of proportion and consciousness of his relentless destiny. Mr. Sinclair throughout has drawn this character with a skill which rivals May Sinclair's *Divine Fire*—a somewhat similar study. The novel deals with the struggle of Thyrsis, a writer precocious in emotion but ignorant in fact—to adapt his life with Corydon, his wife, a morbid, temperamental young woman by all means exceptional. There is nothing normal in their wooing nor in their relations: they face the ordinary facts of their life in a manner as sensational as it is unusual. Their intense imaginations distort the simple facts of sex. Indeed, they begin their married life as brother and sister and proceed to achieve parenthood after a series of most intimate revelations which Mr. Sinclair, in his splendid hatred of sham silence on such subjects, lays bare without the slightest reserve. But if he considers the average person's attitude wrong toward this silence, he has taken means to frighten a sensitive temperament into further reserve, not through his brutal realism alone, but, as has been said, because the events are exposed to us in an abnormal and at times perverted light. After the coming of the child in a scene which recalls quite naturally *La Joie de Vivre, Anna Karénina,* and *Esther Waters,* even the further unwashed details of babyhood's hygiene are also put before us.

But it would be unfair, however, to intimate that emphasis alone is placed upon these phases, for the vicissitudes of the literary life, so poignantly presented in George Gissing's *New Grub Street,* are written in Mr. Sinclair's best provocative manner. The incidents of Thyrsis's struggle between what he feels is his inspiration and commercial literary standards, the call of personal freedom

*Love's Pilgrimage. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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from the restraints of domesticity and the reach of Corydon for understanding amid the aloofness of a type such as his are of absorbing interest. But it is overburdened throughout with the author's own experiences ranging from play-producing, hack-writing, socialism, and even Fletcherism. No doubt the very formlessness of the novel, with its gratuitous comments, may be the author's best claim to its truth, but there is no logic in a method that purposely uses the obstetrical detail on one page and an idealistic selection on another.

Mr. Sinclair has written one of the frankest books in English; we wonder, in this connection, if that was his main intention, whether in some slight justification of the severe criticism he will no doubt receive, he has entirely forgotten Mrs. Gilchrist's letter to Rossetti on receiving a copy of Walt Whitman: " . . . as for what you specially allude to, who so well able to bear it—I will say, to judge wisely of it—as one who, having been a happy wife and mother, has learned to accept with tenderness, to feel a sacredness in all the fact of nature? But perhaps Walt Whitman has forgotten—or, through some theory in his head has overridden—the truth that our instincts are beautiful facts of nature, as well as our bodies, and that we have a strong instinct of silence about some things."

George Middleton.

IX

Francis Lynde's "The Price"*

That the wages of sin is death to the soul, that the end does not justify the means, and that it is not possible to right one wrong by committing another, is the theme of Mr. Lynde's latest novel. A theme cleverly handled too, where the moral, clearly pointed, does not in any way interfere with the exciting sweep of events narrated. In its external *The Price* is a good type of what one might call the "inverted" detective story, with the criminal in full view of the reader all the time, and the detective groping in a fog just behind. We hold our breath when they seem at the point of meeting, and whatever our convictions may be as to the right and wrong of the case, our morals weaken in our sympathy for the gallant if mistaken criminal.

Kenneth Griswold, an aspirant to literary fame, finds himself stranded in New Orleans with no more tangible assets than a vaguely rebellious nebulous radicalism and a decidedly disturbing hunger. Also the manuscript of a unanimously refused novel. Driven to despair, he decides on violent measures. He walks into a bank one morning, puts a pistol at the president's throat and forces him to hand over one hundred thousand dollars in cash. Then he walks out into the street again and effects a clever escape by the aid of common sense and much previous reading of detective stories. With the aid of the money he intends to assuage his hunger, publish his novel and in some way live out his vague radicalism. All things considered, this last task looks to be most difficult, and so it proves in the course of the story.

But first there is an exciting journey up the Mississippi on a passenger steamer, a capture and renewed escape in St. Louis, and the fortunate events of what would otherwise have proved an unfortunate railway trip to the little Minnesota town Griswold had chosen at random for the scene of his new life. Two charming girls are intimately concerned in the events of his flight and his arrival in Wahaska, and for a long time the reader is as much in the dark as to which of them will win out in the hero's affections as that young man himself seems to be. Although the author is not quite fair to the calm and lovely Charlotte Farnham in the sudden change he lets her make. Nothing in her previous conduct would lead us to suspect the selfishness shown at the end. It looks more as if Mr. Lynde had gotten himself and his hero into a dilemna out of which he saw no other way.

With little attempt at character drawing, there is good development of plot and a sustained interest that holds the reader's unflagging attention. We can even accept with no disturbing doubts the many times in which sheer Chance

*The Price. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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intervenes, and we do not need the author's repeated pointing out of the absurdities of Chance in the events of human life. The accidents of chance that save Griswold again and again when his case looked desperate fit so well into the plot that they only serve to make it more exciting. When we've finished one chapter we want very much to know what will happen in the next.

It is a pity, with Mr. Lynde's talent for telling a story, that he is not a little more careful as to workmanship. When he lets himself tell his story naturally, his narrative flows on in a direct simplicity that is attractive. But every now and then he seems to feel the need of "fine writing," of interpolation or personal comment. And in such moments his style becomes amateurish and awkward. One of its worst faults is the annoyingly constant use of such unusual words as "proletary," "prefigurings," "convincement." The offence is aggravated by the fact that in most instances these words are used incorrectly, in evident purpose of synonym for the simpler words which would fit the case. Only Mr. Lynde was not cautious enough to consult the dictionary before launching out onto the troubled waters of verbal variety.

J. Marchand.

X

E. B. Dewing's "A Big Horse To Ride"*

It is no simple task the author of *Other People's Houses* has set herself to accomplish, and she has achieved a *tour de force* of considerable proportions. Ordinarily the narration of a story through a first person with a complete knowledge of the proportion and value of the facts is difficult enough, but Miss Dewing has deliberately developed a mechanism much more complicated which has opened her to many psychological difficulties. Yet the artistry of her first book has not failed her here, and she fulfils the prediction of an extremely clever workman who knows the use of her medium. In fact, in many ways, *A Big Horse To Ride* will prove *caviare* to the discriminating, and as Miss Dewing has made no compromise in her treatment or her choice of incidents, this will, no doubt, be her greatest satisfaction.

The life of Rose Carson, as told by herself, is not over-exciting; it does not contain many of the thrills one would expect of a famous dancer, it lacks the conventional fictive sufferings of early beginnings, it is full of sustained success and it is, after all, only a written fragment snatched by her still in young womanhood; it leaves one with the impression of life's incompleteness suggestive of further experience for which the past has merely been a preparation. Three or four sections are written at different periods, and in the intervals life frequently catches up with her so that the reader sees the past as translated by the shifting moods of the present circumstances and developments. It is this which makes the book notable, for Miss Dewing has cleverly contrived to let this appear in Rose's narration, subtly colouring her own interpretation, finding new motives in her added knowledge to explain the mis-read, and thereby adding a suspense through the contradictions and ironies which externals are always arousing. At first she writes with a false delicacy, then an intense wish to expose brazenly and thus find deliverance in expression, and, finally, when life seems to have resolved itself into calm, she determines to view it all as something detached. As she does not wish to publish, there is no studied phrases with an eye to the reader's reaction. It is rather a simple revelation of a temperament and is quivering with all the filaments that make us individual.

And this is life—The Big Horse—as Rose sees it: full of digressions, high moments of reality and illusion, fugitive sensations, work, intense subjective struggles and the artist's isolation which is the penalty and gift of such as she. The outlines of the story in themselves would contain little indication of the canvas, for it is essentially a study of a character. Rose is the child of violent parents and she reflects from her back-

*A Big Horse To Ride. By E. B. Dewing. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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ground the inheritance of physical excitation, which is accentuated by the nature of her calling. A born dancer, she has her father's power of accomplishment and she becomes a great success. Her career takes her all over the Continent and America; she is of the select few. All this Miss Dewing conveys with knowledge of the technical side of the profession, and its *milieu,* with only an occasional slip, is atmospheric and convincing. And it is this work of Rose which is really the prime fact of her life, for one gathers the great emotional experience is yet to come. The love for Barney Grant, Penny Black and even her marriage with Simon Featherly are somehow only moulding. The author has traced Rose's awakening moral sense, her surprise at her own emotions, her reaches after experience, her histrionic adaptability to the situations that confront her, the problematical effect of marriage on her career and her final technical surrender to Simon, after "a last flare of parental possessiveness," with Meredithian subtlety. Indeed the reactions require close reading—particularly when an unconventional triangle is reached: "three little ducks paddling about in the mud puddle all together." Rose's solution disarms criticism, for she is careful to say she may not read herself well and that throughout she may not have accurately penned all her whys and wherefores. It is this which makes the book true: the gaps, the commonplaceness at times, the dignifying of the trivial and the struggle for expression. If Miss Dewing does not allow her analytical tendencies to destroy her plot sense there may be no limit to her possibilities: *A Big Horse To Ride* suggests both.

Geoffrey Monmouth.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Gertrude Atherton's *A Daughter of the Vine* is appearing serially in the *Figaro* of Paris under the title *L'Esclave de la Vigne.*

The *Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley,* published in this country by Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston, is now to be brought out in the Japanese language, there having been French and German translations.

American novelists who expect to spend the summer in Kinnebuncport, Maine, are Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and Mr. Booth Tarkington. Mr. Tarkington has recently been in somewhat delicate health.

June 14th last marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Comment on the new biography of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* written by her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe, appeared in the BOOKMAN for June.

The new Cape Cod novel by Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln, author of *Si Whittaker's Place* and *Captain Eri,* is called *The Woman Haters.* The principal characters are an old lighthouse keeper and his young assistant, who live on a lonely part of Cape Cod.

The writer of the announcement notes for the Baker and Taylor Company in telling us that Mr. Owen Johnson, the author of *The Tennessee Shad,* is said to be at work upon a dramatisation of *The Varmint* makes the surprising discovery that Mr. Johnson has fallen under the glamour of the stage. Before reading the paragraph we were under the impression that Mr. Johnson's career as a playwright began some years ago and that he wrote *The Comet,* produced by Madame Nazimova.

Shortly after the appearance of David Graham Phillips's latest novel, some one wrote to D. Appleton and Company to know which character is meant to repre-

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sent the Grain of Dust. "Several of my friends," said the writer of this letter, "maintain that the man does, and others that the woman does, and I claim that the child does"; and he wound up by thanking the publishers for their expected kindness in settling the question. It so happens, however, that Mr. Phillips made it perfectly clear to whom the title refers. On page 27 he speaks of Dorothea as "this inconsequential and negligible atom," and further on as "a mere grain of dust."

Henry Sydnor Harrison, whose novel, *Queed,* was reviewed last month, was at one time in his career a "newspaper bard." "It is rather singular to reflect," he writes, "that I am the author of over one thousand published 'poems.' For over three years I wrote a daily rhyme for the *Times-Despatch* (Richmond)—six rhymes a week, Monday's paper containing a clipped rhyme. These verses were of every conceivable sort, length and form; and on every conceivable subject, or on no subject at all. People used to ask me how I managed to keep it up, but of course it is the sort of thing which grows constantly easier, and it would have been perfectly simple to write two or four rhymes a day, as indeed some bards do."

There is an important addition to the series of red-bound Baedeker's Guide Books. It is a hand book to the Mediterranean, now for the first time published in England. The volume includes Madeira, the Canary Islands, the coasts of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Southeastern Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Palestine and Egypt.

A recent number of *La Nouvelle Revue,* of Paris, gave considerable space to a laudatory review of John Stuart Thomson's *The Chinese,* which appeared in this country a year or two ago from the press of the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

A publisher's note for which we disclaim responsibility: "In writing his new novel, *The Catspaw,* the author of *The Red Mouse* evolved such a mysterious and baffling plot that at times he felt it almost mystified and baffled him. He was compelled to diagram it and label the characters with letters in order to keep them distinct and apart."

Lord Loveland Discovers America, by A. M. and C. N. Williamson, is being published serially in *Lectures Pour Tous* of Paris.

After a visit to Spain Frederick Townsend Martin, the author of *The Passing of the Idle Rich,* has returned to Paris, where he will remain the rest of the summer.

Hulbert Footner, author of *Two on the Trail,* recently returned from the Canadian northwest, where the scenes of his book are laid.

It is said that the late William James of Harvard indirectly inspired the writing of Mrs. Fremont Older's *Esther Damon,* which has just been published by Scribners. Professor James's *Varieties of Religious Experiences,* which Mrs. Older read while attending the course of lectures given by Professor James at Stamford University, the year before the earthquake, is said to have suggested the story.

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Molly-Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Later Pratt Portraits. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Social Direction of Human Evolution. Kellicott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Dawn of the Morning. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Girl I Loved. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
4. My School Days. Rae and others. (Stokes.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys in Finance. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. An Ardent American. Codman. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Claw. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

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JUVENILES

1. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. Buddie. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Captain of the "S. I. G.'s." Baker. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. Camp St. Dunston. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. Diaz, Master of Mexico. Creelman. (Appleton.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. With Lyon in Missouri. Dunn. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke.) $2.00.
3. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
4. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Claw. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. Joyce of the North Woods. Comstock. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. London. (A. & C. Black.)
4. Oxford. (A. & C. Black.)

JUVENILES

1. Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
2. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
2. To Love and to Cherish. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Brazenhead, the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.
5. Miss Livingston's Companion. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.35.
6. The Second Amendment. Hansbrough. (Hudson Pub. Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scout Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.
3. The Glenloch Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. A Year in a Coal Mine. Husband. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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4. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Dawn of the Morning. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Across South America. Bingham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.50.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Stowe. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Literary Taste. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Quicksands. Lea. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.20.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Rubaiyat. Fitzgerald. (Crowell.) 50c.
3. Cradle of the Republic. Tyler. (Hermitage Press.) $2.00.
4. Early History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Wise. (Bell Book Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Henty Series. Henty. (Scribner.) 50c.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The House of Serravalle. Bagot. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Leaming. (Holt.) $2.00.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Bretano.) $1.50.
4. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. The Contagion of Character. Hillis. (Revell.) $1.20.
4. Educational Problems. Hall. (Appleton.) $7.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Little Stories About Little Animals. Holton. (Children's Pub. Co.) 50 cents.
3. The Polly Page Yacht Club. Forrester. (Jacobs.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The House of Bondage. Kauffmann. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Country-Life Movement in the United States. Bailey. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Land Claimers. Wilson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Barbarous Mexico. Turner. (Kerr.) $1.50.
3. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. When Mother Lets Us Garden. Duncan. (Moffat, Yard.) 75 cents.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
5. Joyce of the North Woods. Comstock. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Bar—20 Days. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. France in the American Revolution. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. A Year in a Coal Mine. Husband. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Eyes and No Eyes Series. Buckley. (Cassell.) $1.25.
3. The Blowing Away of Mr. Bushytail. Davidson. (Duffield.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

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2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. Pony Rider Boys' Series. Patchin. (Altemus.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Miss Livingston's Companion. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. To Love and to Cherish. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Manual of Gardening. Bailey. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The American Commonwealth. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Aeroplane Boys' Series. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
3. World Literature. Moulton. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. World of Life. Wallace. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy with the U. S. Survey. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.20.
3. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. Luther Burbank's Works. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb. (Dutton.) 70 cents.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. Life on the Pacific Coast. Wood. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.20.
3. The Mountain that Was God. Williams. (Williams.) 50 cents.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Phoebe and Ernest. Gilmore. (Holt.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

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NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilley & Britton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Way of a Woman. Ramsay. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Prince or Chauffeur. Perry. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, ONT.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Marie Clairs. Audoux. (Mussons.) $1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
5. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. World Literature. Moulton. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boys in the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Dare Boys' Series. Cox. (Chatterton.) 50c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	240
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.)	224
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20	93
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	91
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	82
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30	71

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THE EVENING SUN, MONDAY, JULY 17, 19

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NEWS OF THE THEATRES

QUERY: WHO'S GOING TO DRAMATIZE "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE"?

Vaughan Kester's Untimely Death, Just as His Great Novel Is at the Very Beginning of Its Success, Makes It Almost Certain That in Some Form or Another It Will Finally Reach the Stage—Mme. Simone and Her Husband to Reach America Shortly.

The untimely death of Vaughan Hester, which occurred on July 4, had in it almost the same grim ironical tragedy which marked the death of Walter Browne on the very day that his play, "Everywoman," was first produced. Mr. Kester lived long enough to read the enthusiastic reviews of his novel, "The Prodigal Judge," and to hear the first paeans of praise which it has called forth from the public, but if he had lived for another six months his death at that time would have brought regret to a vast army of his readers who are only now beginning to hear of "The Prodigal Judge" as one of the most fascinating human and original novels that an American author has turned out in many a long year. That some one will try to dramatize it may be regarded as a foregone conclusion. Rumor has it that the late author's brother, Paul Kester, the dramatist, has already undertaken the work, but whoever does it faces an almost hopeless task, for to place that delightful old reprobate, the Judge, his indomitable pal, Mahaffy, and the dozen other vivid characters which seem to step right out of this romance of 1835 in such a light that actors may make them live and breathe as they do in the pages of the novel will be no sinecure.

"The Prodigal Judge" is essentially a man's novel. It deals with life in a broad and sweeping way, and yet back of the grandiose strut and chicanery of some of its characters there are scenes of most moving pathos and at least one episode—the final parting of the two old friends—of ineffable tenderness. "The Prodigal Judge" is the sort of book which you don't want to borrow from any one. Buy a copy of your own and, once you have read it, you'll never let it out of the family.

Speaking of Vaughan Kester's novel three actors in a restaurant were discussing "The Prodigal Judge" last night ... had a curious

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A TRIBUTE TO VAUGHAN KESTER'S NOVEL "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE" FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING SUN JULY 17, 1911

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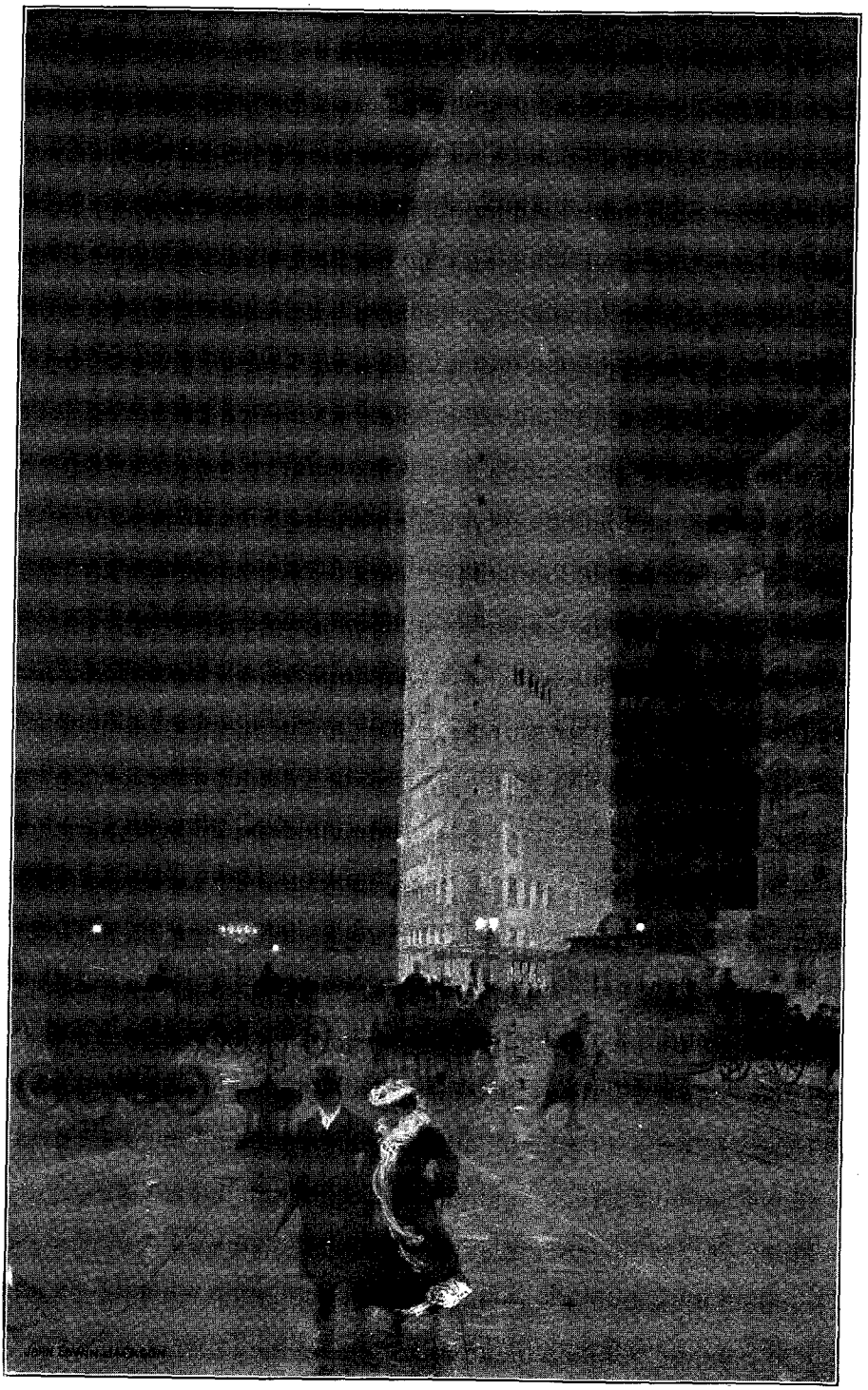

MADISON SQUARE AND THE FLATIRON BUILDING. BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON
(See article, The Message of Manhattan)

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